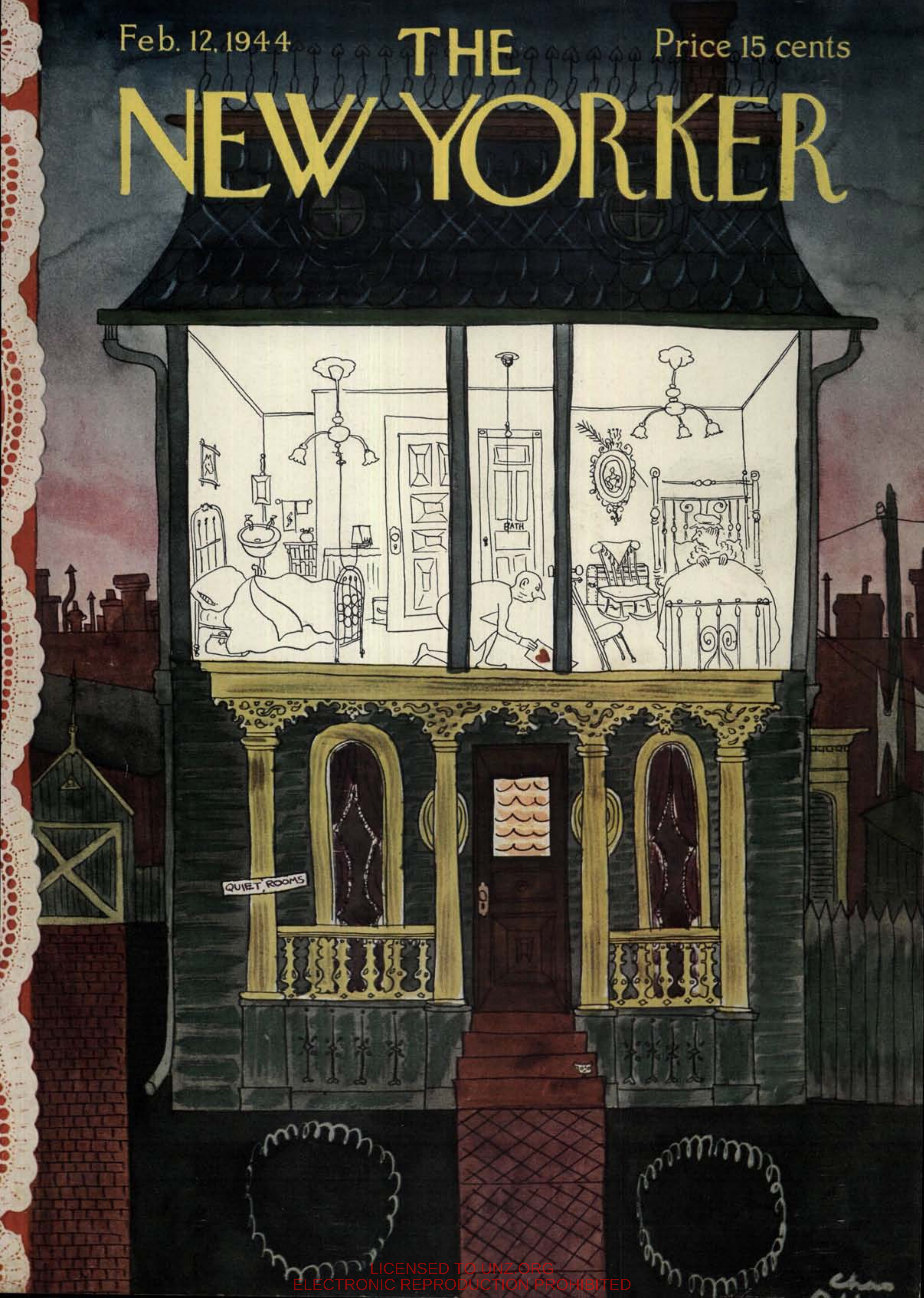
Feb. 12, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents


BATH
QUIET ROOMS
Chas Addams

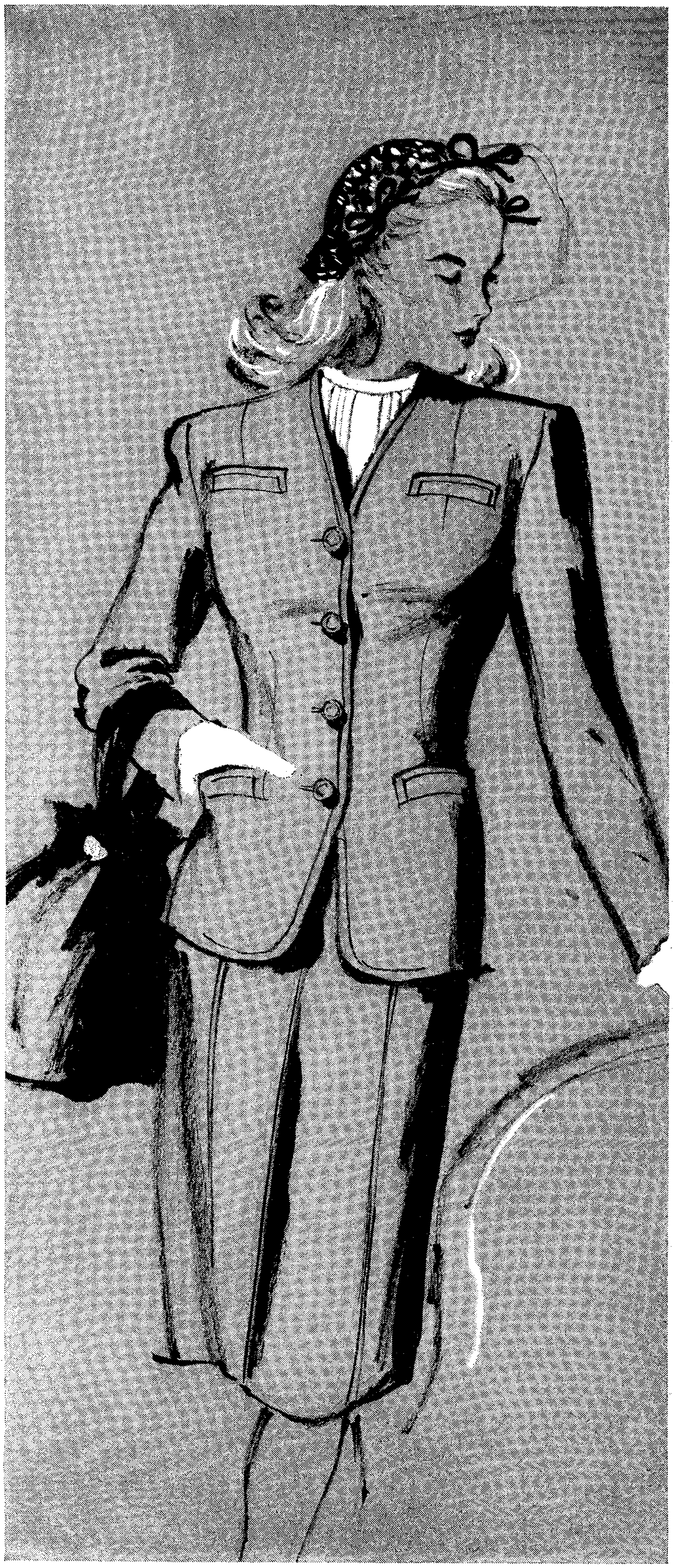
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

Quality First
P&T
Since 1840

A HARMONY OF GREAT AMERICAN WHISKIES HAS MADE IT

America's Luxury Whiskey

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF



Best's

THE RELIABLE—

for fashion

Newest addition to Best's famous family of fine woolens — *C-1 SERGE, fine, soft, with an affinity for fine tailoring . . . In a young, year-round cardigan suit perfect for north or south.

Sizes 10 to 18 in slate blue, navy, black, brown, red, light green or light blue. . . . **69.95**

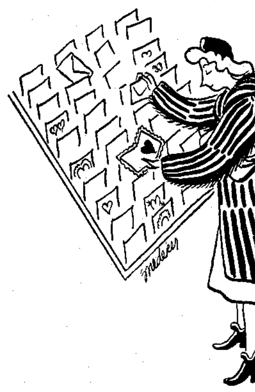
***Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.**

BEST & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 35th St., New York 18, N. Y.

Bronxville East Orange Garden City Stamford White Plains Ardmore Boston Brookline
Chicago Cleveland Heights Grosse Pointe St. Louis Washington, D. C. Winnetka

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its fourth year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Margaret Webster's slightly disappointing revival of Chekhov's most touching play, with Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. The cast includes Raymond Greenleaf, Gwen Anderson, and Larry Hugo. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author of this farce, and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Duke in Darkness—Patrick Hamilton's sixteenth-century nonesuch, with Philip Merivale. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Feb. 12.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes splendid as the little woman who started a big war. The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Linda Watkins in a comedy of adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith head a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—High-toned British triangle play around the vintage of the Stanley Steamer. Katharine Cornell, however, is as fascinating as ever, and her supporting cast includes Raymond Massey, Henry Daniell, Anne Burr, and Carol Goodner. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Othello—An excellent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. Among the others are Uta Hagen, James Monks, and Miss Webster herself. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—A comedy by and with Ruth Gordon that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officers' Candidate School. Not as funny as it might have been. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Peepshow—Ernest Pascal's rather laborious comedy, with John Emery and Tamara Geva. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—Homicidal doings in an old dark house. Too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Suds in Your Eye—Early American humor about some tipsy old girls who live in a junk yard. Too elementary for most tastes, though Jane Darwell and Brenda Forbes do their best. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Three Is a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. The cast includes Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, if not always credible, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. Skippy Homeier is remarkable in his rôle of a young Nazi, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. The cast consists of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Wallflower—A plain girl gets her man in an almost completely typical farce. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Forces. There are more than three hundred servicemen in the cast, plus several women civilians. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Connecticut Yankee—A revival proving perhaps that things aren't always as exciting as we remember them. Reasonably good entertainment, though, and Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen are both very fine. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Early to Bed—Richard Kollmar in a comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique, but it certainly isn't anything to bother you one way or another. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard also appear, and there is music by Fats Waller. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special War Bond performance on Mon., Feb. 14, at 2:30, with tickets on sale at all large department stores.)

Jackpot—Vinton Freedley, who has done some very good musicals, offers a disappointing one about some Marines who win a girl in a lottery. Allan Jones, Nanette Fabray, and Jerry Lester head the cast; Guy Bolton, Vernon Duke, and Howard Dietz furnished most of the material. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Merry Widow—A big, good-looking revival, with Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in the leading rôles and Melville Cooper doing most of the clowning. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, and Betty Garde are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle and many, many others. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENING

Take It As It Comes—A comedy by E. B. Morris, with Frank Wilcox, Louise Lorimer, and Gloria Willis. Staged by Anthony Brown and produced by Armin L. Robinson. Opens Thurs., Feb. 10. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Center—"Porgy and Bess," with Etta Moten and Avon Long. (131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Closes Sat., Feb. 19.)

Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company—Opening programs of a four-week season: "The Mikado," Fri. through Sun. Eves., Feb. 11-13, and Sat. and Sun. Afts., Feb. 12-13; "Trial by Jury" and "H. M. S. Pinafore," Mon. and Tues. Eves., Feb. 14-15, and Sat. Aft. and Eve., Feb. 19; "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Cox and Box," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Feb. 17-18. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Eves. at 8:35. Mats. at 2:35.)

Benefit—The annual turnout of stage, screen, and radio personalities, for the Home of Old Israel. Tues., Feb. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

Ice Show—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40. and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

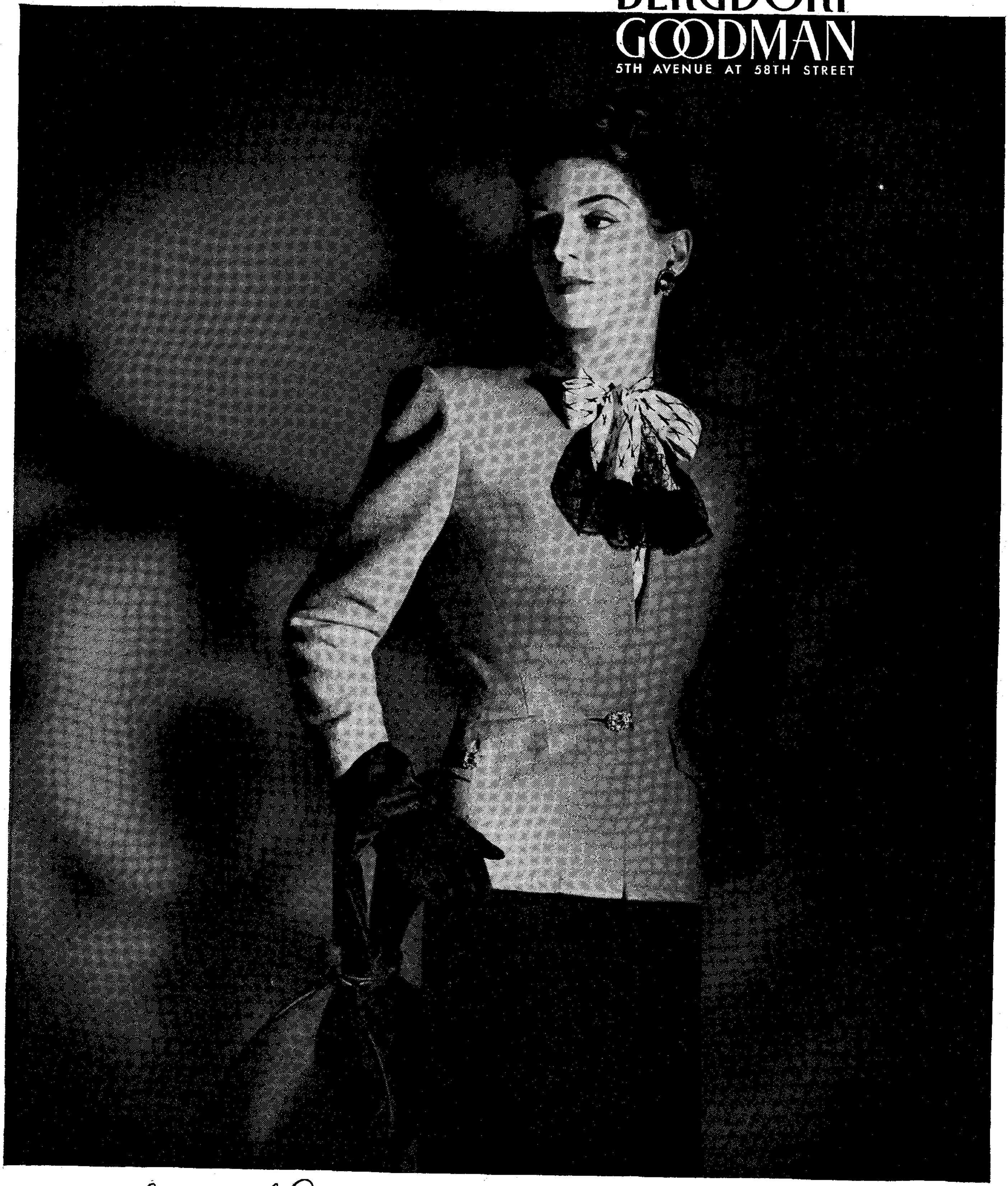
Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "Hansel and Gretel," "Princess Red Riding Hood," and "The Never-Empty Purse," Sat., Feb. 12 and 19, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.) . . . The Children's Theatre of the New School presenting "Kings in Nomania," Sat., Feb. 12,

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 40
BOOKS 74
THE CURRENT CINEMA 59
MUSICAL EVENTS 70
NOTES ON SPORTS 68
OF ALL THINGS 54
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
ABOUT THE HOUSE 56
A REPORTER AT LARGE 47
THE THEATRE 38

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 52, February 12, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.



ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Fires of Spring — *suit Exclusive. Flame red or bright green wool jacket, its buttons blazing rhinestones, the skirt black or navy wool,* **$100**
The blouse white rayon crepe print patterned to match the skirt color, the bow-ends lace-edged, **$21**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 3 P.M., and Sun., Feb. 13, at 11:30 A.M.; "Bobino," Sat., Feb. 19, at 3 P.M. (New School, 66 W. 12. GR 7-8464.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is quiet and spacious. Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice revue and Ray Heatherton's orchestra are in the Bowman Room.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra—which should be enough for anyone.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—A pleasant, be-muralled place, with music by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and a show including Pearl Primus, Josh White, and Mary Lou Williams.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An enormous room with beautiful girls and palm trees. Also Jimmy Durante, Mary Raye and Naldi, Joel Herron's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band. . . . The Copa Bar has entertainment by the Kris Kay Trio.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Twice as big as before, with the addition of a new room and bar. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cotillion Room includes Myrus, the mind-reader, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra and a dance team. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—John Hoysradt will be in the Persian Room through Mon., Feb. 14; beginning the following night, Celeste Holm will sing at the supper hour and Bill and Cora Baird will operate their marionettes at dinnertime. Bob Grant's orchestra will stay on.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays, discreetly of course, in the Oval Room during the dinner hour.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has an ice show at the supper hour and Freddy Miller's orchestra all evening. . . . Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras play for dancing in the Maisonette.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A place you may have heard about. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Ben Cutler's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—On Wed., Feb. 16, Xavier Cugat's orchestra will be replaced in the Wedgwood Room by Leo Reisman's, and Gracie Fields will entertain after the theatre. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan and a supporting cast. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a rococo sort of place, with a number of entertainers. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Irene Bordoni heads a small show. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy is back, with all her old songs and a few new ones. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music, and plenty of elbow room.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with charm; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet, George Morris's orchestra, and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): not as rough as the original but much handsomer, with Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. . . . **CASABLANCA,** 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): stripes and plenty of noise; Ralph Font's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Carmen Amaya and her troupe, and Machito's *rumba band.* . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Georgie Auld's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra will be *replaced by Frankie Carle's on Sun., Feb. 13.* . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Richard Dyer-Bennett and the Clarence Profit Trio.

●

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): the home of authentic jazz, with Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): solid blues by Billie Holiday, who knows her way around a minor key. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): just a bar, some tables, and Roy Eldridge's orchestra. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): the musicians being featured right now are Coleman Hawkins and Clark Monroe's band.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

ART

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO—Thirty-five years of the sculptor's work: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 12.

HANS ARP—Bas-reliefs, sculpture, gouaches, and drawings, by one of the great early Abstractionists: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 4.

MAX BAND—Biblical as well as Californian subjects: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

FRITZI BROD—Expressionist water colors: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 12.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern P'kw'y—A hundred portraits of Abraham Walkowitz by as many artists, most of them pretty prominent. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 12.

LYONEL FEININGER—Recent water colors and drawings: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 26.

FRENCH—At the **VALENTINE,** 55 E. 57: Braque, Mondrian, Miró, Léger, and other school-of-Paris painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 26. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: classics of the Paris school, about half of them new to this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 11. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: twentieth-century paintings, many never before shown here. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

WILLIAM GROPPER—New oils and gouaches, with war as their theme: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

GROUPS—At the **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: work by the League of Present-Day Artists, formerly called the Bombshell Group. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Feb. 13. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: water colors by Edward Blampied, Eric Isenburger, William Thoeny, and other contemporary artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 12. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: paintings and sculpture by Stuart Davis, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Julian Levi, William Steig, William Zorach, and other contemporaries, compared with work by nineteenth-century artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 12.

LEON KELLY—Surrealist paintings, mostly of insects: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 4.

SIGMUND MENKES—Landscapes, still lifes, and figures: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 26.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Selections from the collection of medieval and Renaissance art given to the Museum by the late George Blumenthal; also, a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of water colors, constructions, oils, and other work by Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and others. Sat., Feb. 12, 2 to 6 P.M.; other weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—New paintings of the desert: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 11.

PRIMITIVES—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 46 W. 57: Grandma Moses' paintings of the past three years. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 4. . . . **HARRY STONE,** 555 Madison, at 55: recently discovered water colors by a Miss Willson, an early nineteenth-century artist. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 11.

AD. REINHARDT—Abstract gouaches and collages: Artists', 43 W. 55. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 26.

CHRIS RITTER—Light, amusing water colors and some oils: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 12.

JOSEF SCHARL—New paintings by the Bavarian Expressionist: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Wed., Feb. 16.

SCULPTURE—Small figures done in the gallery's studio by servicemen: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 P.M. and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Tues., Feb. 15.

WILLIAM SHARP—Etchings and aquatints illustrating "Don Quixote": Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 19.

WILLIAM THON—Wintry scenes by an artist with a romantic feeling for them: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 12.

MAX WEBER—Oils from 1907 to the present: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 12.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—A large exhibition of the painting and sculpture which the Museum has had in safekeeping since the beginning of the war. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 14.

WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE—A small group of paintings by the nineteenth-century American artist: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 19.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Artur Rodzinski conducting, at Carnegie Hall: Thurs., Feb. 10, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Feb. 11, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Feb. 13, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Feb. 17, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Feb. 18, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Vincent J. Abato, saxophone, Feb. 13; Nathan Milstein, violin, Feb. 17-18.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, at Carnegie Hall, Sat., Feb. 12, at 11 A.M. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony League concert, Artur Rodzinski conducting, at the Hotel Plaza, Mon., Feb. 14, at 8:45 P.M. (For tickets, call CI 7-6923.)

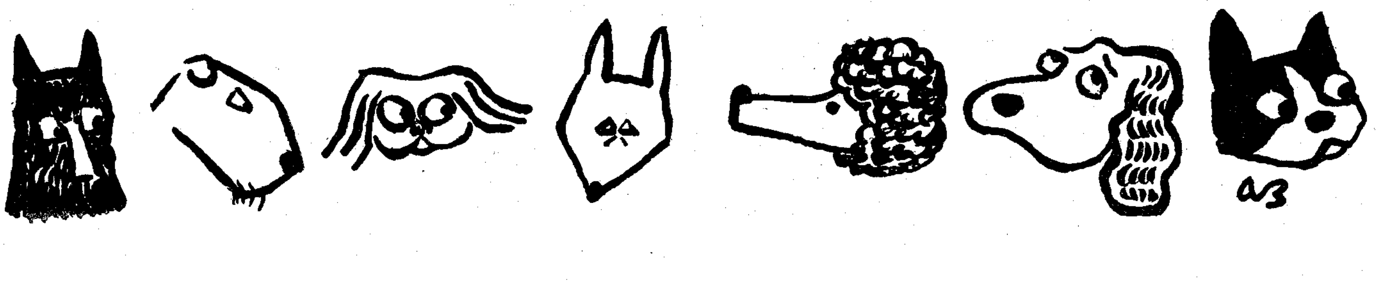
BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat., Feb. 12, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., Feb. 11, at 8:30 P.M.

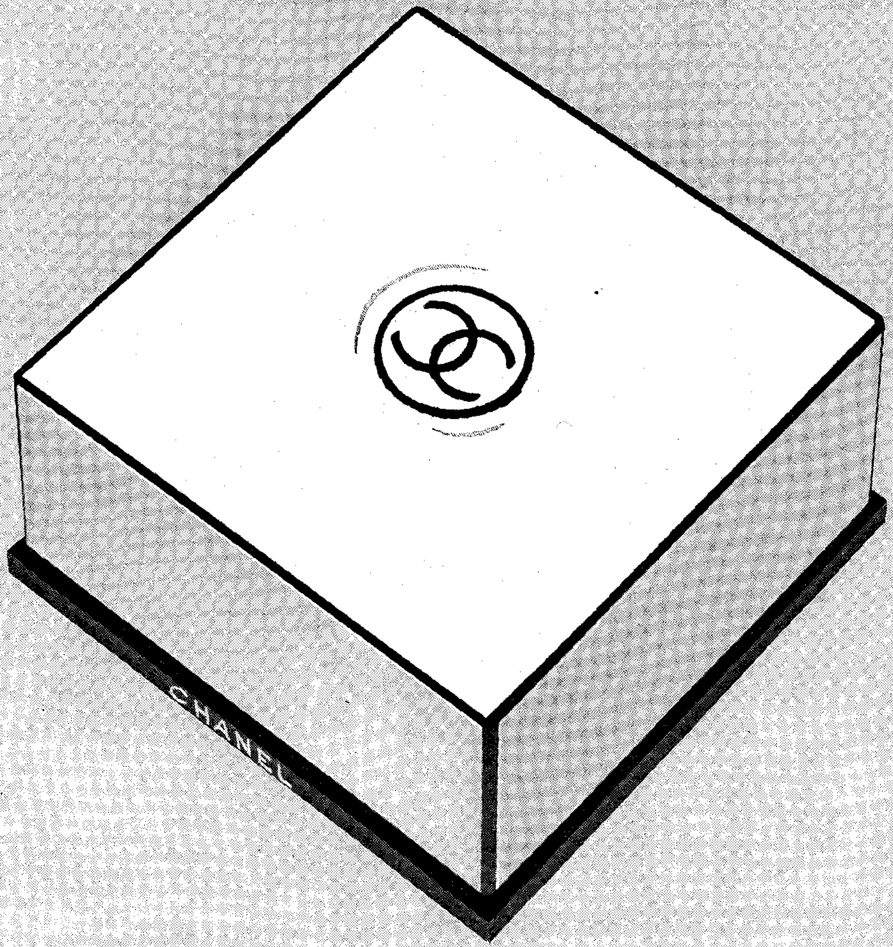
N.B.C. SYMPHONY—Leopold Stokowski conducting; a benefit for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, *Sat., Feb. 12, at 8:45 P.M.* (Carnegie Hall.)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Leon Barzin conducting; soloists, Louis Kaufman, violin, and Frederick Wilkins, flute. Mon., Feb. 14, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. For tickets, call CI 7-1228.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Bruno Walter conducting. Tues., Feb. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Sir Thomas Beecham, George Szell, and Ignace Strasfogel conducting an orchestra and a chorus, with Helen Traubel, Lawrence Tibbett, Lauritz Melchior, Karin Branzell, and





A VERY FINE FACE POWDER

WITH THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

ENTERTAINMENT AT THE WALDORF

The Wedgwood Room
at Dinner and Supper
XAVIER CUGAT
his Orchestra and Choir
MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra
●
at Supper
ANNAMARY DICKEY
ROUDENKO and ZORITCH
Cover from 10:30, $2

The Sert Room
Luncheon and Dinner
Luncheon Fashion Shows on Wednesdays
Mischa Borr's Gypsy Band

The Lounge Restaurant
Dinner and Supper
MICHAEL ZARIN and his Dance Orchestra
RASHA and MIRKO
DR. SYDNEY ROSS

Returning February 16
The Wedgwood Room

GRACIE FIELDS
Britain's most beloved entertainer...
now America's Sweetheart, too
●
and the smooth alluring rhythms of
LEO REISMAN
and his Orchestra
●
Advance reservations now

The WALDORF-ASTORIA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

many others as soloists; a benefit for Danish refugees in Sweden. Thurs., Feb. 17, at 8 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. For tickets, call PL 8-2182.)

ALL-RUSSIAN CONCERT—The Sperry Symphony Orchestra and the Original Don Cossack Chorus. Fri., Feb. 18, at 8:45 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. For tickets, call CU 6-5600, Ext. 360.)

JAZZ CONCERT—The third of a series of concerts under the direction of the guitarist Eddie Condon, this one featuring such musicians as James P. Johnson, piano; Miff Mole, trombone; and Sidney Catlett, drums. Sat., Feb. 19, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

MUSEUM CONCERTS—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: the final concert of the annual symphonic series, David Mannes conducting. Sat., Feb. 12, at 4 P.M. . . . FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70: Rosalyn Tureck, piano. Thurs., Feb. 10, at 3 P.M.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Les Contes d'Hoffmann," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 10. . . . "Gianni Schicchi" and "Salome," Fri. Eve., Feb. 11. . . . "Norma," Sat. Aft., Feb. 12. . . . "La Traviata," Sat. Eve., Feb. 12. . . . "Faust," Mon. Eve., Feb. 14. . . . "Die Walküre," Tues. Eve., Feb. 15. . . . "Rigoletto," Wed. Eve., Feb. 16. . . . "Pelléas et Mélisande," Fri. Eve., Feb. 18. . . . "Der Rosenkavalier," Sat. Aft., Feb. 19. . . . "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Feb. 19. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.) . . . Among the singers on the Sunday night concert, Feb. 13, at 8:30, will be Eleanor Steber, Nadine Conner, and John Brownlee.

LENER QUARTET—Chamber music; soloists, Yehudi Menuhin, violin, and Adolph Baller, piano. Sat., Feb. 12, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

CHORAL CONCERT—The Harvard Glee Club and the Sarah Lawrence College Chorus. Sat., Feb. 12, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

JULIUS GOLDSTEIN—Volume Two of Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavichord," Sun., Feb. 13, at 3 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—Maria Maximovitch, soprano, and Lydia Hoffmann-Behrendt, piano. Sun., Feb. 13, at 3 P.M. (New York Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. For tickets, write to the League of Composers, 113 W. 57.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Joseph Szigeti, violin, and Claudio Arrau, piano. Sun., Feb. 13, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

YEHUDI MENUHIN—Violin. Sun., Feb. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

ANDOR FOLDES—Piano. Mon., Feb. 14, at 8:15 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

NADIA REISENBERG—Piano. Mon., Feb. 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

JOSEF HOFMANN—Piano. Tues., Feb. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ROBERT CASADESUS—Piano. Wed., Feb. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

ANATOLE KARINOFF—Piano. Sat., Feb. 19, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

HAROLD KOHON—Violin. Sat., Feb. 19, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

LOTTE LEHMANN—Soprano. Sat., Feb. 19, at 8:45 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. For tickets, call RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—At COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, B'way at 119: Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, Sat., Feb. 12, at 8:30 P.M. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: N.Y.U. vs. Notre Dame, and Brooklyn vs. St. Francis, Mon., Feb. 14; St. John's vs. Temple, and C.C.N.Y. vs. St. Joseph's, Thurs., Feb. 17; at 8:15 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Bob Montgomery vs. Al Davis, catchweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Feb. 18. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Feb. 10; and Rangers vs. Toronto, Sun., Feb. 13; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series: Sun., Feb. 13, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

TRACK AND FIELD—Madison Square Garden—New York A. C. Meet, Sat., Feb. 19, at 8:15 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, with a P-39, a P-47, a P-40, and parts of other fighter planes (through March 15); also, an exhibition, arranged by the British Information Services, of charts, models, and maps, showing the invasion tactics used at St. Nazaire and in other raids (through March 31); and the development of the United States Navy from 1775 to the present, shown by four-hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use (through June 30). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: scale models by Norman Bel Geddes illustrating land and sea battle formations and tactical operations in the present war. Weekdays, except Feb. 12, from 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sat., Feb. 12, and Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 5.

DOG SHOW—The annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club; a benefit for Dogs for Defense: Madison Square Garden. Fri., Feb. 11, from 9:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Sat., Feb. 12, from 9 A.M. to 12 midnight.

SCALE MODELS—Miniature planes, ships, trains, and such, in the annual show of work by members of the New York Society of Model Engineers and other amateurs; open Fri., Feb. 11: 152 W. 42. Mon. through Fri., 5:30 to 10 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 1 to 10 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 9 W. 54: photographs taken in Mexico during the last twenty years, mostly by American photographers. Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 10-11, 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., Feb. 13, 2 to 6 P.M. . . . BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: photographs by André Cauvin, taken in the Belgian Congo during the past year. Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 10-11, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Fashions of the French court, shown in a display of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century prints. Weekdays, except Feb. 12, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

AMERICANA—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: a loan exhibition showing the influence of classic Greek culture on the architecture, furniture, and decorative arts of the United States during the early nineteenth century, with a completely furnished drawing room of the period. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29. . . . MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: "Fun and Folly in New York," an exhibit of life-size figures in tableaux ranging from a fancy-dress ball of the Nineties to a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 15. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76: a display of portraits, furniture, books, manuscripts, silver, and china, relating to the Dutch period in New York. Sat., Feb. 19, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 27.

LATIN AMERICA—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in old prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Sat., Feb. 19, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Feb. 13, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Bruno Walter conducting, Sat., Feb. 12 and 19, at 3:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Feb. 12 and 19, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sun., Feb. 13, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Mon., Feb. 14, at 8:45 P.M., WNYC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Feb. 13, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Norma," with Frederick Jagel and Zinka Milanov, Sat., Feb. 12; "Der Rosenkavalier," with Irene Jessner and Emanuel List, Sat., Feb. 19; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Boxing: Bob Montgomery vs. Al Davis, Fri., Feb. 18, at 10 P.M., WOR.

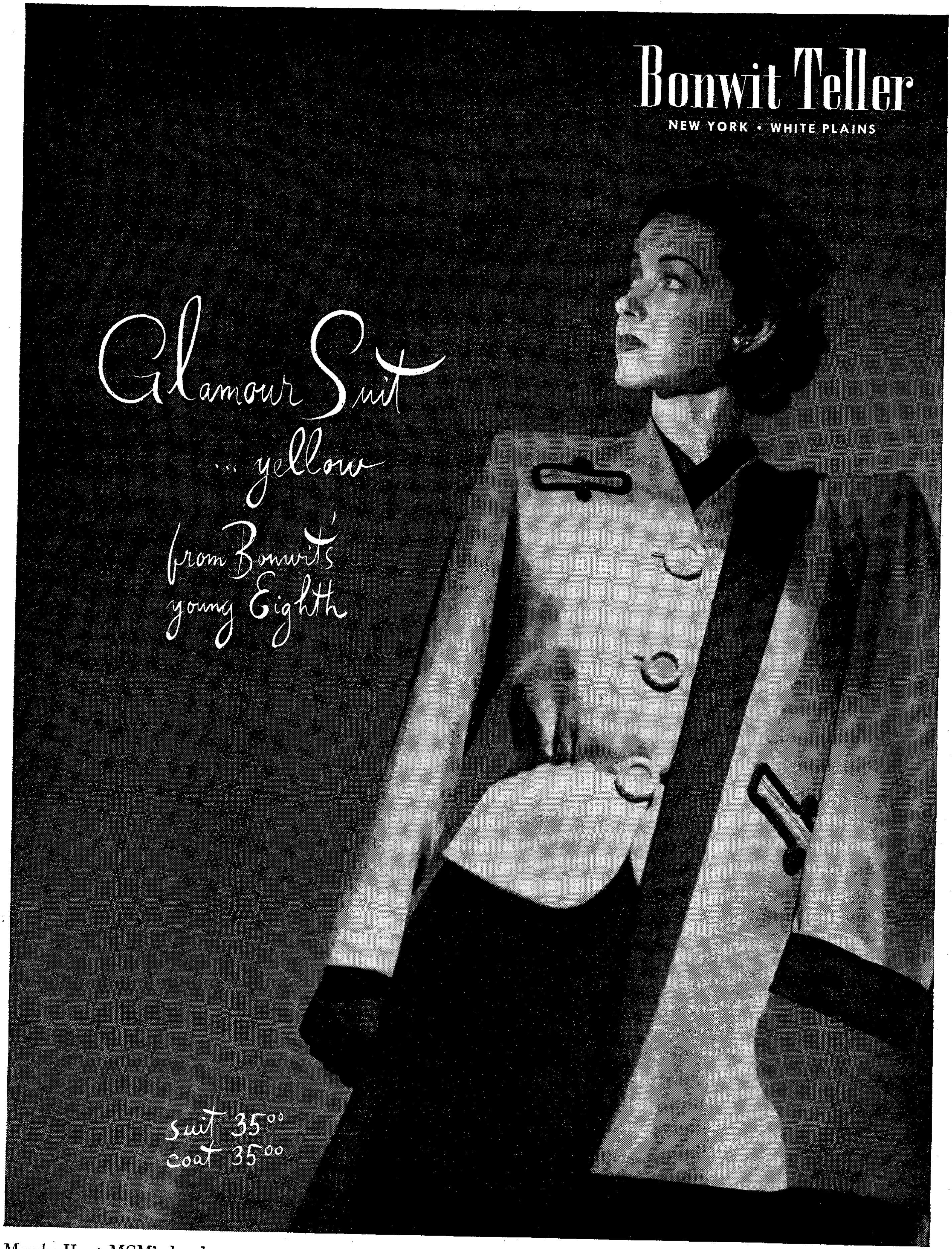
NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs., at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Paintings and sculptures by such artists as Kisling, Marin, Maillol, and Epstein, from the collection of Mrs. Alexander Lieberman: Thurs., Feb. 10, at 2 P.M. . . . Early American furniture and silver, owned by Alfred M. Morris and others: Fri. and Sat., Feb. 11-12, at 2 P.M. . . . Books from the libraries of the late Grace Rainey Rogers, Mrs. Charles H. Russell, Jr., and others: Tues. and Wed., Feb. 15-16, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

THE CROSS OF LORRAINE—About French prisoners in a German camp. It's a good picture until toward the end when it falls apart. Jean Pierre Aumont, Gene Kelly, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are in the


Bonwit Teller
NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS
Glamour Suit
... yellow
from Bonwit's
young Eighth
Suit 35^{00}
coat 35^{00}

Marsha Hunt, MGM's lovely young star,☆ is photographed in Glamour Magazine wearing Bonwit's new two-color flannel suit and topper. California-looking wide-shouldered jacket with bullfighter pockets. Wonderful in yellow, red, blue or beige, *with* black skirt, 35.00 Bobbed-off day-evening flannel coat, 35.00 Sizes 10 to 18. BONWIT'S YOUNG EIGHTH FLOOR

. . . for those who love you

Since the days of the Civil War, Bachrach has photographed women in every important role. Today a portrait in your uniform will bring joy to family and friends. In years to come you will look upon it as a proud reminder of the days you served your country.

Bachrach

Portrait Photographers Since 1868

BRADFORD BACHRACH
Photographer of Women
683 Fifth Avenue, New York
647 Boylston Street, Boston
1611 Walnut Street, Philadelphia
615 Central Avenue, East Orange

FABIAN BACHRACH
Photographer of Men
507 Fifth Avenue, New York
647 Boylston Street, Boston
1611 Walnut Street, Philadelphia
1416 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

PROVIDENCE · HARTFORD · SPRINGFIELD · BALTIMORE · WASHINGTON

Let's All Back the Attack—Buy War Bonds

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cast. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 15-16.)

HOLY MATRIMONY—A new version of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," with Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley making it everything you could ask. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Feb. 11.)

IN OUR TIME—A long one about Poland in 1939, notable for a few political thoughts. Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Strand, B'way at 47; starting Fri., Feb. 11.)

JANE EYRE—Marred by an odd performance by Orson Welles but still recognizable. There's also Joan Fontaine and Henry Daniell. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

KINGS OF THE RING—A collection of bits from most of the best fight movies from 1907 on. (World, 153 W. 49.)

LIFEBOAT—Alfred Hitchcock's film about some lively adventures at sea. Tallulah Bankhead, Walter Slezak, William Bendix, and Henry Hull. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

MADAME CURIE—A convincing screen biography of the discoverer of radium. She and her husband are played by Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; State, B'way at 45; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., Feb. 16.)

THE NORTH STAR—A splendid tribute to the Russians by Lillian Hellman. Walter Huston, Erich von Stroheim, Anne Baxter, and Ann Harding are in the cast. (Victoria, B'way at 46. . . . Riverside, B'way at 96; Tues., Feb. 15, at 8:30 P.M.; admission by purchase of War Bonds.)

OLD ACQUAINTANCE—Bette Davis puts in some good work in an adaptation of the play of a few years ago about a pair of women novelists. Miriam Hopkins is the other one, and John Loder is the leading male. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Feb. 11. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., Feb. 14. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Feb. 16. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., Feb. 19. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 13-14.)

SAHARA—Excitement in the North African campaign, with Humphrey Bogart, Rex Ingram, J. Carrol Naish, and no women. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Feb. 10.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE—A nicely handled adaptation of Franz Werfel's book. The rôle of the girl who saw the visions at Lourdes is played by Jennifer Jones, and she is supported by Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

THE SULLIVANS—The story of the five brothers who were killed in the Pacific. Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle, and Anne Baxter. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

REVIVALS

CRAIG'S WIFE (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the lady and John Boles as the husband. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. and Sat., Feb. 11-12.)

MAYERLING (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

THE PIED PIPER (1942)—Monty Woolley escorts a covey of kiddies through invaded France. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Feb. 10.)

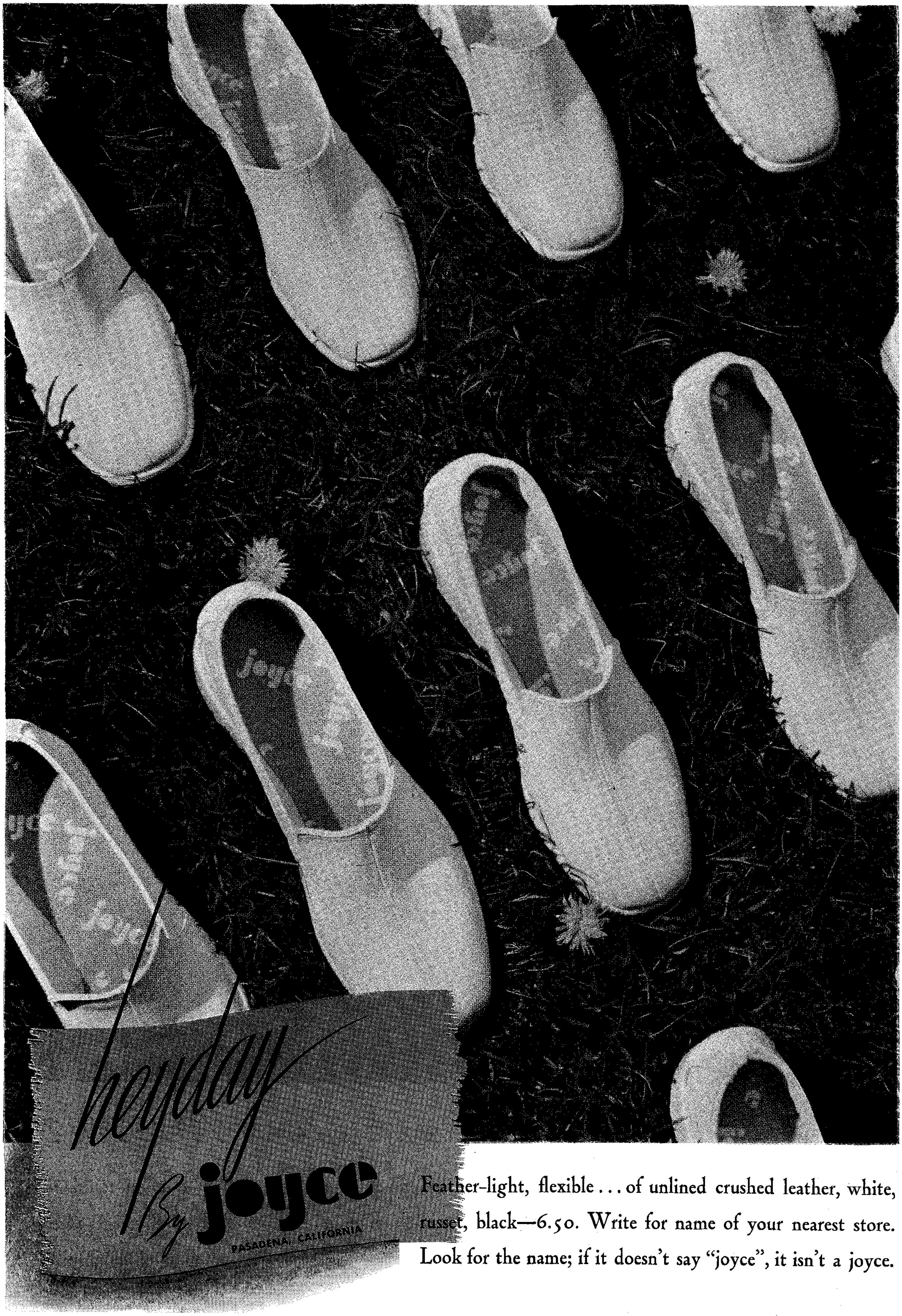
THEY WERE FIVE (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., Feb. 15.)

TWO HEARTS IN WALTZ TIME (1930)—Typical Viennese operetta. In German. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Feb. 10.)

THE YOUNG IN HEART (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 15-17. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Feb. 16-18.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—THURS., FEB. 10 (at 4 P.M. only): "The Treasure of Arne" (1919), Swedish film, directed by Mauritz Stiller, and "The Phantom Chariot" (1920), Swedish film, directed by Victor Seastrom. FRI. AND SAT., FEB. 11-12 (showings on Feb. 12 at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.): "Destiny" (1921), German film, with Lil Dagover. SUN. AND MON., FEB. 13-14: "Warning Shadows" (1922), German film, with Fritz Kortner. TUES. AND WED., FEB. 15-16: "Siegfried" (1923), German film, directed by Fritz Lang. THURS. AND FRI., FEB. 17-18 (at 4


heyday
By joyce
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Feather-light, flexible . . . of unlined crushed leather, white, russet, black—6.50. Write for name of your nearest store. Look for the name; if it doesn't say "joyce", it isn't a joyce.

For Men of Accomplishment... LORD CALVERT

Each bottle of Lord Calvert is numbered and registered at the distillery... for so *rare,* so *smooth,* so *mellow* is this "Custom" Blended whiskey, that it has never been produced except in limited quantities. For years the most expensive whiskey blended in America, Lord Calvert is intended especially for those who can afford the finest.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY.

P.M. only): "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), with Douglas Fairbanks and Anna May Wong. FROM SAT., FEB. 19: "Metropolis" (1926), German film, directed by Fritz Lang.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

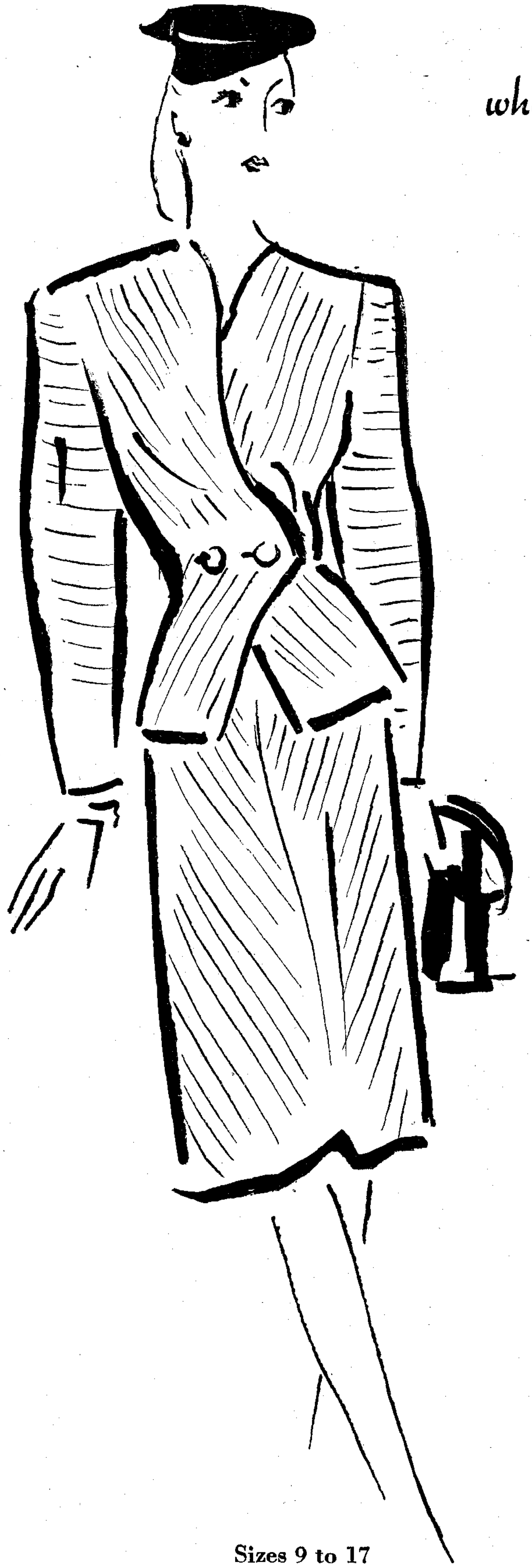
Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): men to take an eight-week, part-time course and then serve two four-hour shifts a week in the City Patrol Corps; women to take a seven-week part-time course and then serve at least nine hours a week as staff assistants in nursery schools. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take a sixty-hour course in nutrition and then work on a regular schedule as dietitians' aides in hospitals; expert women drivers to take a sixty-hour course in mechanics, first aid, and other subjects, and then work three days a week and every third weekend, or two evenings a week and two out of every three weekends, for the Motor Corps, driving ambulances, mobile canteens, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women to spend as much time as they can spare serving as recreation leaders and craft teachers in settlement houses; men and women to take a brief training course and then work at least two hours a week, during the day, fingerprinting civilians for war jobs and identification. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): men to serve in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, porters, and dietary aides; women to take a thirteen-week, part-time course in medical social service and then serve one five-hour day a week as volunteer case aides in hospitals.

Fourth War Loan Drive—The campaign will continue through Tues., Feb. 15, and the C.D.V.O. and A.W.V.S. still need volunteers who can work either during the day or in the evening canvassing or doing clerical work.

Salvage—Wastepaper of all kinds, from old letters to corrugated boxes, is urgently needed. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration stamps for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Tin cans, which are needed more than ever, should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Special Service Supply Branch of the New York Port of Embarkation has sent out a call for pianos, which they will pick up, recondition, and send to service hospitals overseas. If you have one to give, call TR 5-8757. . . . The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . Russia is badly in need of watches for its Army, as the factories which used to make them have been destroyed. If you have any to contribute, send them to the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union, 285 Madison, at 40th (MU 3-1948). . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366, Ext. 7), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, radios, records, or books that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. If you have any to contribute, call LE 2-0886.

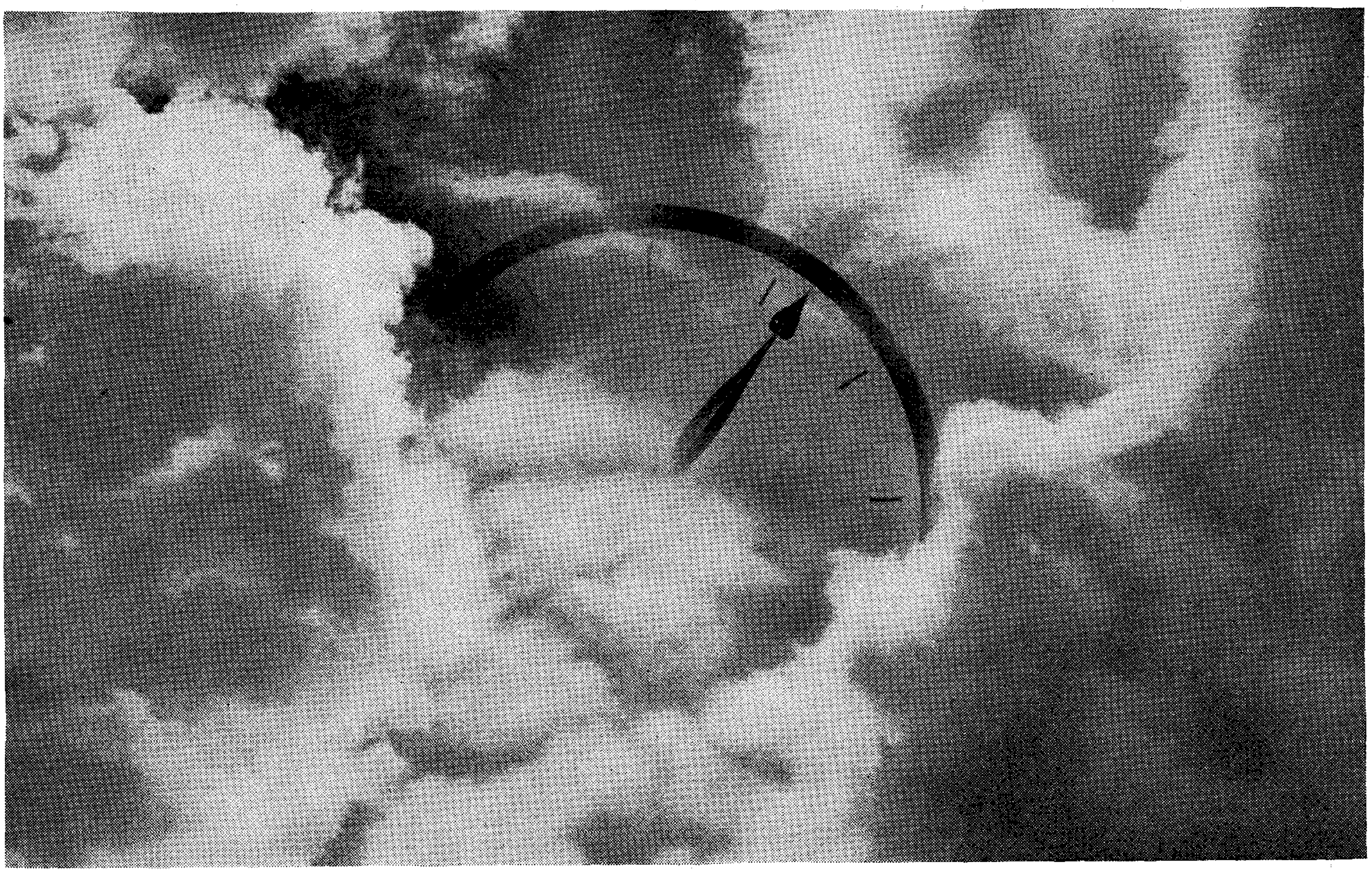


Starred Young-Timers Stripes

white pin-striped
grey wool
"suit dress"
29.95

Sizes 9 to 17

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY



In just a moment . . . *the World might pass you by*

FROM sunrise to Vespers and on through the night great sounds are filling the air.

Grave and portentous sounds—exciting and joyous sounds.

The sound of news from distant islands that even Axis propaganda cannot distort for long.

From dawn to dusk and around the clock.

The sound of marching feet and the roar of battle and the whir of propeller to remind us that there is greater strength in free-thinking individuals than in slave-whipped hordes.

As each second passes around the clock this sound becomes clearer—clearer.

And as the hours march in parade there is music and fun—gaiety and laughter—great ringing speech and the whisper of lullaby.

There is stirring drama for the asking, the throbbing evidence of man's will for progress—and the hush of prayer.

The minds of our allies to listen to—the thoughts of alien lands to hear and understand—and by understanding accept or reject as they may accept or reject the principles *we* hold with.

There is much to hear—and having heard—to heed—and having heeded—to act upon.

This is *your* world.

Know it.

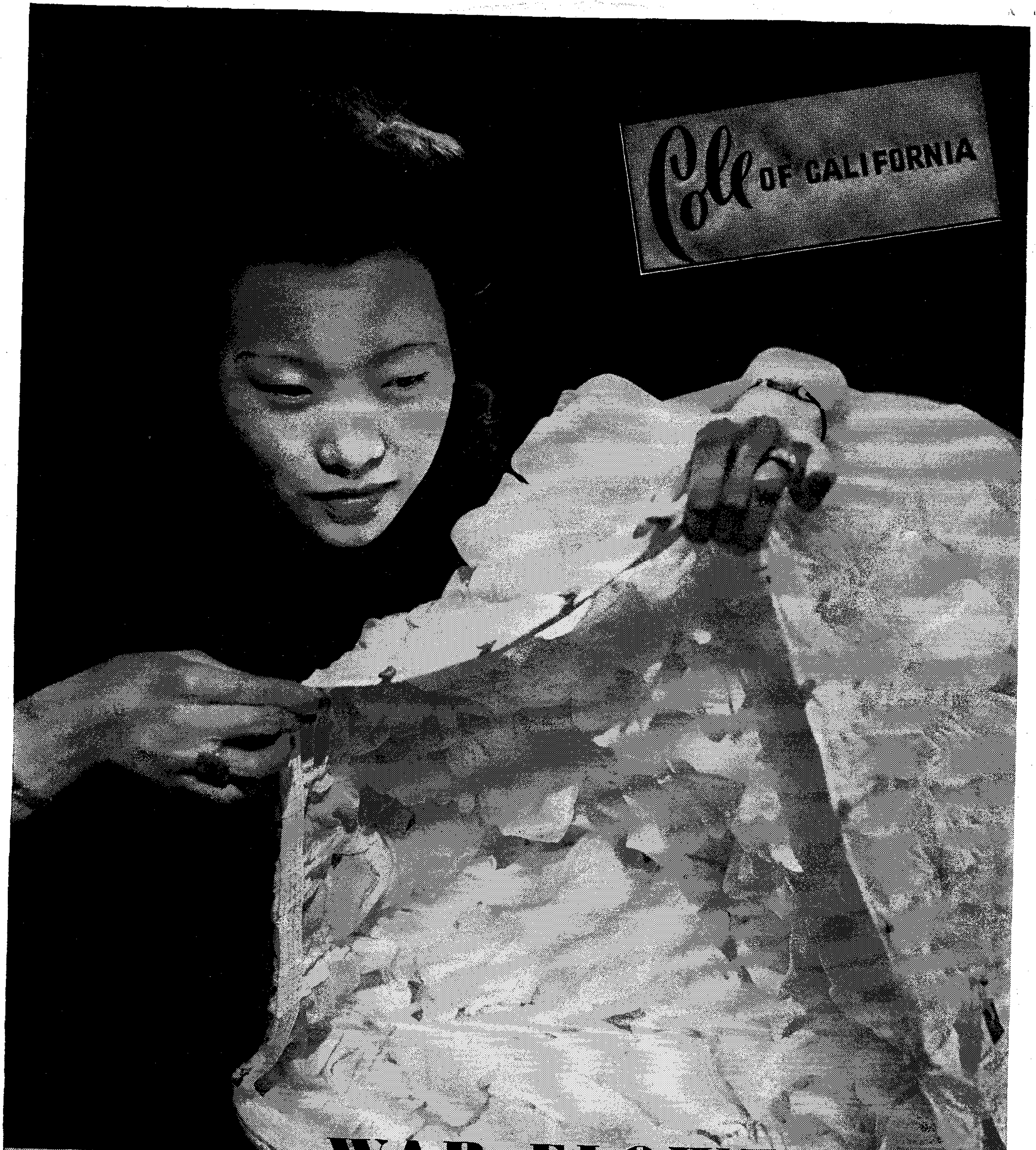
Listen to your radio.

In just a moment, the world might pass you by!

It is the sober intent and solemn pledge of the Blue and its affiliated stations that every program emanating from our studios, sent across the world by our transmitting towers, shall be worthy of the greatness of man's newly-found power — Radio.

THIS IS THE *Blue* ***NETWORK***

THE AMERICAN BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC.



WAR FLOWER

THEY WEAR THE SAME LABEL

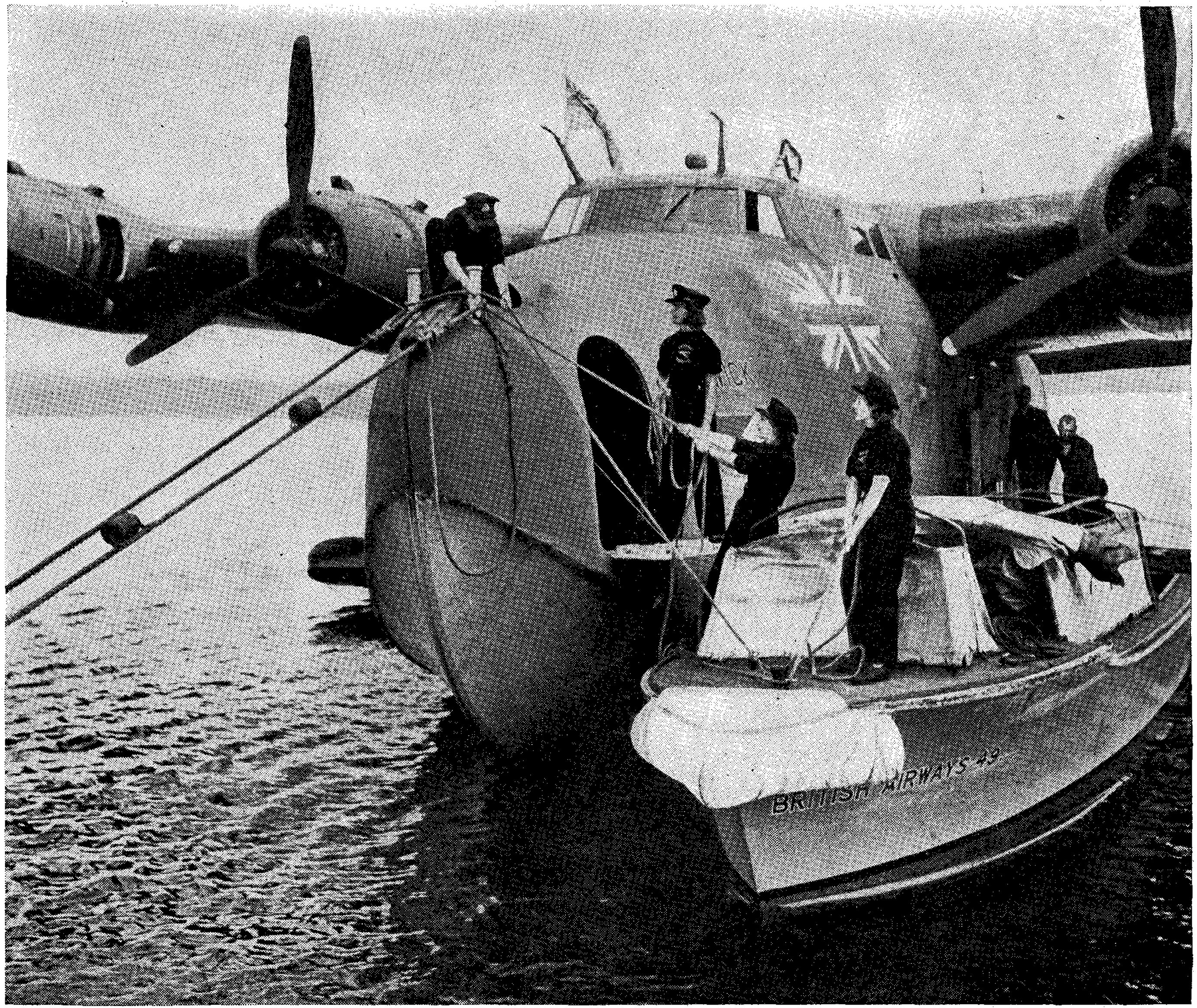
Fragile and beautiful as the inside of a flower is this parachute in the making, yet it has the strength to save a flier's life. Made by patient fingers, magic with skill, this is a woman's job. And at Cole of California women of America and her allies work tirelessly for the common cause.

ARMY E NAVY

Awarded to
PARACHUTE DIVISION
COLE OF CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles 11, Calif.

BUY BONDS
UNCEASINGLY

Keep asking — — some Cole swim suits are available at the better stores.



Holding the line of Empire

She's the "Berwick," riding at her moorings in a British port. She has just swung down out of the sky at the end of one of her regular flights from Bathurst, West Africa.

With her sister ships, the "Bristol" and the "Bangor," this big Boeing Flying Boat has quietly made history in the past three years.

When France fell, the air lifeline of the British Empire was cut in the Mediterranean. A new over-ocean link had to be established between Great Britain and the bulge of Africa, far to the south. The only large aircraft capable of making such a journey with useful load were the Boeing Transocean Clippers. In May, 1941, Pan American Airways turned over three of the big planes to British Overseas Airways.

Steadily, month after month, they have maintained their scheduled service, helping to hold the Empire together. Since the Mediterranean was reconquered, they have been even more useful in serving the Allied cause. Included in their circuit of operations is what is believed to be the longest single over-ocean hop made regularly by an airline—3064 statute miles without refueling.

At regular intervals each of the three giant craft has returned to the United States for overhauling, and on these flights some of the world's most famous statesmen have been passengers.

Our Allies in England like Boeing planes. They have developed a deep affection and respect for the Flying Fortresses and the dependable Transocean Clippers that have held the line of Empire through this crucial period.

When the war is won, Boeing research, design, engineering and manufacturing skills will be applied once again to peacetime products. True today, it will be true tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

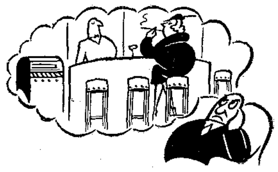
DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

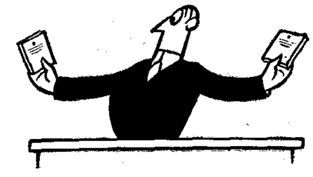
NOT that we want to give aid and comfort to the enemies of civilization, but we have reason to believe that if prohibition were put into effect again it might just happen to stick. During the fourteen-year drought, the underground foes of the Noble Experiment were kept going by memories of the pre-1920 saloon, with its vast mahogany bar, its stately lavatories, its hospitable free lunch, its drinks on the house, and its clublike atmosphere. We just want to ask if any of you believe that such holy zeal could be inspired by memories of chromium-and-oilcloth bar stools, blue mirrors, juke boxes, and false-bottomed, one-ounce whiskey glasses. No? That's what *we* think, too.



GOVERNMENT workers, or bureaucrats, have been hammered on the head so often by Congress and the *Herald Tribune* that they will now swallow the most fantastic insults. A bureaucrat we know, whose work called him suddenly from New York to Chicago, had some difficulty getting a reservation on a train. Finally he mentioned his official connection to the lady at the ticket window and inquired if she thought he was entitled to any sort of priority. "Goodness, no!" she exclaimed. "We have trouble enough taking care of *competent* outfits." He tipped his hat and sidled away, and didn't realize until much later that she must have meant to say "combatant outfits." He still isn't sure, however.

THE dog world, too, is feeling the pinch of wartime. We were sharply reminded of this last Saturday when we passed the Dog Beauty Shop, at 346 East Forty-ninth Street, in the Beekman Hill section. There was a time when man's best friend could stop in there for a shampoo or a coiffure, but now the place is empty behind locked door and dust-blurred window. We have been told, though, that the dogs are showing a splendid spirit about the whole thing.

ALMOST our favorite legal case—the suit of Pocket Books, Inc., to bar Avon Pocket-Size Books from putting out what they claimed was an imitation of their product—has finally been decided by a five-to-two decision of the New York State Court of Appeals in favor of the Avon people. One point of the controversy was whether Shakespeare's head, the trademark of Avon Books, looked enough like a kangaroo with a book in its pouch, the trademark of Pocket Books, to fool a prospective buyer, and the court decided that it did not. Not long after the case began, we purchased one Pocket Book and one Avon Book and made the test ourself. Our conclusion, the opposite of the one the Court of Appeals came to, was that at any distance greater than two feet, to a person with average eyesight, Shakespeare's head looks *exactly* like a kangaroo with a book in its pouch, or in fact like any other tiny blurred picture on a twenty-five-cent book bought hastily at a newsstand. We say this not to embarrass the Court of Appeals but merely to establish our own intimate connection with what may someday prove to have been a major cultural issue. "In the middle years of the twentieth century," some literary history of the distant future may read, "the chief question which agitated writers and critics was whether or not all the works attributed to William Shakespeare had been written by an extraordinarily talented kangaroo."



THE movies, we learn, are dickering for a recently published biography of Thoreau. Since we sometimes help Hollywood out of tight spots and since the life of Thoreau promises to prove inelastic here and there, we are offering a few useful ideas for the script. Thoreau, of course, is a Northern secret agent sent to Concord on assignment. He goes out and lives in a hut by Walden Pond, where he pretends to be writing a book but where he is actually hunting for deposits of a rare metal called canbium, needed for the anticipated war against the South. Hawthorne and Melville are Southern agents, sent to frustrate Thoreau and find the deposits themselves. A grizzled old prospector, Emerson, still lives in the ghost town of Concord with his beautiful daughter. He helps Thoreau find the deposits. One day his daughter goes swimming in Walden Pond, is caught by a storm, and is forced to stay overnight in Thoreau's cabin. Thoreau actually spends the night in a cave on the hillside, but Emerson, a skeptical old cuss, turns against him, believing his daughter to be compromised. Emerson hands Thoreau over to Hawthorne and Melville for vengeance, and shows *them* where the canbium is. Thoreau is saved by the arrival of another Northern agent, Captain John Brown, with his armed band. Brown is killed in the gun battle that follows, and the climax of the picture is a giant testimonial banquet for him, at which every star under contract to the company appears for a mo-

ment or two and Thoreau recites his moving "A Plea for Captain John Brown." Hawthorne and Melville crawl back to the South in disgrace and tell the Southerners to call the war off, Thoreau marries Emerson's daughter and takes the reconciled old man to live with them in Back Bay, and the picture ends with the American flag waving, the horrors of civil war having been averted.

Our Own Baedeker

WELL, the Marshall Islands aren't a bad place to be, discounting the immediate military situation. The climate is moist and hot, but probably the temperature isn't above eighty degrees at this moment, and from now until July the weather tends to get cooler and drier. There is nothing that could be called a tropical jungle, but there are plenty of coconut palms, yams, bananas, and breadfruit. There are no mosquitoes or any other bothersome fauna except beetles and rats. The Marshalls constitute an archipelago, which coral polyps built up out of the sea. The group is scattered over an area of the Pacific as large as Texas, but the main islands, thirty-three in number, add up to about the acreage of Brooklyn. There are a lot of coral reefs and tiny islands, but these don't count. The chief islands are so low that, during violent storms, waves may wash right over them in places; the highest point, as a matter of fact, is only thirty-three feet above sea level. The first glimpse our troops had of the islands were the palm trees, looking as if they were growing out of the sea. There are two chains of islands, both running northwest to southeast. Our landing was made on the western.

The natives are pretty definitely pro-Jap, even though they have been under Japanese rule for the last thirty years. They are called Kanakas, and if you've read much Somerset Maugham you have met lots of them. They're dark-brown, straight-haired fellows, some strong, some spindling. The incidence of gonorrhea among them would knock your hat off. The commerce of the islands is the usual Maugham stuff: copra and so on. The Kanakas are expert navigators, their vessels being small sailing canoes with outriggers. They have charted the islands to their own satisfaction, but no non-Kanaka can make head nor tail out of the charts, which are just clumps of shells and fibre. A scholarly German sea captain once published a paper setting forth the theory that these charts were concerned not with currents, soundings, and other conventional maritime data but with *Dünung*, which he half-heartedly described as pressure lines in the ocean caused by waves bouncing off the islands. Anyway, the Kanakas can take an outrigger anywhere around the archipelago, in fair weather or foul. Socially, they're not much; they expand their ear lobes with wooden discs, practice totemism, use mollusc shells for money, and in the last century had a reputation for murdering castaway mariners. There's no doubt, however, that they had a legitimate grudge against mariners, who used to play hell with their women whenever they came ashore for fresh fruit and water.

The Marshalls are named after an Englishman, a Captain Marshall, who put ashore at several of them in 1788. However, their position had been noted two hundred and fifty-odd years before that by a Spanish navigator named Alvaro de Saavedra. In the early part of the last century, Spain exercised a vague jurisdiction over the Marshalls, but the German traders began a determined infiltration, and in the eighteen-seventies the islands were practically controlled by a German trading outfit, the Jaluit Company. Finally, in 1885, the German colonial administration took over. The Spaniards were so sore about this that they mobbed the German Embassy in Madrid. In 1914, with the tacit consent of the Allies, Japan moved in on the Marshalls (she was given a mandate in 1919), and in 1944, presumably, she will move out again. As we have indicated, the Kanakas have been thoroughly Japanized. For one thing, the Japs used to send influential Kanaka chiefs to be educated in Japan. Japanese traders and missionaries poured into the Marshalls and did their best to persuade the women to dress in kimonos and carry fans. After a while, the Kanakas even took to bowing and sucking in their breath when talking. Another somewhat surprising consequence of the Jap occupation of the Marshalls is that most well-to-do Kanakas have gold fillings, put in by trading-company dentists. From looking at the Japs, the Kanakas got the idea that gold in the teeth was a social distinction.

Rage in Cambridge

WE'VE heard from a Boston lady who was sitting in a parked car in Harvard Square one day last week and noticed a well-dressed matron struggling by with a large vacuum cleaner. Catching her eye, the matron stopped, came over to the car, and boomed, "Have to carry this home myself—my maid flatly refused to do it. But don't worry," she added, as she set off again, "our day will come."

Hits

WE talked to Edward B. Marks, the music publisher, the other day, just as he was warming up for the strenuous reminiscing occasioned by the fiftieth birthday of his firm, which is being celebrated this week. The Edward B. Marks Music Corporation, otherwise known as the House of Hits, is the oldest music-publishing firm in this country still operated by its founder. Mr. Marks has written two books of reminiscences, but he has quite a bundle left over, we found. He is seventy-eight years old, and we are not indulging in idle hyperbole when we say that he looks about fifty-five. He received us in his office in the R.C.A. Building, where he still puts in a certain amount of time, although, he told us, not beyond the bounds of reason. The walls of his office are hung with old playbills for variety shows of the nineties and before. One of them, advertising Tony Pastor's New Theatre and dated April, 1879, has an item which reads, "Fred. Levantine, the great antipodean artist, in his enchanted drawing-room table, flying barrel, and wizard globes, the most expert performer in the world." Mr. Levantine, Mr. Marks informed us, subsequently became F. F. Proctor, the theatre man.

Mr. Marks, of course, remembers Tony Pastor's. He undertook to sell his early songs there, and he remembers most of the producers, actors, singers, and songwriters of the nineties. Before that decade, he had spent most of his time growing up, being educated at City College, and travelling with a line of buttons and novelties. In 1893, he wrote the lyric of a song called "December and May," which sold well and which he thinks back on with some pride. The song is about a girl named Mollie Newell and the chorus starts out, "Mollie Newell, don't be cruel, my little jewel be! I'll be true all my life, if you will only marry me!" "Cruel, jewel, true all, you will," said Mr. Marks to us, counting on his fingers. "That's four rhymes I got out of that name. Not bad for a kid." Encouraged by his success as a lyricist, Mr. Marks went into the writing and publishing business with Joseph W. Stern, a travelling salesman who composed on the side, and they wrote and published "The Little Lost Child" and "Mother Was a Lady," which started them off with a bang. By 1902, they were in a position to be sought out by young Jerome Kern, who was just trying to break into songwriting and had composed an instrumental piece called "At the Casino." They published that and in 1907 they published "Marie from Sunny Italy," by Izzy Baline, alias I. Berlin.

"I wouldn't live my life over for all the money in the Fourth War Loan," Mr. Marks told us. This sentiment, we gathered, springs not so much from any extravagant distaste for his line of work as from pure fatigue. His interest in the progress of the firm's current best-seller, "Paper Doll," for instance, is rather detached. He is able to quote figures on it, such as sheet-music sales—over a million copies—and expected record sales—two and a half million—but he would rather talk about the number's past, which goes back to 1924. Johnny Black, who had already collaborated with Fred Fisher and Felix Bernard on "Dardanella," invited him to dinner one day in 1924 and played a new tune for him on the violin. "He had a pet canary sitting on his shoulder and singing while he played," Mr. Marks said. "The damn thing had the rhythm down cold. All this time there was no sign of dinner and I began to get hungry, so finally I said I'd buy the number." Only professional copies of "Paper Doll" were printed at the time, but in the spring of 1942 the Mills Brothers got hold of one, made a recording, and now the song is a hit, and even a wow.

Mr. Marks attributes his long life and good health to the fact that he has attended every race meeting at Saratoga for fifty years.

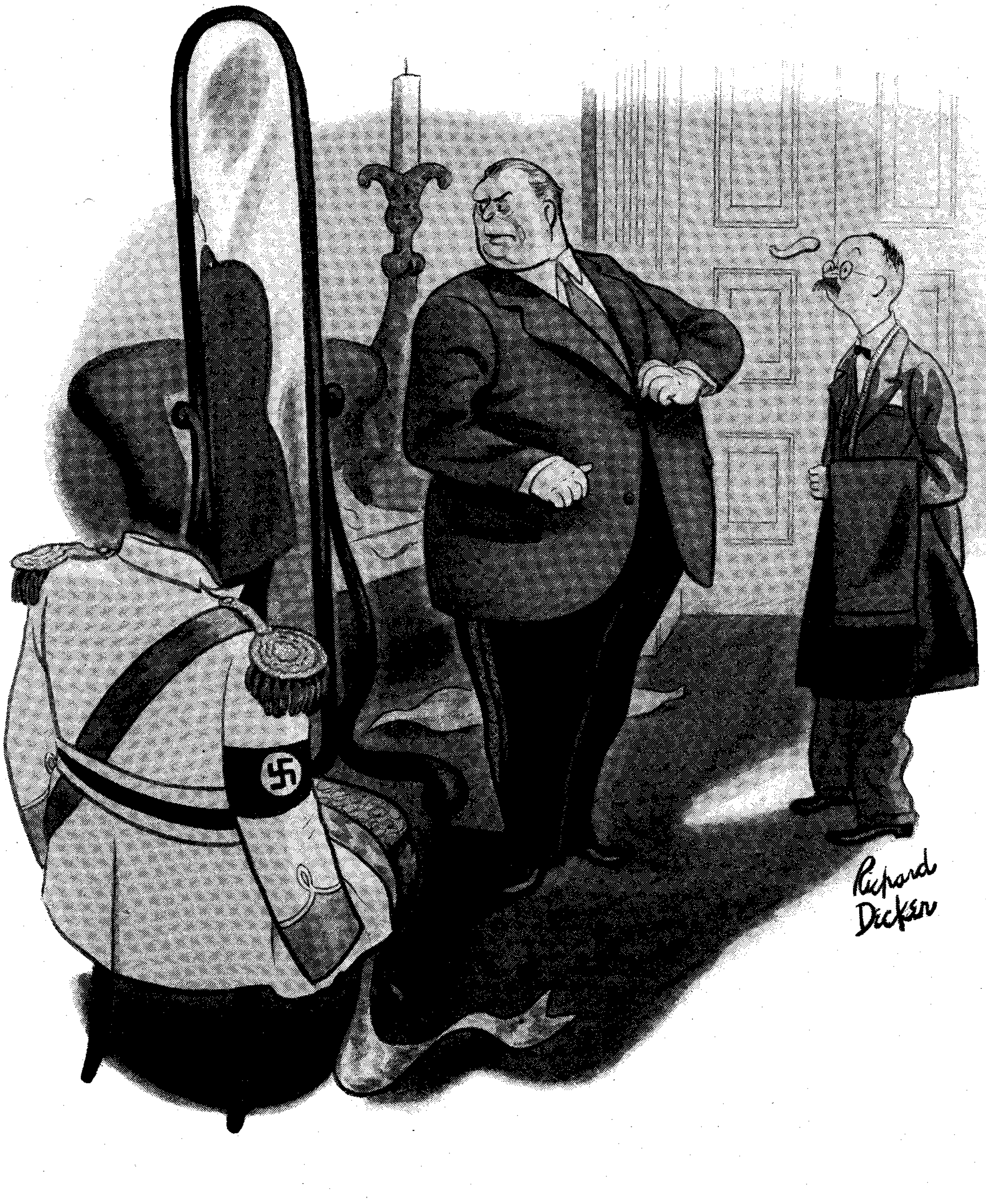
◆

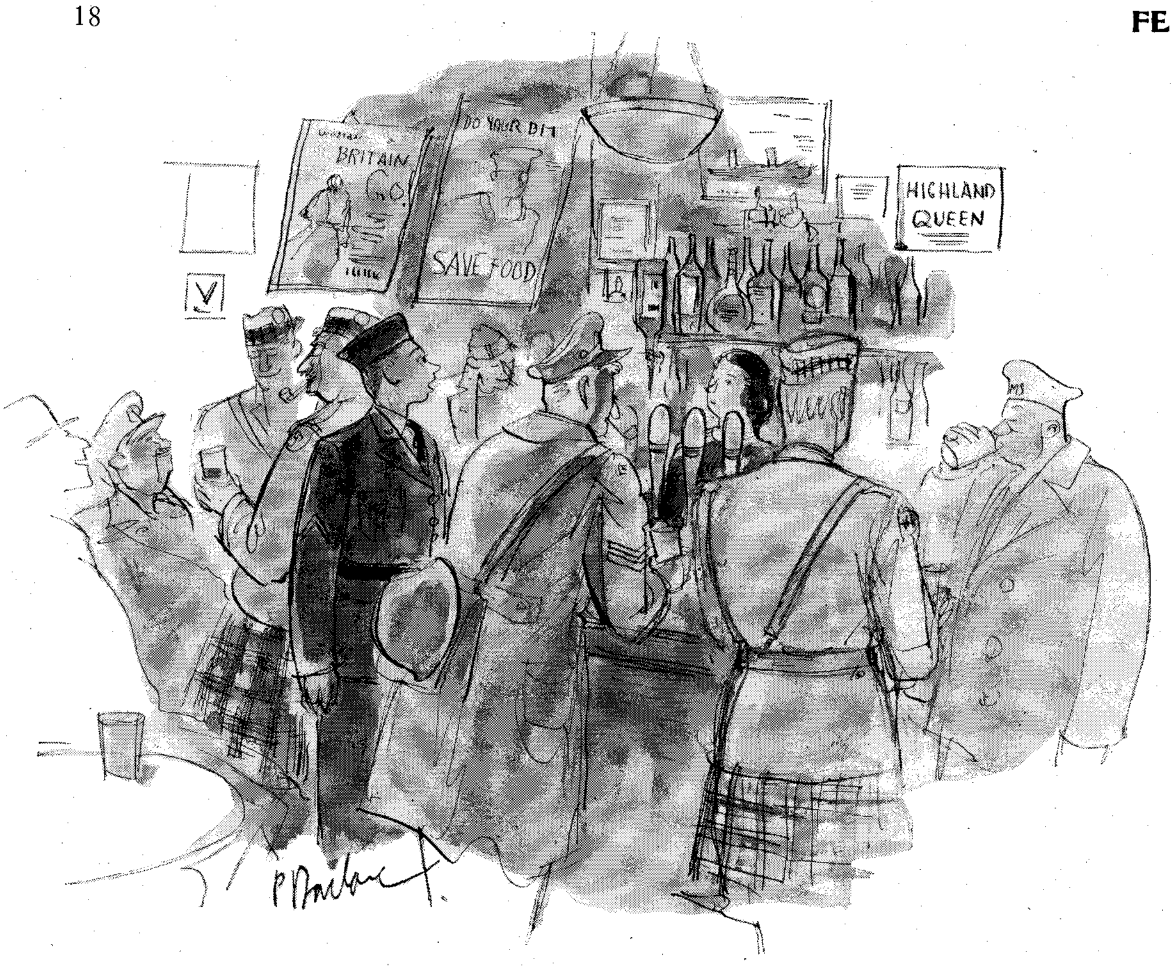
OVERHEARD on an Eighth Avenue bus: "Tomorrow we'll try a new method—tomorrow we'll be nice to 'em."

Free Ports

WE can tell you all about free ports if you have two or three minutes, and it's a timely subject, what with the wise men of the Teheran Conference announcing that they favored a far-flung system of free ports. New York has a free port right now, and has had since 1937, when "Hylan's Folly," the unprofitable municipal port development at Stapleton, Staten Island, was opened by the city as Foreign Trade Zone No. 1 under the Celler Act of 1934. The war broke out before this country got around to opening up any more free ports, and, foreign trade being what it is now, the Zone has been transferred to several North River piers and Stapleton taken over by the government for other purposes. A description of the way the Zone was run before the war—and will be afterward—will serve as an explanation of what a free port is.

At Stapleton, as at any well-organized free port, there are facilities for





"'Arf and 'arf."

• •

docking, unloading, and loading ships, and there are warehouses, sheds, and lofts which may be rented for inspecting, processing, repacking, assembling, or storing almost any kind of goods. The facilities aren't free of charge; that's not what "free port" means. "Free" refers only to the freedom from United States customs inspection, embargoes, and import duties. A trade zone is a little neutral, stockaded area where a shipper can put down his load, catch his breath, and decide what to do next. For example, the first shipment to arrive after Trade Zone No. 1 was opened was six thousand tons of chick peas from Mexico. These were unloaded, sorted, graded, and cleaned, and then shipped in smaller consignments to South America, Central America, Australia, and to wholesalers within this country. The shipments to these last were the only ones our customs men were concerned with. This procedure was more practical than trying to ship direct to all the ultimate consumers, as far as the Mexican exporter was concerned; the City of New York and a good many local workers collected some dough, and everybody was happy. And that's the way a free port works.

Here are a few other typical transactions at Trade Zone No. 1. Corned beef was brought in from Argentina in unmarked tins. When the United States dealers had had a chance to inspect and bid on it, it was labelled by the purchasers and then, after customs inspection, officially brought into this country. If there had been too much beef on our market, the cans could have been stored in the Zone indefinitely. Imitation pearls from Czechoslovakia were brought into the Zone, repacked in fancy small boxes, and then sent to South America. Watch movements from Switzerland were fitted into American-made cases and shipped to other countries. A batch of posters advertising French movies was stored until the South American bookings were set, then shipped in small lots directly to the exhibitors. The Zone has proved a lifesaver to European refugees; their effects can be kept in storage until they finally settle somewhere and then be sent on to them without customs red tape.

The first free ports were set up in Leghorn and Genoa in 1547 and 1595, respectively, and by 1938 there were over forty free ports throughout Europe. Before the war, Hamburg had one of the great free ports. In 1871, the newly unified Germany set up a customs union, but Hamburg wouldn't play ball with Bismarck in the matter of joining up until assured that her free port could be kept going. There are (or were, before the war) free ports all over the world—they are scarce in the Orient—but not as many as there will be after the war. When moving of freight by air becomes economically practical, we will probably have inland free ports.

Code

A GIRL we know got talking to a cabdriver, the way one does, and they drifted onto the topic of women working. He asked her if she worked, and she said she did. "Well, it's O.K. for girls to work, but not married women," he said. "The minute I find out a woman's married and still workin', why, I drop her like a hot cake."

Livingston

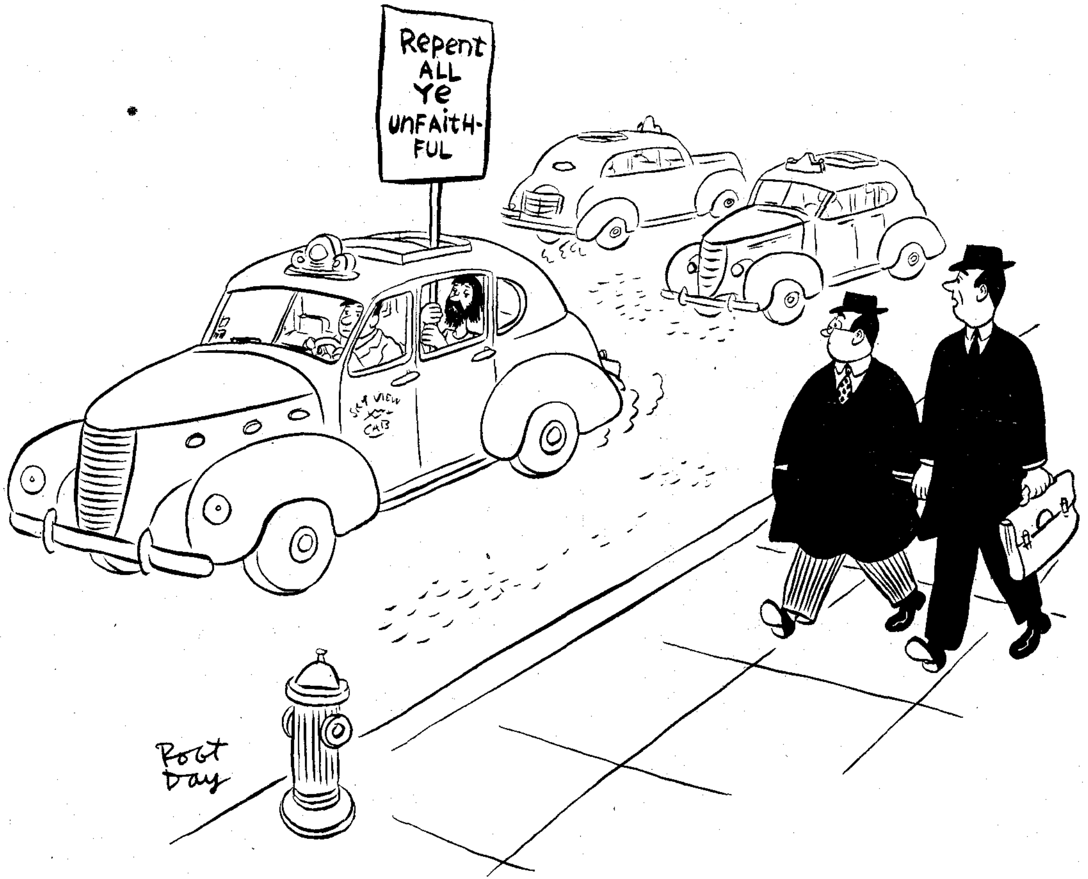
PEOPLE who go to City Hall with an axe to grind or a crow to pick generally wind up in the office of the Mayor's executive secretary. It's a post that calls for a versatile man, and such a man, we would judge from a talk we just had with him, is Goodhue Livingston, Jr., the new incumbent. (The old incumbent has gone off to be a publicity man, which may give you some idea.) Livingston is forty-six, a big, bold fellow who looks something like a worldly Henry Wallace. It's certainly safe to say that he comes from an old New York family: a Livingston was Mayor from 1801 to 1803, and also, at other times in a busy career, was Minister to France and Secretary of State in Andrew Jackson's cabinet. Another local Livingston served as Minister to France and was active in the negotiation of the Louisiana Purchase. There was an earlier, and apparently less energetic, Livingston who did nothing but sign the Declaration of Independence. Goodhue Livingston, Sr., is an architect who has left his imprint on this town; he designed such landmarks as the St. Regis, Altman's, the Hayden Planetarium, and Morgan's bank.

Livingston's youth was a matter of Groton and Harvard and one thing and another, and then came the first World War. He went overseas as a member of the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Unit, and saw service with the French Twenty-first Division. "Never knew what a dramatic job I had until I read Hemingway fifteen years later," he told us. When the United States got into the war, he transferred to the American Army as a second lieutenant in the field artillery, and, after fighting at Château-Thierry, was wounded at Soissons. There were no ambulances around, and he was picked up by a French Army truck full of movie cameramen who were recording the progress of the battle. Before depositing Livingston at a hospital, they visited a few more of the hot corners, looking for pictures, thereby giving Livingston a lifelong interest in the newsreel business. "When they took me in, I thought I was dying, but before the day was over I'd got so interested in the movies I'd forgotten there was anything wrong with me," Livingston said. Just the same, he was three months recuperating from his wound. After the war, he spent eight dreary years in banking and insurance. "If they had had a contest for the world's most bored man between 1919 and 1927, I would have won it," he said. He allayed this boredom by shooting big game in Central America; in 1927, this hobby merged with his memories of the newsreel men at Soissons, and he persuaded First National Pictures to send him to Africa to direct wild-animal shorts. What he remembers the most clearly about his African interlude is that all his associates used to amuse themselves by popping out from behind bushes and saying to him. "Mr Livingston, I presume." "It's a wonder we got *anything* done," he remarked moodily. The pictures were released over here with little or no fanfare, but they got him a job with Pathé as an associate editor, a position he left to go into politics.

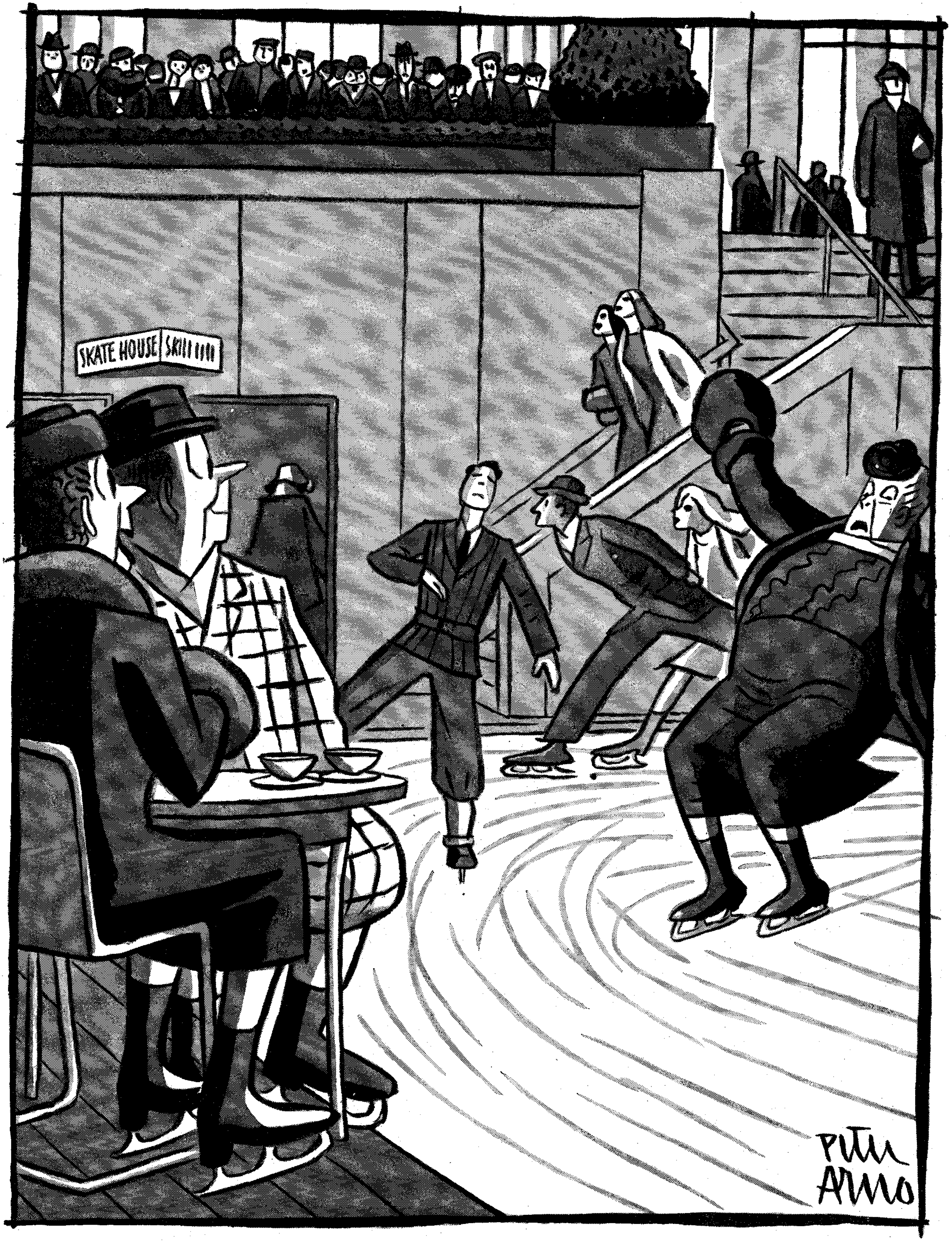
"In those days the only way I knew how to be a good citizen was being a Republican," Livingston told us. He joined the Ivy Republican Club, became its president, and, in 1934, ran for state senator from the Sixteenth District. After his defeat he was politically dormant for a couple of years, and then he became a delegate to the Republican National Convention. Or rather, he was Moses' alternate, and Moses was too busy to go. "We nominated Landon," Livingston reminded us. "Maybe that's what started me thinking." The upshot of his thinking was the forming, four years later, of the Republicans for Roosevelt Club, co-sponsored by Chase Mellen. "We were just a speech-popping kind of bunch was all," he says. "First Chase popped a speech, then I popped a speech. Then we got hold of Bob Sherwood, the world's worst Republican, and *he* popped a speech. I don't know whether very many people ever heard of us, but damned if we didn't elect our man." Between 1937 and 1942, Livingston served as secretary to the Board of Health, which he considers an ideal preparation for his present job. Soon after we got into the war he went on a confidential mission to South Africa as special assistant to the American minister, and on his return got in touch with the Mayor about a job. "I do the following things," he said. "I answer a good part of the Mayor's correspondence. I read all the papers and figure out what might interest him. When the Mayor decides the hell with something, I tell the sponsors the hell with it. But most of my time I spend explaining to people that, in spite of everything they may think, the little Mayor is practically one hundred per cent right in everything he does—which, let me tell *you*, he practically *is*."

Lost

THE other day the Jersey City Printing Company received a pathetic note from a man in Jacksonville, a note that will strike a responsive chord in the breast of any harried businessman. Addressed merely to the street and number, it said, "Several months ago I jotted down your address with the intention of writing you for some information. However, as I did not immediately write, I forgot what sort of business you are in, and have as yet been unable to remember what the information was I was so anxious to obtain. Would you kindly reply by sending me at least the name of your firm so that I can find out what I wanted?"



"Everyone has money these days."


SKATE HOUSE
Peter Arno

"Why, it's Mrs. Courtney Richardson, Senior—she's heading this way!"

FRANKLY...

THE MEMOIRS OF A BANKRUPT

I AM having a fine time these days and wish the Credit Bureau of Greater New York were here, but it was not always like this. Time was when I was accounted a very bad risk indeed, and, to be quite fair, I suppose I was. My morning mail in those days inevitably included a number of collection letters, ranging in tone from the gaily informal ("Hello, you! Haven't you forgotten something?") to the grimly decisive ("If you don't want to be dragged through the courts, you have forty-eight hours in which to . . ."). My telephone (before it was disconnected) was kept busy by credit executives wishing to call my attention, to complete their records, to close their accounts, or even, in especially desperate cases, to just get some money out of me.

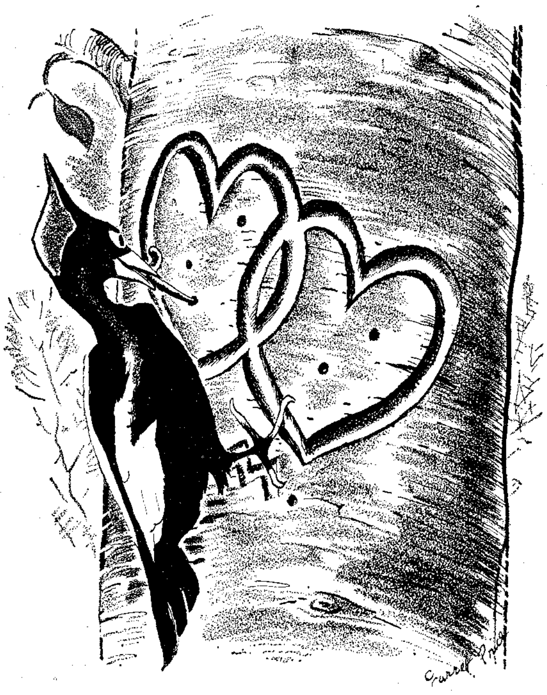
Once my laundry was held for ransom, which obliged me to purchase (from an expensive and dreamy haberdasher who hadn't yet heard about my credit) an entire new set of shirts, socks, handkerchiefs, and underwear. The laundry then returned my bundle, probably on the advice of its attorney, leaving me with enough personal linen for three years. At one time I had the money to pay either the haberdasher or the laundry, but not both. I was unable, however, to decide who had precedence, and in the end I spent the money on a tweed jacket and some knitted ties, to set off my shirts. That's typical of the kind of thing that happens to a bad credit risk. His cash balance is so small that he feels it would be a gratuitous insult to offer it to any single one of his creditors, so he takes to carrying it around in his pants pocket and eventually loses it in an inflationary cash purchase of something he doesn't need. The laundry and the haberdasher both sued me, of course. Everybody sued me, but I was never dragged through a single court; the suits against me were evenly spaced enough to permit me to pay up just as judgments were about to be pronounced. This worked almost as well as if the creditors had just permitted me to pay off at my own speed.

Anyway, you can see that I am something of an expert on personal credit, the way a bull is an expert on bull-fighting. I am addressing this little account of my observations and experiences to tomorrow's bankrupts, in the hope that it will help them relax.

PROBABLY the first sign that you are becoming a fiscal leper will be the word "frankly" cropping up in your business correspondence. "Frankly" is a word that all credit managers know and like; as they use it, it is pregnant with connotations. It means "One of the few rewards of this lousy little clerk's job is being rude to people to whom I am no longer under any obligation to be polite, so here goes." Incidentally, it is no use for the debtor to try to turn this verbal weapon against the credit manager. "Frankly, I'm broke" is not considered a valid response to any such gambit as the credit manager's "Frankly, in regards to your overdue account, we will be forced to take steps." Don't ask me why; it's just something I found out.

Wherever it is that credit managers go to school—I always think of it as a gray, cold, dusty place like Fall River or Pittsburgh—they are taught that there is one reason, and only one, that a man doesn't pay his bills on or before the tenth of the month. "Slow horses and fast women," the professor tells them. Lots of credit managers don't absorb even this idea, and remain convinced that you've got the money and just won't give it to them.

When I was an apprentice bankrupt, I used to think that candor and a well-documented hard-luck story would win me an occasional reprieve. It was the renting agent of my apartment who disillusioned me. "I just haven't got the money," I told him, the first time he called to collect the overdue rent. He fidgeted about while I gave him the explanation—family surgery, hairbreadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach of the abdominal cavity—and then said, "Well, frankly, we can't wait any longer for the rent."



"What are you going to do?" I asked him. Not defiantly; I was sincerely interested in whatever might be in store for me—expulsion from my three-room Madison Avenue paradise, the forced sale of my furniture, or possibly even the confiscation of my three-year supply of shirts. This was a new experience, and I meant to live it fully and deeply, like a character in a Russian novel.

"Well, frankly, all I'm interested in is collecting the rent," he said.

I told him again that I didn't have the money, that I didn't even know when I *would* have the money, though I believed I would someday. "What do you do in these cases?" I inquired, in a man-of-the-world way.

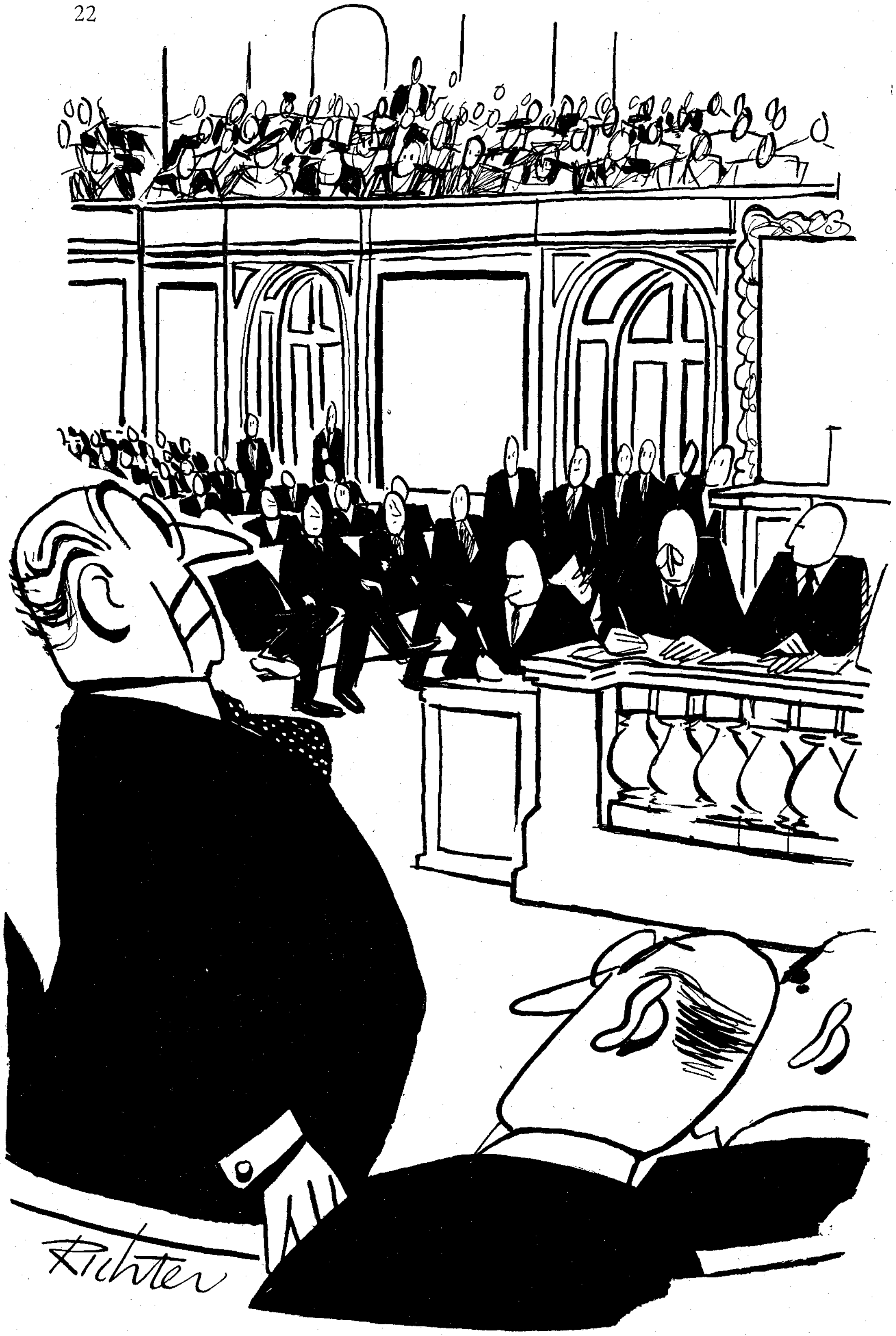
"Look here," he said fretfully. "This rent is seven weeks overdue. We'd like to close our books for last month."

"I'd like to help you," I said courteously. The interview continued in this inconclusive tone until the renting agent looked at his watch and realized that it was time for him to go and interview somebody else. "Remember," he said, as he left, "I must insist on getting a check in tomorrow morning's mail."

"You won't get it," I called after him, but he pretended not to hear. Later I learned how to bring our interviews to a crisp and mutually satisfactory conclusion. "Oh, it's you!" I would exclaim, opening the door at his knock. "Funny, I was just thinking about you. It's Tuesday, isn't it? Well, you'll have a check by—let's see now—Friday morning, at the very latest. That O.K.?"

"Well, no later than that," he would say, jotting a few words in his loose-leaf book and giving me a keen glance. I don't think he was ever very surprised that the check failed to show up on Friday morning, but this at least presented a problem he knew how to deal with; he'd hop right over to my place and demand immediate payment.

WHEN your credit is good, it is very, very good, and when it is bad, it is horrid. There is no such thing as a man whose



"Mr. Speaker. About this proposed National Service Act—just how will it affect us?"

• •

credit is pretty good, or not very good, or subject to any other such twilit qualification. One day you can walk into W. & J. Sloane's and order a roomful of Empire furniture, and the next day the delicatessen man will be standing on your doorstep, wanting to know howsa bout. The change comes overnight, like love or toothache or spring, and when it comes all the credit managers know about it immediately. Credit managers have carried extrasensory perception to a point as yet only dreamed of by Dr. Rhine and his colleagues.

The fledgling bankrupt's greatest disillusionment will be the shredding away of authority and prestige from the august figure of the credit manager. A manager, in the sense that he considers your case and decides what to do about it, he certainly is not. What he manages is a set of rubber stamps and form letters of graduated severity. They are predicated on the idea that all debtors are going to fight to the last ditch. If a debtor goes to a credit manager with explanations, professions of good faith, or any such sissified talk, the credit manager is as baffled and embarrassed as Clyde Beatty would be if his lions and tigers all rolled over on their backs and began to purr. Don't do it. You might as well desert your wife, set up an apartment for that pretty little Miss Twitchell in the file room, and begin to take in a few night clubs and enjoy life, because that's what the credit managers are convinced you're doing anyway.

In closing, I should like to pay a compliment to the public utilities, which are, from the viewpoint of a penniless man, charmingly innocent. All you have to do, when they threaten to get out of hand, is send back their bill with any annotation that comes into your head, e.g.: "Withholding payment pending answer to my letter of August 19, 1943" or "My records apparently disagree with yours." It is sometimes a full month before their answer comes, and then it is a worried confession that their files seem to be out of order and could you supply further details. The Telephone Company, just before it shuts off your telephone, calls you up and tells you that service is being discontinued. The same day that happened to me, I received in the mail an invitation to lunch with the Telephone Company at the Astor. It wasn't the same department, but it certainly was the same company; they were having some sort of promotional shindig, the letter said, and they were counting on me. I seized the telephone to call them and say that I had a previous engagement (I really did), but the line was dead. —Nosmo King

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING DIES

IT might be just as well if I could forget a few aspects of life in Hong Kong after the surrender. Otherwise it is going to be awkward someday, when my daughter, Carola, asks me how I managed to keep her going. I can hear myself saying, "It was quite simple sometimes, Carola. I well remember your first real pair of shoes. A Japanese gendarme saw you running barefoot and he went and broke into a shoe store and brought them to you, with a whole lot of others, all sizes, if those didn't fit. They were red, with bows on the toes. Not just what I would have picked out for you myself, but you loved them."

I don't suppose she will remember. I'm sure that she won't remember a still earlier event, when, as a fairly mature baby of three months, she masqueraded as a newborn infant and saved her mother from jail. It happened like this:

The Japanese began interning all enemy nationals the first week of January, less than a fortnight after the surrender. They left the hospitals alone for the time being, however, and at the suggestion of a British Army doctor, I hurried and got myself entered at the Queen Mary government hospital as a sort of maternity case. No one knew how long they would let us enemy aliens stay there, but at any rate it gave me a breathing space. I was assigned to a large, four-bed ward and one of the other patients and I put Carola into a small cot at the foot of my bed. There were two other women there when I moved in—an English girl who expected to have a baby by Caesarean section in another month, and a Russian prostitute. I don't know whether there was anything really the matter with the Russian, but something or other was written on her chart.

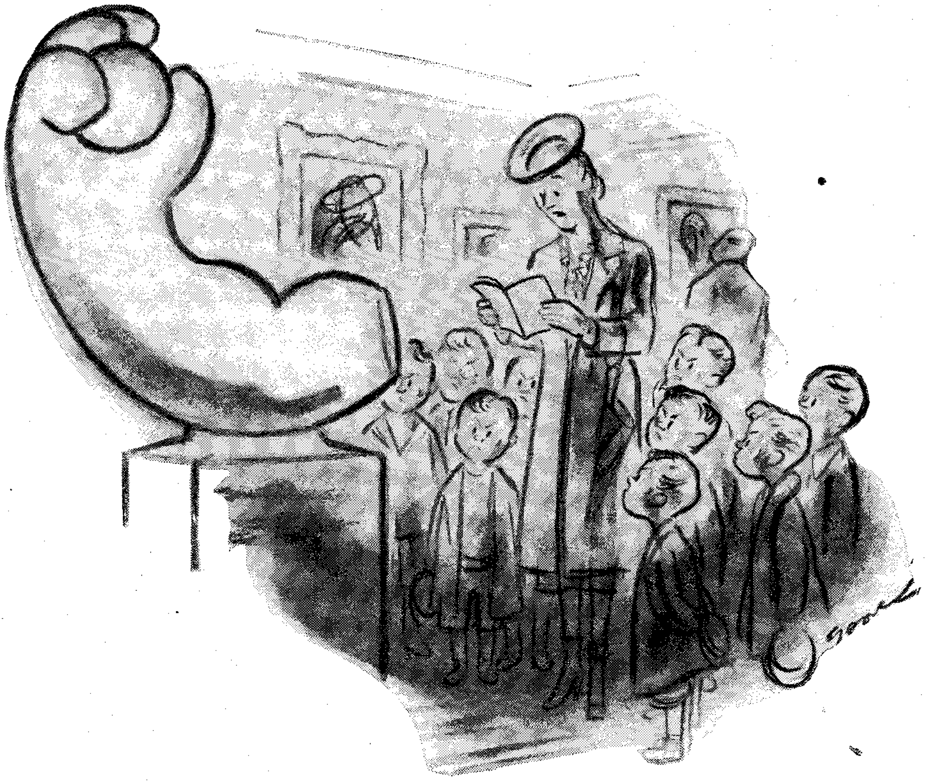
Officially I was in bed. Nobody bothered much about us maternity-ward cases, though. The sisters—in British hospitals nurses are called "sisters"—were working hard elsewhere in the wards and were very indignant about it too, because in prewar Hong Kong they had been executives, directing the Chinese nurses, who had actually done almost all the work. Really menial labor, like scrubbing floors and emptying bed pans, had always been handed over to Chinese amahs and boys, and most of these had now run away. Those who remained kept pilfering blankets and whatever food was around, which wasn't much. So we patients ran the ward ourselves and got along all right. The English girl, Mrs. Hawkins, had carried her suitcase of baby clothes during the entire siege, and she now sat up in a chair knitting tiny garments all day long. It would be her first baby and she was afraid, but she didn't seem to realize how much she had to be afraid of. She wasn't thinking, fortunately, about being interned, nor did she fret very much about her husband, now locked up with the other soldiers in a prison camp. She was just afraid of having a baby; it was a simple, honest fear and I envied her for it. Nina, the Russian, spent most of her time moaning.

Every morning I would get up and dress, give Carola her bottle, wash her things, hang them on the railing out on the veranda onto which our room opened, and tie them so they wouldn't blow away. It was cold, dark weather and the hospital was damp and chilly. If the sun came out at all, I tried to walk on the veranda with the baby. Down on the next floor and on the other side of a court, facing us, wounded Indian soldiers sunned themselves and waved at us. On the next level below that were the wounded British troops and miscellaneous patients. I knew a lot of them, and when Carola was asleep again I would go visiting. I depended on the hospital grapevine to give me fair warning when any Japanese officers came to inspect us. They came almost every day. Five minutes before they reached our ward, I would get out of my shoes, wrap a dressing gown over my dress, and climb into bed. All of us patients were always sitting up against our pillows, bright-eyed and expectant, when the Japs came in.

Luckily the maternity ward didn't interest them much. They spent more time with the soldiers, sometimes taking off their bandages to make sure they were really wounded. They also lingered a bit in the ward next to ours, where there were four badly wounded Chinese nurses. The Japs have a deep admiration for wounds and they love their own scars. When they came in to see us they peered at Carola and muttered the English word "Mother," looked cursorily at our charts, and went out again, bored to death. As the last booted heels tapped down the corridor, I would get up and put on my shoes.

MRS. HAWKINS, Nina, and I had been together some days when a new patient, Mrs. Barton, came in. Our tempers were bad because we were hungry; the kitchen staff was conserving food and we had very little to eat. Mrs. Hawkins, who had a huge appetite, was the greatest sufferer and by this time she could talk about little else. But Mrs. Barton took our minds off our troubles.

She came in on a stretcher, wearing



"No. 33. The—er—Baseball Player!"

a crumpled dress and coat and a brown felt hat which was squashed on the pillow. She was a plump woman with a lot of black hair and she looked like a missionary. The Japanese stretcher bearers dumped her on the empty bed, put a cardboard suitcase down next to her, and left. A sister paid us one of her rare visits and got her to bed.

"I'm from the Tai Koon Hotel," Mrs. Barton explained afterward. This was one of the filthy little places where Europeans were interned while waiting to be sent out to the concentration camp at Stanley. "I think I'm having a miscarriage, but that Portuguese doctor who looked at me when I entered thinks he can save the baby. Well, I don't think he can. I don't think he ought to. It's four months along, but I've never felt life and I haven't had a baby in ten years and I'm sure there is something wrong. I've had nine; I ought to know. But he says they can save it." She began to moan and Mrs. Hawkins stared at her, the familiar fear darkening her eyes.

"It's not going to be that way for you, Mrs. Hawkins," I said hastily. "Yours will be an operation, remember."

Mrs. Barton felt better after a while and began giving Mrs. Hawkins advice. She was quite an addition to our group. When Carola woke up that morning, Mrs. Barton gave me advice, too. "Your first? . . . Oh, aren't you glad it's a little girl? . . . Hold her up over your shoulder, dear; that's wind."

There was no Jap inspection that day, but time went faster than usual. When our lunch came in, Mrs. Barton didn't want hers and we gave it to Mrs. Hawkins. This infuriated the amah, who had brought it, because she had been hoping she would inherit it herself, but we didn't care. We didn't like that amah. She stole too much from our trays, anyway. We had small portions of rice, a little vegetable stew, and a piece of cake apiece.

"I bet the sisters and the doctors get more than this," said Mrs. Hawkins.

"They do," I said. "I went down yesterday and looked. But they said they bought it themselves. They had potted meat and salad and everything."

We munched in bitter silence. "I've *got* to have more," said Mrs. Hawkins suddenly. "I'm having a baby. When you're having a baby you must eat for two."

There was nothing to say to that. She finished Mrs. Barton's plate and felt better. "Do they give you anything more at the hotel?" she asked, turning to Mrs. Barton's bed.

Mrs. Barton twisted on her pillow and said, "I don't feel well, dear. Do you think that sister would come and see me?"

We rounded up the sister at last, and also the doctor. He was the young Portuguese who had seen Mrs. Barton when she entered, and he looked tired out and rather indifferent. The few doctors left in the hospital were overworked. (Nearly all of the medical staff had been earlier commandeered by the British.) "You're all right," the doctor said. "Just lie quiet and take this medicine, now."

"With those pains?" asked the sister, icy disapproval in her tone. The doctor turned stubborn.

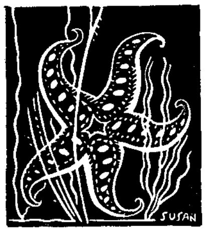
"Certainly," he replied. "Take another in four hours. Goodbye."

Mrs. Barton flopped about on the bed.

"Now, you don't feel as badly as all that," said the sister. "Try to rest." She left us, and after a while Mrs. Barton went to sleep.

"But it's *terrible*," said Mrs. Hawkins. "They're neglecting her. You wait until I tell the government."

"What government?" asked Nina. Mrs. Hawkins compressed her lips and knitted vigorously.



BY nine o'clock that night Mrs. Barton's pains were worse than ever and she couldn't go to sleep. We rang for the night-duty sister, who was cross at being called in and could stay only a moment. After that we took turns sitting up with Mrs. Barton. Her pains went on all night. I put Carola's cot out in the dispensary and as far as I know she slept all through it. I wouldn't have known if she hadn't. The miscarriage took place early in the morning, and we insisted on the sister coming in, though it was over by the time she arrived.

"I'm sorry to have been such a bother," said Mrs. Barton afterward, "but it was all that doctor's fault. Don't you think it was his fault?"

Nobody had a chance to answer because Mrs. Hawkins gave way to hysterics. "But I tell you, Mrs. Hawkins," I kept saying helplessly, "it won't be like that for you."

"Will I have that doctor?" she

FOR AN ALMANAC

Dissonance, winter, hate
Combine, conspire, contrive
Against the senses five:
Whining and wailing
Fall on the ear;
Ravenous vanities root in rotting snows;
And the gray day, failing,
Leads to the long white night, and no repose.

Patience, patience, patience.

Oh, and remember
The other side of the year,
The opposite of December,
With laurel wild, and cultivated rose,
With shade outdoors no January knew,
With shade outdoors no February threw,
With the rooms inside more dim,
By noon and afternoon,
Because both trees and awnings interpose
Their comfort, rich or trim,
Or thunderclouds come over from above.

But the light is bright when we waken in the morning,
Making a little tune,
Taking, for each bad word, its antonym—
Music, summer, love.

Patience, patience, patience.

—Rolfe Humphries

• • •

demanded fearfully. "Isn't there some other doctor to take care of me? They killed my doctor."

I didn't answer. It was evident that Mrs. Hawkins had not considered the fact that in all probability we wouldn't still be in the Queen Mary Hospital when her time came. She had had to move often from place to place already. She had been in six hospitals since the beginning of the war, moving out of each as the Japs approached it.

"You can have whatever doctor you like," Mrs. Barton was telling her soothingly. "Go to sleep, dearie."

"I'm hungry," sobbed Mrs. Hawkins.

"There, there," said Nina.

I drew a deep breath. "I've got some powdered milk," I said timidly.

"Good heavens, no! You keep that for the baby." Mrs. Hawkins was really scandalized. After a while she went to sleep.

Mrs. Barton sat up halfway, leaning against her pillows, and began to comb her hair. "That's better," she sighed luxuriously. "Look, dear, your baby's awake. Isn't she the old-fashioned thing, though? I never saw anything so old-fashioned."

Nina said, "Kootchy kootchy."

"You play the violin, don't you?" asked Mrs. Barton of my back. I was washing clothes.

"Why, yes," I said, turning around. "I used to. How did you know?"

"I don't know why. It just popped into my head, like. Here," as Carola began to wail, "let me hold the baby. . . . There there, honey. I know all about it. I know all about it. Yes, yes."

A ray of sunlight fought its way through a crack in the blackout paper on the windows. Nina mended a stocking, humming. Suddenly a Chinese nurse ran in: "Everybody in bed. They're coming on inspection, about a million of 'em. Hurry!"

We scrambled into position. Carola was dumped on the pillow next to me. The Japs gave their customary glance around and all but one of them walked out. He remained behind and studied our charts more carefully than usual. He grinned and hissed at us, bowed, and hurried after his clanking companions.

"Have you any serious ashtrays?"

Nina and I looked at each other. "That might mean business," I said.

"Oh, dear," said Nina.

THEY started carrying patients out that afternoon. The Indian troops went first. We crowded to the windows and watched them being put into the lorries. Walking cases sat up and stretcher cases were laid on the floor. The Indians were joking with each other and as the trucks pulled away they waved to us and saluted. Some of the nurses wiped their eyes.

Then the Chinese were moved. That took the whole afternoon. I think that all those who were really too bad to be discharged were carried to different temporary hospitals. The discharged, we saw, wandered uncertainly down the road toward town.

In the middle of all this, Mrs. Hawkins had a fight with the sister. It was about food. "I ought to have double rations," she said. "I'm terribly hungry. I'm having a baby soon, you know."

Sister, her hands folded professionally, said, "You'll have to take it up with Matron. We give you what we can."

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Hawkins. "What were we supposed to have last night?"

"A piece of cheese," said Sister.

We all answered at once: "But there wasn't any cheese. We didn't have any supper." "They just brought us a glassful of water." "There wasn't any cheese."

Sister hesitated a second. "There couldn't have been enough to go around, then," she said. "Sometimes one ward must go without, sometimes another. It's unfortunate, but there it is."

"I think," said Nina, "that the amah took that cheese."

"I'm *starving*," insisted Mrs. Hawkins, her voice rising.

Sister lost her patience. "You're lucky to have that much," she snapped. "There will come a time when you won't get that much. Remember, you're really not supposed to be here at all. You're not entitled, actually, to any food." She was referring to the evacuation order of the year before, as a result of which most of the British white women had gone to Australia. She swished out of the ward and the door swung to after her. Mrs. Hawkins really did burst into tears now. Everything swept over her at once. "Oh, this hospital. We had much better food than this at the Nethersole." (That was one of her six previous hospitals.) "What's going to become of us? Where am I going to have my baby? What is my husband thinking?"

Fortunately for everybody, an auxiliary nurse, an English civilian hastily trained for the war, came in just then with a slab of milk chocolate. She told us that the evacuation of the hospital was taking longer than anyone had expected. "It will be going on all day tomorrow, too," she said. "Mrs. Hawkins, you're not going to Stanley yet. The doctor said you can wait at St. Stephens', or if they close that down you will go to the Tsan Yuk."

"But I hate the Tsan Yuk," Mrs. Hawkins whimpered. "I was there two weeks ago. It's all Chinese. Oh, dear, how long is this war going on?"

"You'll be all right," we all said at once. "You'll be fine."

Then Mrs. Barton started to have pains again. "It's the afterbirth," she panted. "That doctor forgot the afterbirth."

So we all sat up that night, too.

THE next day at the Queen Mary should have been grim, but somehow it wasn't. For one thing, Mrs. Barton really felt much, much better. For another, the kitchen staff, now that they realized that the Japs were going to get all that carefully hoarded food anyway, began to treat us well. We had tinned peaches and sausages and corned beef and everything. We packed whatever clothes we had and sat around waiting until dark. By that time, everybody was gone but our own ward and the skeleton hospital staff, but the Japanese medical officer in charge said that we should stay over until morning.

It was lonely and dreary up on the sixth floor that night. We were full of food, but the excitement of that condition had died down. Mrs. Hawkins went on knitting doggedly, Mrs. Barton slept deeply, Nina dozed. But Carola didn't seem to want to sleep. If I knew then what I know now about babies, I would have realized that it was her stomach. She must have been full of wind, but I didn't know. I thought maybe she was having those convulsions that I had read about, but I didn't dare wake up Mrs. Barton, our only expert, to ask her. As long as I walked the floor with Carola, holding her upright, she was quiet. But as soon as I laid her down, or even tried to carry her in a horizontal position, she would begin to howl again.

I must have walked about ten miles up and down the floor, up and down, up and down. In time Mrs. Hawkins put away her knitting and went off to sleep. Now and then I tried to put Carola down, without success. Once I tried to take her into bed with me, but she screamed as if she were in intense agony and I got up again.

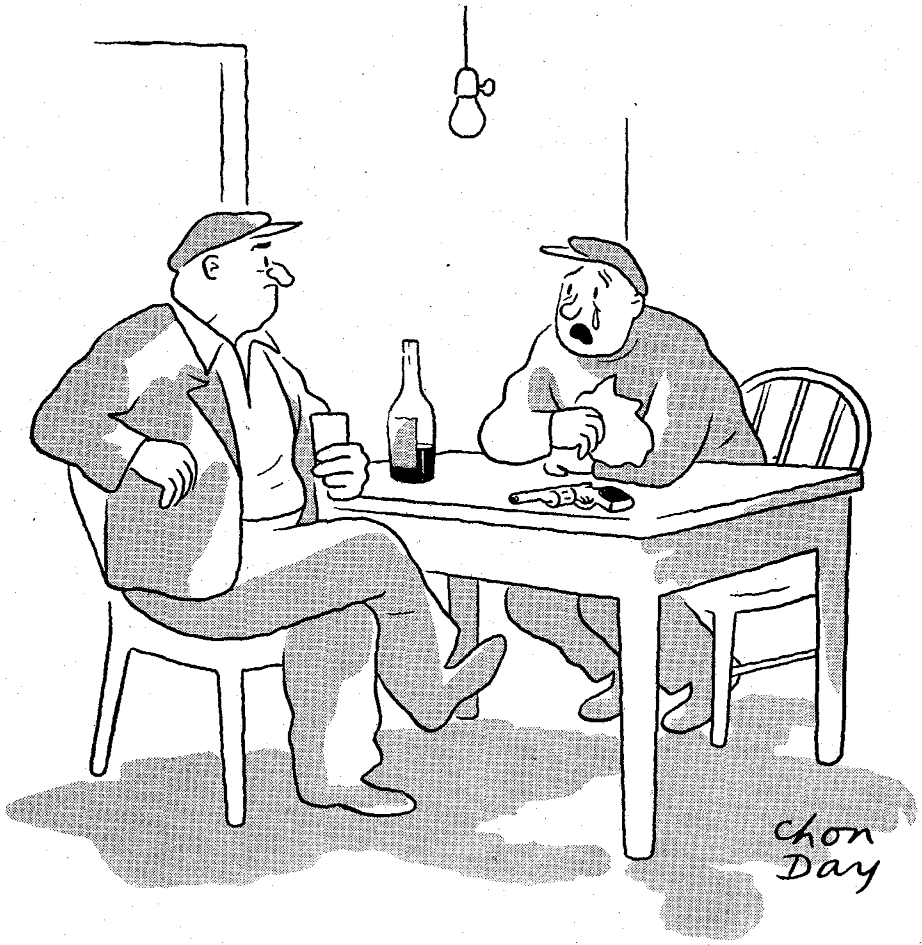
It must have been midnight when I succeeded in putting her into her cot without waking her. Everything was really hushed everywhere in the world except the farm down the road, where unmilked cattle were bellowing dolefully.

I suppose that nobody had told the Japanese night guard that we in the maternity ward were going to stay one more night. They must have seen our light in the window and marched up to investigate. I had no warning until I heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of many feet coming down the hall, and then the door burst open and they rushed in. There seemed to be a small army of them and the light gleamed on their spectacles and their bayonets. They were angry, too, and they made a lot of noise. Mrs. Hawkins sat up and screamed a little. Mrs. Barton opened her eyes and looked in wonder. Nina jumped out of bed, her teeth chattering.

I shall never understand my own behavior. Now that I think back on it, I can remember only a blind rage that somebody was going to wake the baby. That is how I will explain it someday to Carola. I put my finger to my lips. "Shhhhh!" I hissed crossly.

The sergeant in charge of the group peered at Carola, grinned with a flash of gold, and flapped his hand reassuringly at all of us. Then the Japanese Army tiptoed out of the ward and down the corridor, back into the night.

—EMILY HAHN



"I'm a failure, boss! I said, 'Reach for the ceiling,' like you told me, and he just laughed."

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

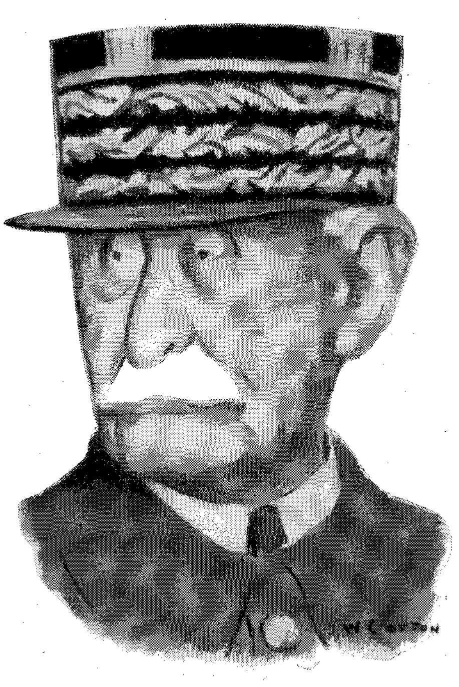
[*Ed Sullivan in the News*]

The Yale grad is a thoroughly decent human being.... Most people are warmhearted; only a minority are stinkers.

PROFILES

LA FRANCE ET LE VIEUX

I—FROM THE EMPRESS EUGENIE TO THE A.E.F.



Marshal Philippe Pétain

HISTORICALLY, the octogenarian Marshal Philippe Pétain is unique. He is the only Frenchman who ever survived a hundred and seven French governments and then founded one of his own, the hundred and eighth. Because he is so old that he was a youth at the beginning of the period of French history over whose end he now presides, and because, during his long life, the decades have drained away the glory of France, the world has assigned to him a curious chronometrous quality; it has made of the Third Republic a sort of hourglass whose sands, in the person of Pétain, have finally run out.

Pétain was not born republican. He was born in the hurly-burly of the Second Napoleonic Empire, which eased France away from the revolutionary idea of the ballot into the simpler political solutions of autocratic power. He was born almost within sight of England, which he now regards as his enemy, and not far from Dunkirk, whose beach, toward the end of his life, became part of the route that led him to Vichy and his rule over two-fifths of what used to be *la belle France*. His birthplace was his parents' modest farm in the Channel Department of Pas-de-Calais. The municipal record of his birth amply describes the local geography, gives the cast of characters, and sets the rural scene:

> In the year one thousand and eight hundred fifty-six, the twenty-fifth of April, at seven o'clock in the morning, came before me Pierre Castalain, mayor and civil servant of the commune of Cauchy-à-la-Tour, canton of Norrent-Fontes, arrondissement of Béthune, department of Pas-de-Calais, Omer Pétain, age forty, farmer living at Cauchy-à-la-Tour, who presented to us an infant of the masculine sex which he declared born of him in his domicile the night before at half past ten, and of his wife, Clothilde Legrand, age thirty-two, farmer's wife, to which had been given the names of Henri Philippe Benoni Omer Joseph. The aforegoing presentation and declaration were made in the presence of Benoni Pétain, age sixty-one, and Jean-Baptiste Occre, age forty-eight, both farmers, domiciled at the aforementioned Cauchy-à-la-Tour; and who have, the above-presented and witnesses, signed with us the present act, after reading.
>
> (Signed) O. Pétain, B. Pétain, Occre, and Castalain.

The fields around Marshal Pétain's birthplace of Cauchy-à-la-Tour are now gun emplacements for Nazi artillery.

One of the reasons many Americans in particular have found Pétain and his Vichy hard to figure out is that they patriotically take it for granted that the French Revolution, the American Revolution, George Washington, and his friend the Marquis de La Fayette, and the consequences of all four—quite aside from such decorative interruptions as Empress Eugénie hats and Louis-Philippe furniture—were all pretty much the same thing. Actually, we Americans had progressed as far as our fourteenth president in that long post-revolutionary stretch in which France was able to achieve only two brief and widely separated republics—her twelve-year First Republic, 1792-1804, and her four-year Second Republic, 1848-52, which Pétain just missed by being born during the conjunction of President Franklin Pierce in the White House and the Emperor Louis-Napoleon in the Tuileries. Our Civil War had ended and we had turned our military hero, General Ulysses Grant, into our Chief of State (and had regretted it, as nations usually regret such acts) by the time France, in 1870, finally founded the belated late Third Republic, which died in June, 1940.

As for Pétain's modest father and grandfather, to whom the French Revolution bequeathed notions of representative government not unlike ours, the French nineteenth-century governments which followed seemed to represent almost everyone but them and certainly could have looked to them nothing like ours. These two peasant Pétains, between them, lived through that confusing mixture of suffrage exclusively for the rich, royalist revivals, Corsican *coups d'état*, a Commune, Socialist sidewalk insurrections, bloody minor republican revolutions, and the various wars and peaces which gave France a Bonaparte consulate (1799-1804), a Napoleonic empire (1804-15), a Bourbon restoration (1815-30), which paradoxically included a parliament cheering what turned out to be the absolute monarchy of Charles X, and, as the nation's final unfortunate fling with royal Bourbon blood, the liberal monarchy (1830-48) of the obese, tired Orleanist Duke Louis-Philippe. The Duke, as the melancholy political poet Chateaubriand gloomily remarked, "was made king by the Republican kiss" of La Fayette, who was then in his addled old age and had been empowered by the dominant Republican party to choose for France either a new republic or what turned out to be her last dynastic king. In 1848, five and a half million Frenchmen voted for the presidency of Prince Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of Emperor Napoleon and grandson of the Emperor's first wife, Joséphine, by her Beauharnais marriage. In 1852, a year after President Bonaparte made himself a dictator, seven million enthusiastic French citizens, acting on the slogan "*L'empire, c'est la paix*," elected him Emperor Napoleon III. "The Empire, it is peace" immediately turned into three wars—the chilly Crimean War with Russia (Pétain was born the spring in which it ended); the War of Italian Independence, in which France, for helping liberate Venice from Austria, got hold of Nice and Savoy; and the devastating Franco-Prussian War of 1870. This third one was almost a personal war between the French Emperor and his former protégé, the ex-Ambassador to Paris, Prince von Bismarck, to whose Prussian plan for a united Germany the French Emperor, who bookishly believed in the new theory of "great agglomerations," had lent, at least at Tuileries dinners, an understanding ear. Railroads were still a newfangled public utility—Napoleon III had shrewdly built twenty-one thousand kilometres of them—and it was certainly symbolic of the times that the Franco-Prussian War was popularly described, like a railroad accident, as the inevitable result of Germany's and France's moving toward each other like two locomotives on the same track. In this war, old, civilized, intellectual, still powerful France suffered her first terrible defeat from an upstart, efficient, nationalized German war machine. Philippe Pétain, at the time of the humiliating Prussian victory, was a fourteen-year-old boy who wanted to be a soldier.

SORTIE

It was a most unusual way to see cathedral towns;
Those buttress views had previously been revealed
Only to flying birds and saints ascending.
The average tourist would have disapproved.

The sailor, too, would not have cared to see
The Channel underneath him, like a floor,
Possessing neither waves nor roll nor motion.
It would have made his trade appear too frail.

Nevertheless, the bombardier, who knew
Neither the sailor's gait nor tourist's tongue,
Took sea and land in stride, continuing
On his essential business.

Lethal commuter, he stayed unconcerned.
His element was air. The landscape was
Purely impersonal, full of toys and patches,
A quilt in which a man might burn a hole.

His finger, crooked, controlled a piece of earth;
The war became resolved in formulae.
He, a pale tourist of the upper air,
Was given no time to stare,

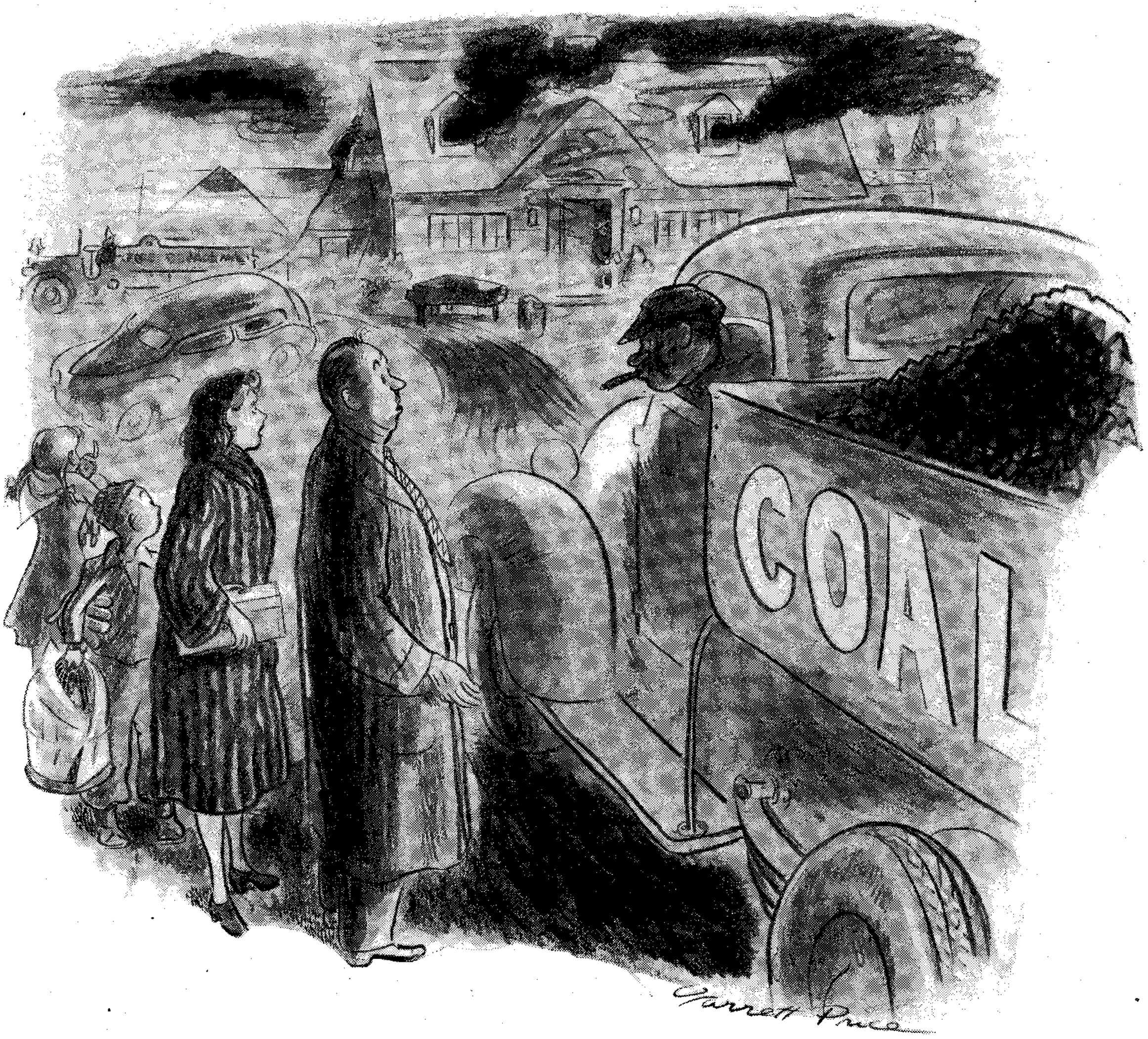
But rather, as a stranger bearing gifts,
Proceeded with the solemn presentation,
Grinned as he gave them, and then turned to face
A broken, burning place. —HARRY BROWN

• •

THE first thirty-six years of Pétain's military career—the period between his graduation from military college and the outbreak of the first World War—were unremarkable. His preparation for becoming an officer could not have been better. He received his early education near his birthplace, in the big town of Saint-Omer, where he was given a scholarship at a Jesuit school, Saint-Bertin, inspiringly situated between a military hospital and a recruiting station. In this school, he was severely grounded in academic fundamentals and perfected in that elegant, démodé, eighteenth-century French which, as a provincial, he still speaks and which slangy, stylish Paris long ago discarded. At the age of seventy-eight, he reprimanded a middle-aged clerk in a Paris bookshop for colloquially calling a book a *bouquin* instead of a *livre.* In his teens, Pétain was sent to the Dominican Order's Catholic College at Arcueil, outside Paris. His graduation picture shows him wearing a stately fringe of beard. He entered Saint-Cyr, France's difficult and snobbish West Point, at the age of twenty. After two years of traditional hard work and polishing, in contact with the most privileged, reactionary student body of the land, he was graduated as a bleak, good-looking *sous-lieutenant*, his provincial taciturnity prematurely formalized by the Army's grand manner, his rural conservatism stiffened by gold braid—a highly instructed, ambitious, introspective subaltern, cut off forever from his family's farm, his career his only concern. Young Philippe was the fifth of seven children. Throughout his career, no one ever met his brothers and sisters or even heard him mention them. He was assigned to the 24th *Bataillon de Chasseurs à Pied,* stationed at the little Mediterranean port of Villefranche-sur-mer, near Monte Carlo. He lodged with the village veterinarian, who later said that Second Lieutenant Pétain was *très sérieux* and always on the dot with his monthly rent of twenty-five francs, then five dollars.

His advancement in the Army was markedly slow. A writer on military affairs has said of him, "No one ever accused Pétain of being brilliant; he would have been the first to resent it." He was a second lieutenant five years, a lieutenant nearly seven years, and a captain ten years. There were a few lively interludes in those slow twenty-two years. Because of his fine physique, he was once assigned to a mountaineer outfit at Menton; once he had a whirl at what was called *aérostation*, at the balloon field at Meudon; he was briefly an instructor at the Firing School at Châlons, until his sensible, unpopular notions about artillery led to his abruptly being sent somewhere else; he lectured on infantry tactics at the chic Cavalry School at Saumur; he held the one fashionable desk job of his career, as an aide to the Military Governor of Paris, and he did not fancy it. He served unsensationally with the 24th, 3rd, 29th, and 8th *bataillons de chasseurs* and the 5th and 118th infantry regiments. He later said to a friend that during his long years of obscurity he learned to know men. This was by no means a fifty-fifty proposition; few men learned to know him. He froze people at a distance, from which his rarefied good points, like peaks on an iceberg, were vaguely visible. Once, when he was attached to the headquarters of the XVth Army Corps, in Marseille, his commanding officer described him as being "silent, calm, cold, the enemy of too prompt resolutions," though at the time Pétain was collecting his stock of Marseillais dialect stories with which, on good days, he later regaled his associates, even in glum Vichy. Another commanding officer once spoke of the chill, almost glacial envelope which covered his "qualities of vigor . . . of *coup d'œil.*" He was forty-four and growing

bald when he was promoted to the rank of major.



"At the moment I hardly know what to say, but if you'll give me just a minute I'm sure I can think of something."

• •

AS time went on, it was Pétain's quality of physical endurance which served him best. His flawless health and the frustrations that accompanied his slow advancement were like preservatives, keeping his body and ambitions fresh beyond middle age for the moment when history would finally find him. On the surface he became the perfect picture of the *fantassin classique*, or the complete infantryman—tall, healthy, handsome, a cautious, intelligent, amorous bachelor with big mustaches, waxen skin, frosty blue eyes, and a trim, tailored waist. He was a tireless marcher on maneuvers and a crack shot, and he sat a fine seat on a horse, an accomplishment then requisite to a proper leader of foot soldiers. The barracks never dried up his mind. Being a coolheaded officer, he kept his intellectual life to one side. Skeptical of the Third Republic mentality, he privately selected Louis XIV's philosophers as his favorite consoling reading matter. He distrusted dogma but suspected revolutionary idealism even more, he applied his native rural realism to both his critical and creative thinking, and he had arrived in middle life with a mental baggage of his own ideas, solid but not very numerous, which he lacked the warmth to put across but which it was part of his character to defend.

In 1904, carrying a note of transfer from one commanding officer to another which laconically stated of him, "Never talks uselessly; *dit just et clair*," Pétain was assigned as *professeur-adjoint* to teach infantry tactics at the War College, where sixteen years earlier he had been an earnest student. There, at last, he made a small name for himself. What he had to say, however, few listened to at first. As a pedagogue, he had precepts which were lucid, realistic, heretical, prophetic, and unpopular. It is ironic that Colonel Pétain presented old French brass hats with a valuable new military theory which, at the moment, got no further than Colonel Charles de Gaulle's valuable new military theory got three decades later when it was presented to the elderly brass hat Marshal Pétain. At the turn of the century, the fashionable French infantry doctrine was the nineteenth-century Grandmaison theory of *l'offensive brutale et à outrance*, the offensive-at-all-costs. This theory, a reaction against the unsuccessful passive defense of France in 1870, was named after the frantically gallant young Colonel Loiseau de Grandmaison, who declared, "In the offensive, imprudence is the best safeguard. Caution destroys all efficiency." The Grandmaison theory was an emotionalization of France's proud infantry tradition, of Napoleon's classic "The infantry is the queen of battles," and of the seventeenth-century Prince de Condé's bon mot, "A French soldier can do anything with a bayonet except sit on it." The exact opposite to young Grandmaison's doctrine was taught by middle-aged Pétain, who, being a realistic infantry officer, was wary of trusting his bayonets against belt-fed machine guns, already invented if tactically ignored, and who, being also a peasant, was thriftily inclined to regard live French soldiers as valuable domestic animals, too useful to be slaughtered recklessly.

Indeed, Pétain intelligently ran completely counter to the cart-before-the-horse theory then in vogue about the relation between infantry and artillery. The Army staff operated on the proposition that "The artillery does not prepare attacks; it supports them." Against this, Pétain offered a notable new axiom, "The artillery conquers; the infantry occupies." Against the staff's simple declarative sentence, "Brave, well-commanded infantry can seize trenches defended by the enemy,"

• •

Pétain, with his taste for seventeenth-century phrases, gave the Army a double modern maxim, "The offensive is the fire which advances; the defensive is the fire which halts." As the result of what he had studied of the last war with Germany and what he suspected the next war would be like, he sought to invert the dated French Army principles. All of his theories were based on his concept that "In modern warfare, fire power will be the predominant factor." The best unmilitary summary of Pétain's theories was made thirty years later in the Académie Française by France's distinguished poet Paul Valéry, in his address of welcome to his newly elected friend, Academician Pétain. "You have discovered this—that fire kills," Valéry proclaimed.

The War College, which was the brain trust of the French Army, was first to give Pétain praise. According to the War College report on his lectures, they had established him as "one of the two or three outstanding firing authorities in France" and his ideas had brought about an "official renovation of artillery teaching." The College tried, unsuccessfully, to give him a boost in 1905 by urging that he be promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, a rank he did not achieve until 1907. This tardiness came about because his new notions had automatically scandalized the hide-bound, brass-hat general staff. The staff snubbed him, called him a *frondeur*, or stone-slinger, and, when he asked to be assigned to a regiment in eastern France, promptly shipped him to one in the west, at Quimper. Years later, after Pétain had become Marshal, an anonymous notation was discovered in the staff's secret dossier on him. It said, "Not to be allowed to go above the rank of brigadier general."

Pétain lacked the makings of Army popularity; he possessed only those symbolic, patriarchal qualities which history would later twice use in turning him into a cult. His dignity always made him seem old for his age; he was regularly called "*Mon vieux*" decades before he was respectfully known, throughout Unoccupied France, as "*Le Vieux*." He always got along better with his men than with his equals, owing to that instinctive authoritarian paternalism which—years later, in Vichy—made his grandfatherly profile a photogenic and political natural. His reserved, provincial manner, his stiff, gloomy integrity, his narrow, national devotion, and his flat indifference to the rest of the world except where it bordered on France, made the smart Parisian officers respect him but not favor him as a companion. In conversation, the fundamentalism of his philosophic convictions made him seem old hat; the novelty of his military views made him appear futuristic. As a farm boy, he had inherited no useful social Parisian connections, and as a caustic bachelor and gourmet who liked only the pretty women and the best wine at dinner parties, he certainly could not have established any without the prestige of his uniform. He had a self-made man's appreciation of culture, and this eventually led him carefully to select as his friends not only the poet Valéry but the erudite historian Maurice Paléologue, the bibliophile politician Louis Barthou, and the cynical artist Jean-Louis Forain, whose hand Pétain held as he died. But none of these relationships brought out any warmth or *bonhomie* in Pétain's character.

Early in 1914, Pétain was promoted right back to where he came from; he was given command of a brigade at Saint-Omer, where he had been a schoolboy. But he was still only Colonel Pétain, aged fifty-eight, and headed, like an old shoe, for retirement and a pension when, on August 1st, the war started. It took the first World War to turn him into Brigadier General Pétain, then Commander-in-Chief, and finally one of the three French military notables of his time.

IT is impossible to understand Pétain at Vichy, or even Pétain as the Hero of Verdun, without understanding the Third Republic. For all of his eighty-seven years, Pétain has been one of the Third Republic's perfect minority by-products, an anti-Republican. Three weeks after France fell, in June, 1940, Pétain proclaimed to what was left of a shocked democratic world, "The regime of electoral representation, through majorities and parliaments . . . just destroyed by defeat, has long since been condemned . . . in most of Europe," and three months later he informed a dazed France that his new, personal government would be based on no "false idea of the natural equality of man."

The Third Republic, in which, as a military man, Pétain twice found fame for two entirely different reasons, was founded on, as it ended in, defeat. Germany really founded the Third Republic by defeating Emperor Napoleon III in 1870, just as France founded Germany's Weimar Republic by defeating Kaiser Wilhelm II in 1918, and just as Nazi Germany, with the bloody score now two out of three, founded Pétain's Vichy by defeating the Third Republic. Even the part France had in the establishing of its Third Republic was paradoxical and its beginnings may have suited young Pétain no less than its end satisfied the old man. What peasants like the Pétains (and the aristocrats,

the second of France's two nostalgic-minded, land-loving hierarchies) welcomed in the Third Republic's founding was that it was advertised as the republic without republicans, the republic which would be conservative or not at all, the republic no one wanted, and the republic which would not endure. (The year 1944 is as good a time as any to point out that the Third Republic probably gave more to more Frenchmen of what most of them wanted, of good and of bad, and that it lasted longer than any other government France has ever known except that of Louis XIV.) The Third Republic was hurried into existence, during Pétain's adolescence, for two reasons, both queer: (1) it was to be a temporary setup, a push-over for the royalists, who would soon rush in with a king, a Bourbon who would have been Henri V had he not remained merely the lame, elderly, obstinate Comte de Chambord; (2) in the interim the Third Republic would serve, unpleasantly enough, as something which the conqueror Bismarck could make peace with and send his exorbitant bill of reparation to. After a brief war, Bismarck had defeated the Empire in September, 1870, largely by capturing the sick, parvenu Emperor, bravely rouged for battle to hide the pale anguish that was caused by an attack of gallstones and the death agony of his ambitions, now ended in the bedlam of the routed, inefficient French Army. (His Empress Eugénie was about to flee to London, aided by a friendly American dentist, a Dr. Evans, who fixed the teeth at Court.) Far across the Atlantic, in Washington, President Grant, less coöperative, was ready to tell France, candidly, that the United States was sympathetic to the Germans.

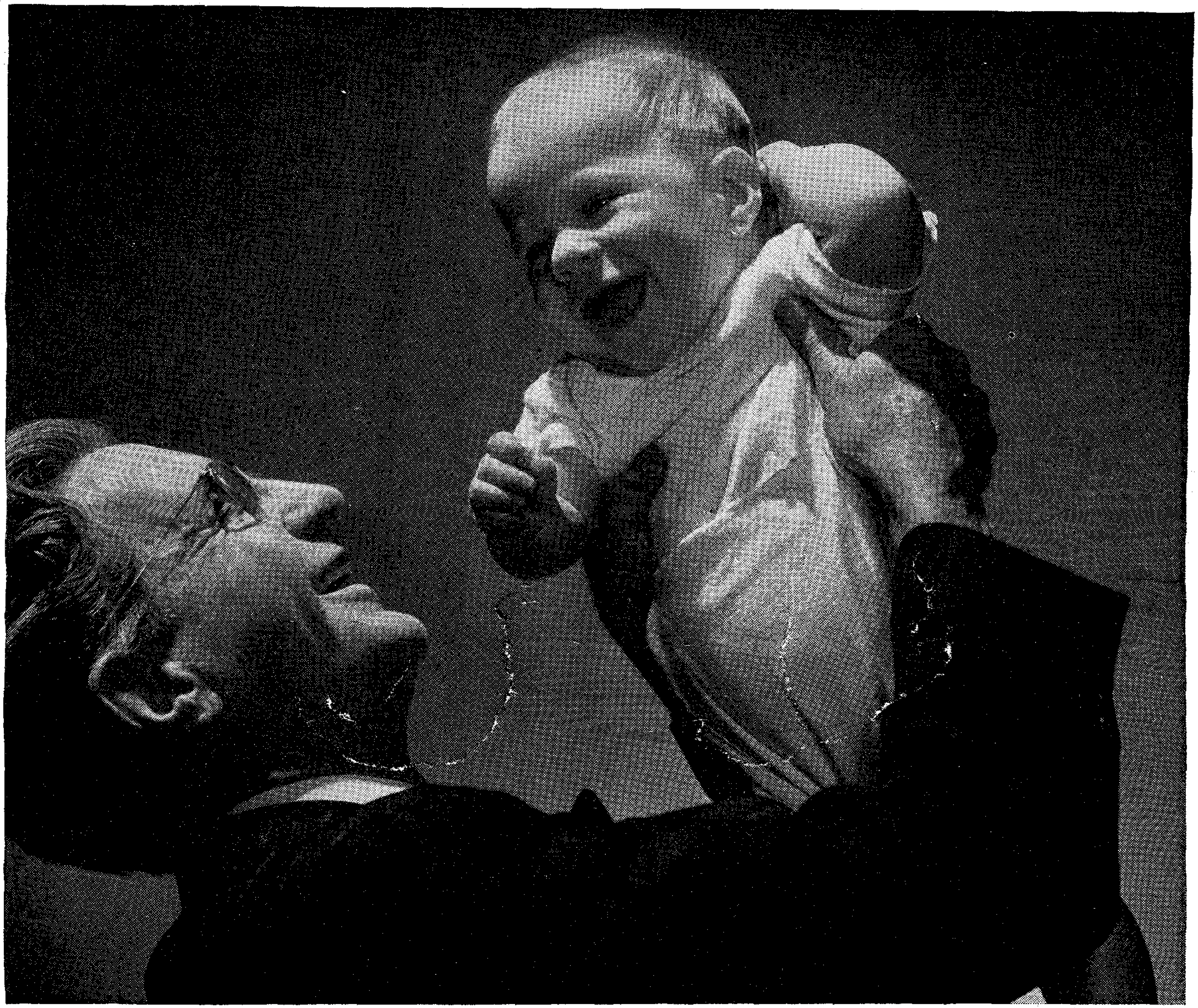
The terrible situation which the new Third Republic faced in the autumn of 1870, when Philippe Pétain was fourteen, was practically duplicated in what the dilapidated Republic was up against in the summer of 1940, when the Marshal was more than fourscore. As French cynics have said, Pétain was too young for the first battle of Sedan and too old for the second. The German war machine under Bismarck was an early model for the one under Hitler, or—so Pétain later explained at Vichy—of "a crushing superiority against which . . . we could offer nothing in opposition but words of encouragement and hope." In '70, too, as in '40, there were high French officers who did not believe in democracy but had a lot of strange faith in defeat. The most famous, Marshal Achille Bazaine, was so scandalized on hearing, toward the end of the war in 1870, that, upon the fall of the Empire, a French republic had been founded, that he refused to proclaim it to his troops, whom he whisked out of battle and into walled safety in the fortress of Metz, where he set up a little dictatorship aimed at saving France from herself and restoring postwar order, with the help of the perennial order-loving, salvationist Germany. Bazaine was later tried for treason as a defeatist and anti-Republican and sentenced to twenty years in prison. In June, 1940, embittered, patriotic French democrats nicknamed Pétain Bazaine the Second. The great exception to the historical parallel between the beginning and end of the Third Republic was Paris of 1870; Parisians then did not flee but remained to endure an epic five-month siege in which the rich ate elephants from the zoo and the poor ate rats from the gutter. On June 12, 1940, Pétain, as the Reynaud government's military adviser, spared Paris from heroics by having it declared an open city, and, this being a faster war, two days later the Nazis marched in. Indeed, this war apparently seemed so fast to the old Marshal that on May 28th, only a fortnight after the Battle of France started, he felt that it was all over. On that date he announced to middle-aged General de Gaulle, "We must capitulate. What you say to the contrary is stupid and childish. You are young. I am old and experienced and know that England is lost. The war is finished."

Yet the war had not been finished in 1870, even when the Empire fell. The fight had been carried on into 1871 against Bismarck, shocked at such Gallic frivolity, by the bobtail rebel army sent out by the sanguinary, proletarian Paris Commune, one of whose vulgar principles was that it should refuse to admit that the Germans had won. It was to prevent anything so *populo* and chaotic as a second Commune that Pétain, sixty-nine years later, advised immediate capitulation to the Nazis. Certainly, from the viewpoint of the military gentlemen of Paris, more afraid of the French people than of the German Army, the capital city's lively record for disorder—1815, 1830-1835, 1848, 1870, 1871, and 1934, in all of which years workers had shed their blood with optimistic regularity on Paris streets to the familiar street cry of "*Vive la liberté!*"—reached its memorable, terrible peak in the brief 1871 Commune. The Commune styled itself the First Workers' Republic, lasted ten weeks, and, as a sidewalk revolution which cost the lives of twenty thousand workers alone, was, day for day, bloodier than the Reign of Terror. It was during the Commune that Philippe Pétain, as an impressionable fifteen-year-old country boy, acquired, at long distance and for life, the same painful concept of the French proletariat that sheltered Southern plantation boys acquired from what they heard about the Northerners during our Civil War. Pétain's decision in 1940 to capitulate, as he put it, to order and to the Germans rather than risk French confusion and fight on, like the Communard Army, is today the most frequent and the gravest complaint against Vichy.

After the Commune was brutally repressed, the Third Republic finally signed the Treaty of Frankfurt with Bismarck. It was the most humiliating surrender that France ever signed until she signed the armistice with Hitler, which, Pétain declared in a broken voice in his broadcast announcement, he had himself requested of the Germans. The Treaty of Frankfurt, though, contained at least one solace to the French that was missing in Pétain's 1940 arrangement. Bismarck, in exchange for the German joy of having his Prussians parade in triumph down the Champs-Elysées, permitted France to retain the fortress city of Belfort, which the Germans had not yet been able to capture anyway. Bismarck charged France the equivalent of a billion dollars for having defeated her. As founder of the new master race, he had already said that the Germans would go through France like locusts and that there would not be a leaf left on a tree. In the most successful bond drive the modern world had yet seen, France fourteen times oversubscribed a three-billion-franc peace loan and was rid of her war debt before the final payments were due. Aside from Bismarck's help in founding the Third Republic, this underestimate

Helen E. Hokinson

"*Oh, I always send condolences—providing I've* *known* *the dog.*"



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

How long will they live?

They're both enjoying life — one in his very first year — the other in his first year as *Granddad.* And their chances of enjoying life a *long* time are better than ever before!

Only 28 years ago, one baby out of every ten died before its first birthday. Today, the rate is less than one in twenty. And over the same period, the average span of human life has lengthened from about 55 to 64 years.

This precious gift of life has come largely through your family doctor, as a result of research by the profession of which he is a part. By their skill and devotion, medical men have saved the lives of millions of Americans who, in turn, are saving America today.

Remember this debt to your doctor — and the tremendous pressure under which he works now. He's carrying the practice of colleagues called to war. He's crowded for time, hungry for rest. And his first duty is to those who need him *most.*

Be as considerate as you can. A telephone call may save a personal visit. If you call early in the day, he can better plan his schedule. Try to let him sleep at night. *And follow the instructions he gives you!*

• • •

In a modest way, we are partners with the medical profession. Some measure of America's advance in health is due to better food. National Dairy Laboratories have helped improve products made of milk — nature's most nearly perfect food. Right now they are developing new products that hold promise of still better nutrition and longer life.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

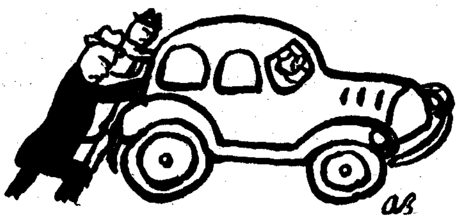
of France's pocket was perhaps his only major miscalculation, but it did serve as a useful gauge to the Nazis when it came time to demand, in the secret clauses of Pétain's armistice, the more up-to-date sum of 400,000,000 francs a day. As Bismarck admitted after the last sou was too quickly paid, it would have been a better plan really to "have broken France's back." This was the Franco-German climate in which Pétain grew to manhood.

From the time that the last German marched out in 1871, France was dedicated to what was called *La Revanche.* The revenge did not come until the war of 1914, when even an American Expeditionary Force became involved in what was Germany's first attempt to break the back of the whole world.

BETWEEN 1870 and 1914, for Pétain, as a typical French officer, meticulously ignorant of and traditionally aloof from the civilian happenings which constituted his country's growth between wars, the only public event of importance was the Dreyfus affair. *L'affaire* divided France more bitterly than any partisanship modern France has known except the recent partisanship over Vichy. *L'affaire* divided France into the Left and Right and set up a schism that exists to this day. Today the Left, which in 1899 supported the cause of Dreyfus, supports de Gaulle; the Right, which in *l'affaire* stood for the Army, supports the regular Army man, Pétain. The Dreyfus case, which dragged on from 1894 through 1906, started as a mere unjust Army court martial of a Jewish captain named Alfred Dreyfus and ended as a justified trial of the Army itself. Dreyfus, the first Jew ever to be elevated to the snobbish French general staff, had been sent to prison for life on Devil's Island because the Army declared him guilty of having sold military secrets to Germany, on the evidence of *le bordereau,* a document that Army experts—and the fallible Alphonse Bertillon, inventor of criminal anthropometry—declared was in Dreyfus's handwriting. Actually, it had been written by a truly treasonable French officer of noble Hungarian extraction, the gay Major Esterhazy. In the national tragedy which Esterhazy created, there were comic touches: he had a mistress nicknamed Tart Pays, his firmest French backer was Major du Paty de Clam, and the German Embassy spy-ring pal to whom he sold the secrets was a Colonel von Schwarzkoppen; also, the frantic French Army invoked as its trump card the new German Kaiser, young Wilhelm II, who, the officers declared, possessed mysterious proofs of Dreyfus's guilt which he, as royalty, naturally could not divulge. Being royalty with an excellent espionage service, the Kaiser possessed proofs that Dreyfus was innocent. He told his grandmother, Queen Victoria, that he did, and she told everybody in Europe. The sadder facts of *l'affaire* were that millions of humble French, brought up through centuries of salutes to respect the Army as a militant symbol of France, now despised it for being officered by idiots or crooks who noble-heartedly forged papers, lied like gentlemen, cooked up or concealed evidence, irregularly conducted trials, illegally jailed witnesses, and even untidily committed suicide in an effort to make the Army look right because it had palpably done wrong.

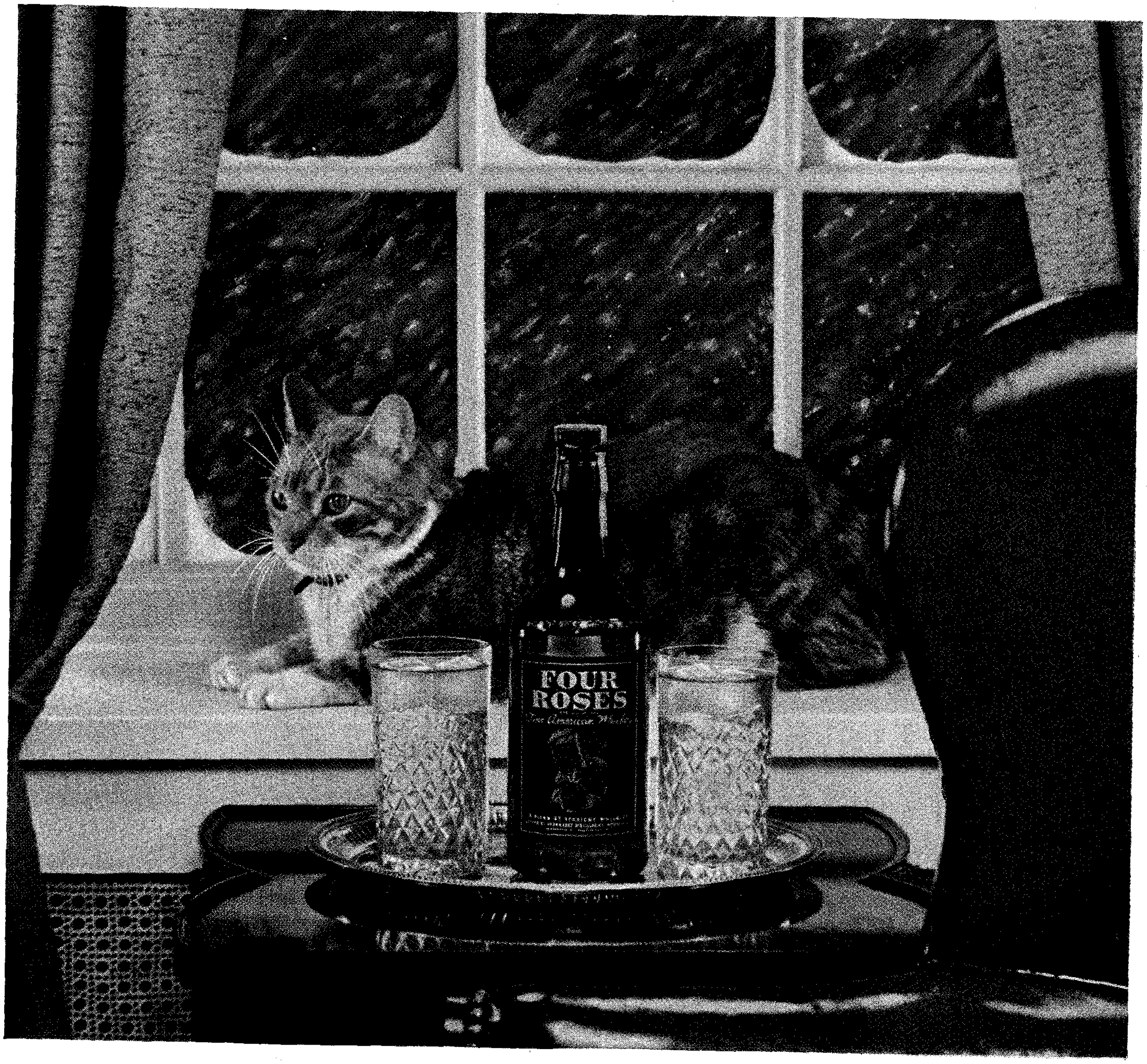
That Pétain, then a mere captain, came into *l'affaire* at all is remarkable, since for the most part only the top of the hierarchy figured. But because he was attached to the high-up, fanatically anti-Dreyfusard General Emile Zurlinden, Military Governor of Paris, Army gossips asked him how, in a word, he stood. His word for it was that between him and his governor there was "*une entente parfaite.*"

In *l'affaire,* it was the permanent dualism of France that was at loggerheads—the conservative France, which is still an emigrée from the Revolution and which still wants power from above, and the radical France, descendant of the Revolution, which still wants power from below. *L'affaire* repeated, in attenuated form, the crises of the Religious Wars—with Catholicism now squabbling against a single Jew—and the persistent revolts of the liberty-loving, encyclopedic French mind against the doctrine of infallibility, which had now oddly moved from the cathedral to the barracks, there to shelter the Army as the new unattackable class. What was left of French high society after one revolution and two Napoleons was enthusiastically anti-Dreyfusard; all the intellectuals, mostly pro-Dreyfus, were also in the thick of the fuss, always a grave French political sign. Even more obscure than Captain Pétain on his side of the fence was, on the other side, a young Jewish *homme de lettres,* Léon Blum, who, the next time France came to a Left-and-Right crisis, nearly half a century later, found himself, as ex-*Front Populaire* chief, on trial for his life at Riom, at Chief of State Pétain's request. Another obscure literate who later popped up in Pétain's life was the son of the fashionable anti-Dreyfusard novelist Alphonse Daudet. Young Daudet's struggling reactionary Royalist gazette, *L'Action Française,* got such a boost from its virulence over *l'affaire* that, at last reports, it was still prospering in Vichy France and was still editorializing phosphorescently against the Jews and what used to be the Third Republic.



In that passionate partisanship which occasionally unites the French against each other, the Dreyfus case broke up friendships, homes, and love affairs and nearly split the Third Republic. Whereas the Republic's more old-fashioned, elegant enemies within only piously prayed that it would fall, the more up-to-date big-business Rights actively damned it by nicknaming Marianne, the Republican figurehead, *la putain,* or the whore. The Dreyfus case, by molding the internal affairs of France for the twelve years it lasted, ended by determining the nation's twentieth-century political shape. In an effort to persist against the power-from-above group, the Radicals (whom we would have called Democrats) in the power-from-below section united with the Socialists (whom everybody then called dreamers) to create the powerful, practical Left bloc party known as the Radical-Socialists, who were still the dominant parliamentary group when, in 1940, the Republic at last obligingly fell. The Army had emerged from *l'affaire* looking like a dangerous reincarnation of the detested *ancien régime,* anti-Republican and against the Rights of Man. The climax of *l'affaire* had come in 1899, when the Army was forced to hold what was called the Dreyfus Revision Trial, by which time everyone, including the Army, knew that Dreyfus was innocent. But the generals, with a last flourish of infallibility, again declared him guilty and then, in a fantastic *amende honorable,* let the government pardon him. For this shabby buck-passing, the Left never pardoned the Army.

FROM 1900 on, France settled back to enjoy her new twentieth-century anti-militarism, except during those moments when *la patrie* needed the military to defend her life. France was so far from suspecting that one of those moments had come in the summer of 1914 that President Poincaré and Pre-



When it's not a fit night out for man or beast

When wintry winds whistle and the sleet hisses against the window pane—that's grand!

Such a night is simply made to order for you to enjoy a deep-flavored, heart-warming Four-Roses-and-soda before a cheery open fire!

Maybe tonight will be such a night—maybe it won't.

But even if the weatherman *doesn't* co-operate, we can think of only one reason why you should postpone any longer the keen enjoyment to be found in the most glorious drink that ever tinkled in a highball glass.

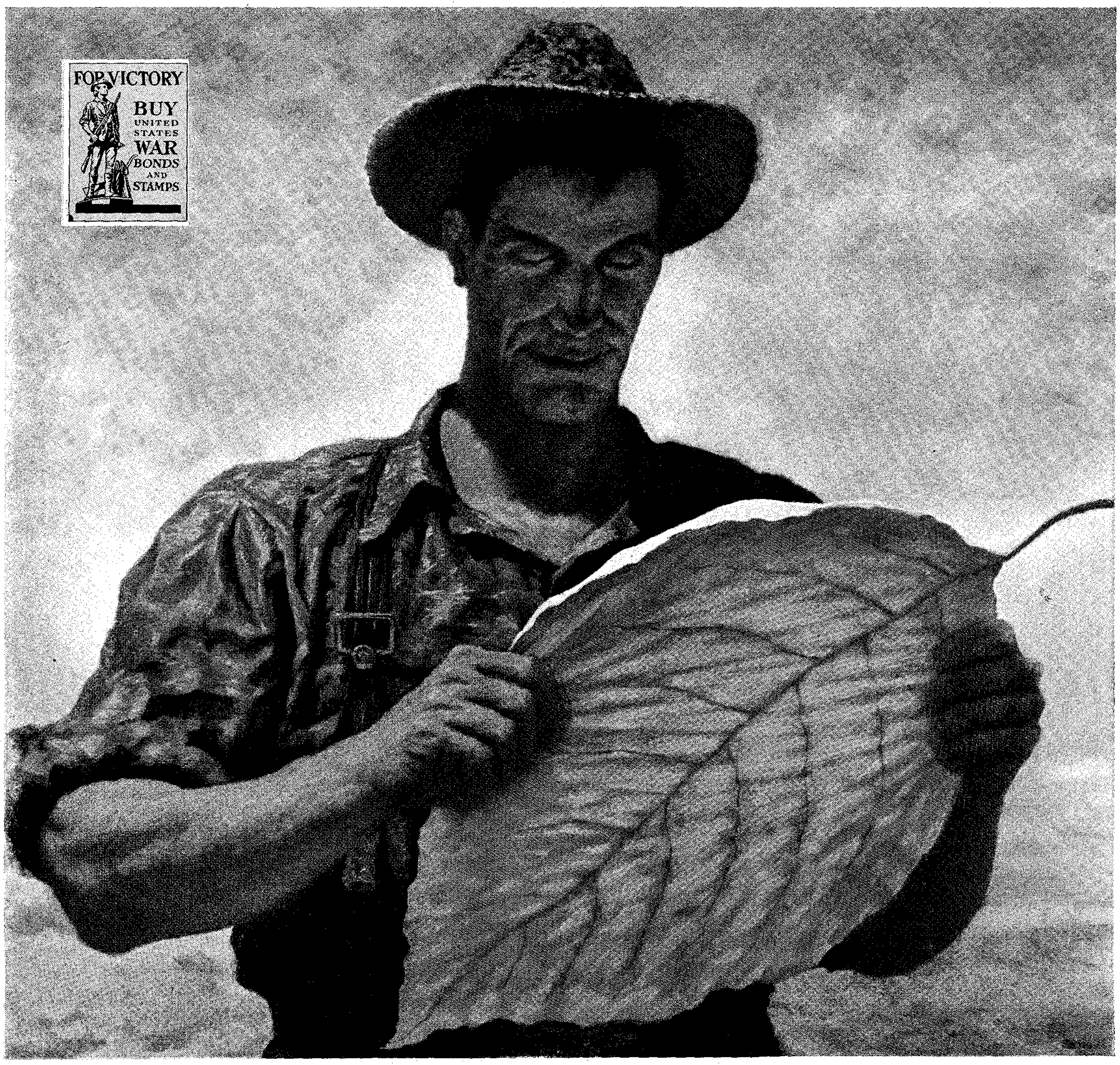
That reason is the possibility that your dealer may temporarily be out of Four Roses. But if he is, we hope you'll be patient. We are doing our best to apportion our prewar stocks of whiskies to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won.

So, if your dealer can't always give you Four Roses, we know you'll understand why. Just remember, he'll have more, soon. And Four Roses, *whenever* you get it, is well worth waiting for!

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation,
New York City


FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

"Boy, That's Tobacco!"

THAT'S **LUCKY STRIKE** TOBACCO

LUCKY STRIKE ***means*** FINE TOBACCO

LUCKY STRIKE

yes, LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco

L.S./M.F.T.

Copyright 1944, The American Tobacco Company

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST
COMEDY HIT

KISS and TELL

NEW YORK BILTMORE THEATRE *with* Jessie ROYCE LANDIS · Robert KEITH · Joan CAULFIELD
CINCINNATI COX THEATRE *with* Violet HEMING · Walter GILBERT · Betty Anne NYMAN
CHICAGO HARRIS THEATRE *with* Katharine WARREN · Clay CLEMENT · Patricia KIRKLAND
ON TOUR WEST COAST *with* Katherine ALEXANDER · Jack DAVIS · June DAYTON

Written by F. Hugh Herbert. *Directed by* Mr. Abbott

THE THEATRE GUILD *presents*
PAUL ROBESON
in the Margaret Webster Production of
OTHELLO
JOSE FERRER • UTA HAGEN
MARGARET WEBSTER • JAMES MONKS
Production designed and lighted by
Robert Edmond Jones
SHUBERT THEA. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"WONDERFUL"! —Lewis Nichols, Times
OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES Thea. New York | ERLANGER Thea. Chicago

"A Triumph" —BARNES, *Herald Trib.*
JAN KIEPURA—MARTA EGGERTH
in THE NEW OPERA COMPANY'S Production of
THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
Choreography George Balanchine
Conductor Isaac Van Grove
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Thurs., Sat. & Feb. 22

Richard Rodgers
presents
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
by FIELDS, RODGERS & HART
Vivienne Segal • Dick Foran
MARTIN BECK THEA. 45th St. W. of 8th Ave. Matinees Thurs. and Sat., 2:40

KATHARINE CORNELL and JOHN C. WILSON
present
LOVERS AND FRIENDS
by DODIE SMITH
with
KATHARINE CORNELL RAYMOND MASSEY
HENRY DANIELL, CAROL GOODNER, ANNE BURR
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
PLYMOUTH, W. 45. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Feb. 22

"Smash hit!" *Winchell*
MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
SENOR WENCES · CHRISTINE AYRES · SARA ANN McCABE
Nadine GAE · Tommy WONDER · Jack McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way (No Perf. Mon.)
TWICE SATURDAY & SUNDAY 2:35 & 8:35

Josephine HULL Effie SHANNON
in
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
4th YEAR!
"Unforgettably funny"—*Atkinson, Times*
HUDSON Theatre, W. 44 St. Evgs. incl. Sunday 8:40
Mat. Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3. No Tues. Perf. Extra Mat. Feb. 22

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 48

mier Viviani were off in Russia paying an elaborate visit to the Czar when the Austrian ultimatum was delivered.

France went to the war with high courage, with songs, with bouquets of flowers, and with passionate patriotic conviction. Its soldiers looked gay for the last time: the French artillery entered the first World War in black coats with plenty of soutache; that year's youthful graduation class at Saint-Cyr was literally dressed to kill in white gloves, white-and-red-trimmed blue uniforms, and with scarlet and white *plumets* of cassowary feathers decking their little shakos. Pétain's infantry wore red pantaloons and vivid blue tunics, wielded a long bayonet on the end of a clumsy repeating rifle, and were trained to enter battle with banners flying and to regimental music. These were the brave men who were to learn immediately that fire power was indeed the preponderant factor in modern war.

Colonel Pétain, symbolically, entered history by figuring three weeks later in the opening retreat from Charleroi. He commanded a brigade of the 33rd Infantry. Among his gallant young officers was Lieutenant Charles de Gaulle, who two years before had been permitted, as a reward for his high marks at Saint-Cyr, to pick his own regiment. De Gaulle's patriotic idealism was then youthfully fixed on Colonel Pétain, and the 33rd was the young man's choice.

On the last day of the first month of the war, Pétain was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. He received the news of his promotion in the little village of Tavaux, where he happened to be billeted in the house of a long-defunct General de Sonis. That night the general's elderly widow removed the stars from the dead general's tunic and sewed them on the tunic of the former Colonel and future Marshal of France. —JANET FLANNER

(*This is the first of a series of four articles.*)

•

This policy does not insure against loss or damage occasioned by: Gradual Deterioration, Moth, Vermin, Inherent Vice, or . . . —*Insurance policy on a fur coat.*

You mean inherent in the coat or in the owner?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Sunday News*]

Madeleine Carroll, who has also left the movies to spend all her time working for the merchant marine was born on a trip with her husband, she said.

MAX GORDON presents
"A Hit . . . Delicious Comedy"—*News*
RUTH GORDON IN
OVER TWENTY-ONE
By RUTH GORDON
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
MUSIC BOX, 45th St. West of B'way. CI. 6-4636
EVGS. 8:40. Mats. THURS. & SAT. at 2:40

"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—*Walter Winchell*
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

CHERYL CRAWFORD *presents*
MARY MARTIN
KENNY BAKER JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
with PAULA LAURENCE & TEDDY HART
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH
Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
46th St. Thea. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat.

MICHAEL TODD *presents*
BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
with JUNE HAVOC · GEORGE GIVOT · WILBUR EVANS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50 St., Mats. Wed., Sat

Le Gallienne and Schildkraut
The CHERRY ORCHARD
NATIONAL, W. 41 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Good . . . for the whole family."—*Nichols, Times*
50c $1 & $1.50 Plus Tax Sat. Nights Only 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
SECOND EDITION
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
Evgs. 8:40, Sun. 8:15. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:40; Sun. 3
No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled

"THE FUNNIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD"
ROBERT REUD presents
ZASU PITTS *in*
RAMSHACKLE INN
By George Batson
"A HUMDINGER OF A PLAY, AS UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL AS 'ARSENIC AND OLD LACE'!" —*Rascoe, World-Tele.*
ROYALE THEA., 45th St. West of B'way | Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40 MATS. SAT. & SUN.

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"
Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH
BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

ARDENA
ALL-DAY FOUNDATION CREAM
ELIZABETH ARDEN
NEW YORK

Elizabeth

ARE YOU DOING VOLUNTEER WORK?
HAVE YOU A JOB IN DEFENSE?
ARE YOU A BUSY HOMEBODY?
DO YOU PURSUE A CAREER?

USE ELIZABETH ARDEN'S
All-Day Foundation Cream
PUT IT ON AND FORGET IT!

No woman wants to fritter away precious moments repairing make-up several times a day in these busy times—yet every woman wants to look her best. How wonderful, then, to find a Foundation Cream that lets you remain as well-groomed as you were when you left your dressing table, gives you a dewy, luminous-look, conceals blemishes and fine lines, holds your powder firm and even all day long!

Seven glorious shades—Natural, Rachel, Dark Rachel, Rose Rachel, Rose, Light or Dark Rosetta Bronze. 1.00 (plus tax)

Arden

THE THEATRE

TWO TO FORGET

WHAT is generally thought of as a dignified play opened last Wednesday evening at the Belasco. The word "dignified" is a singular one, since it no longer means at all what people used to think it did, or even anything remotely resembling what they used to think it did. In a sense it is like "interesting," as employed around this office, which somehow, with the mutations of the years, has come to stand for "stuffy," "worthy," "thorough," and on the whole really not very interesting at all. Edward Chodorov's "Decision," which happens to be the play under discussion, is dignified in every respect. It deals firmly with an important moral issue of the day—native American Fascism; it is rather badly written; and no character in it bears any more exact relation to life than Sydney Carton or Willie Baxter.

"Decision" is full of a number of things, including political frame-ups, riots, comedy, love, violent death, and a cross-section of society as elaborate as Noah's Ark. The basic idea, however, is simple enough: abuse and corruption continue to flourish in American cities even though the nation is at war, a thought not always easy for a returning soldier to grasp. In Mr. Chodorov's play, the soldier's father is a crusading high-school principal, and what seemed to me a fairly high-handed and arbitrary tragedy comes about as a result of his conflict with the Machine, an unscrupulous bunch headed by the notorious Senator Dufresne. All Mr. Chodorov's ideas are naturally unimpeachable and his prose is unimpeachable, too, considered sheerly as a means of permitting an actor to explain that the hypothetical seduction of a feeble-minded girl by a schoolmaster is something that's going to cause talk. As noted, the prose isn't very good, but for the purposes required of it, it is O.K. In fact, the only real and legitimate complaint to be brought against "Decision" is a very old one. It makes the virtuous seem like so much drearier people than the corrupt.

The members of the cast, representing a casual sampling of life in one of those typical American cities, reminded me of a lot of people I used to know in Glen Cove, L. I., which means, I suppose, that they did what they were supposed to do very well. Among them were Gwen Anderson, Raymond Greenleaf, Larry Hugo, and Matt Crowley. If, however, I ever happened to write a play and needed a man to play a crooked lawyer in it, my candidate would be the actor called Howard Smith. A crooked lawyer, or any other part he cares to name.

"PEEPSHOW," by Ernest Pascal, at the Fulton, is a comedy about a bridge expert hounded all night by another actor impersonating his conscience. Whether or not this idea was suggested by the famous career of the late Joseph Elwell, it is not much good and it seems too bad the whole thing ever came up. Like nineteen other men who write for a living (my personal count), Mr. Pascal seems to have got whimsy confused with humor, or else in the dark has somehow mistaken himself for Noel Coward. There is said to be a cure for whimsy if it is taken in hand early enough and treated with massive doses of something like Dreiser, but the Coward Delusion, as far as I know, is practically always fatal. Anyway, "Peepshow" is one of the minor idiocies of the season, and there is no point on earth in your bothering with it. Tamara Geva and John Emery are mixed up in this play, for reasons I'm sure they'd be delighted to explain.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Dear Readers—Can anyone tell me why my mother-in-law gets red streaks under her tongue? As she talks, you can see bright red flashes. Sometimes its pink and then it will redden up again. Is this an acid condition, do you think?

Sagittarius.
—*Boston Globe.*

No. It's more likely that she ate an electric eel.

5000 STEPS TO
BERLIN

Huge power plants for B-24 Liberator bombers, moving toward completion on the Rohr production line.

Starting with sleek Pratt & Whitney Motors, Rohr Production Fighters perform 5000 separate manufacturing, assembling and servicing operations in building up these motor nacelles, complete even to camouflage!

Each operation is a step on the road to Berlin, done with a precision that contributes to the on-time, over-target arrival of devastating bomb loads.

Men and women at Rohr add hourly to Allied aerial might. They're on the job around the clock, meeting the challenge of greater production . . . saving American lives by shortening the time to "unconditional surrender".

More War Bonds—
your steps to security.

ROHR
AIRCRAFT
CORPORATION

ARMY E NAVY
T

HELPING TO WRITE THE STORY OF TOMORROW

CHULA VISTA, CALIFORNIA

IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
PM
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENTAL LEAF
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD
MADE IN U.S.A.

MARLBORO

America's Luxury Cigarette

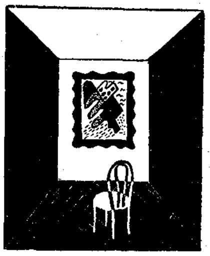
FOR THE PARADERS, a glimpse of her bright, beaded frock. For herself, a cherished MARLBORO. So much more luxury . . . more distinction . . . pleasure . . . yet mere *pennies* more!

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

THE ART GALLERIES

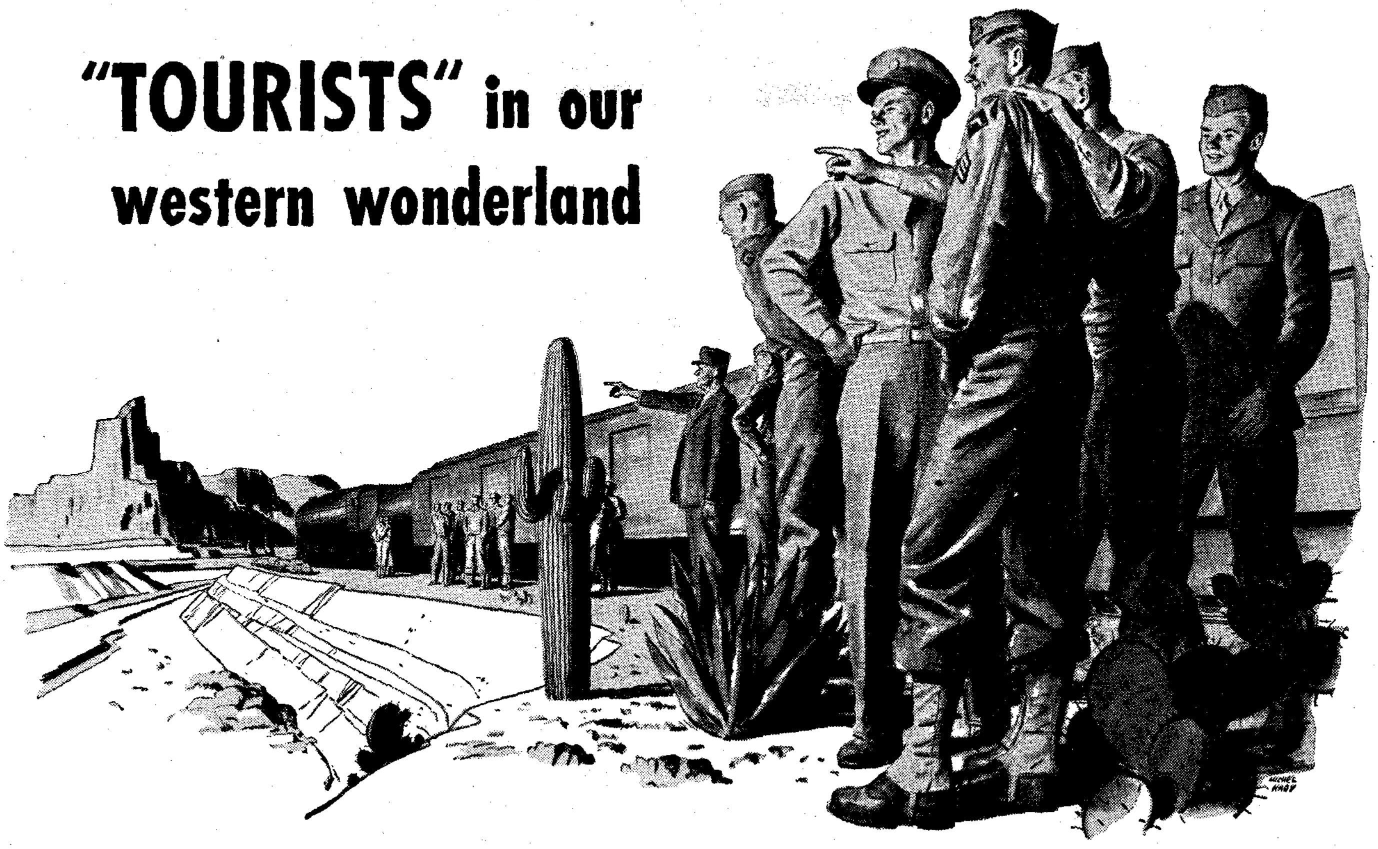
The Two Personalities of Hans Arp



AS far as my knowledge goes, the exhibition of paintings, collages, and constructions by Hans Arp at Art of This Century is the first large-scale showing of his work to be held in New York in upward of ten years. That's an odd thing, too, for certainly there are few living artists who have had more impact on their contemporaries than Arp has had. His influence appears directly in the paintings of a variety of artists, from Miró to Picasso (yes, even the Great Innovator can be influenced, too), and the effects and devices he developed have been widely copied in such secondary fields as the decorative arts, advertising, and so on. In his quiet way, he seems to have hit on something fundamental, and those curiously bulbous and flowing forms of his have helped mold the plastic design of a whole generation.

The show, which contains no less than twenty-seven pieces and covers the period from 1915 to 1940, gives a vivid summary of most phases of his work. Arp is one of the few men—Miró is another—who have managed consistently to straddle the gap between "classic" Abstraction and "romantic" Surrealism, and though in the end this may prove to be his weakness, at the moment it's the thing that gives his work its greatest interest. On the Surrealist side, you have not only such tinkerings with luck and the subconscious as the two collages labelled "Paper Torn and Arranged According to the Laws of Chance." (These are of a piece with the blindfold drawings, ink-blot studies, and so on that the Surrealists used to delight in, and are equally pointless.) You have also his constant experimentation with odd materials. Constructions that are made of pieces of wood, cut to pattern and mounted on painted panels, so that they are as much bas-reliefs as paintings—these have long been one of his characteristic expressions. The show contains a number of these, notably his "Two Heads" and the fine gray-blue "Object Placed on Three Planes Like Writing." There is also a variety of paintings on cardboard, on glass, and on rough cloth, and collages of all sorts,

"TOURISTS" in our western wonderland



Buy War Bonds!

Southern Pacific is host to thousands of men in uniform now "visiting" the West for the first time. Some had never been aboard a train till war came.

These sturdy youngsters with faces pressed against our train windows—will they want to travel in our western country again after the war?

Now these young men are riding along the bayous and cypress glades of Louisiana and across the great sweep of Texas and Arizona on our Sunset route...

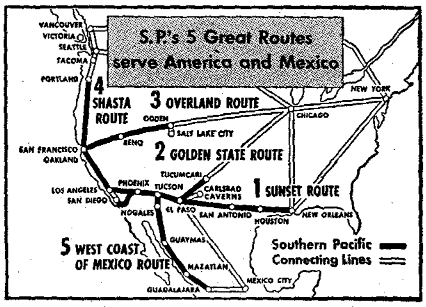
Or down through the Middlewest and along the old Long Horn Trail on our Golden State route from Chicago to El Paso... across the colorful Southwest with its deserts, buttes and mesas...

Or on our Overland route they follow the historic path of the Forty-Niners over the High Sierra and down through the old gold workings to San Francisco. Or climb the Cascades and the Siskiyous on our Shasta route, past mountain lakes and forests of the Pacific Northwest. They are seeing new horizons of their America.

Among those who know these wartime tourists best are our "train riders"—the S.P. passenger representatives who act as liaison officers between the military and the railroad. The train riders tell us these boys are absorbed in what they see and surprised by the great distances.

"Gee, what a *big* country!"... "Think I'll come back some day and fish that stream!"... "What crops do they raise here?"... "Swell country, huh? I sure would like to look around out here again when this is over!"... "My, this is a pretty place"—and then with constant loyalty—"but you ought to see *my* home town!"

Yes, we think many of these service men now sampling the West will come back in peacetime. Then they'll see Yosemite and Lake Tahoe, Carlsbad Caverns, our giant Redwoods, Crater Lake, and other famous attractions.



S.P.'s 5 Great Routes serve America and Mexico
VANCOUVER
VICTORIA
SEATTLE
TACOMA
PORTLAND
4 SHASTA ROUTE
3 OVERLAND ROUTE
OGDEN
SALT LAKE CITY
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
RENO
2 GOLDEN STATE ROUTE
TUCUMCARI
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO
PHOENIX
TUCSON
CARLSBAD CAVERNS
1 SUNSET ROUTE
NOGALES
EL PASO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
GUAYMAS
5 WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE
MAZATLAN
GUADALAJARA
MEXICO CITY
Southern Pacific ▬
Connecting Lines ═

What these travelers think interests us as railroaders, as westerners, and as fathers with sons in the service.

Right now we of the railroad are doing our best to handle a very heavy traffic load, to keep the war trains rolling, and to provide the best transportation possible during wartime.

Until this war is won it's up to each of us to give our armed forces the kind of backing that will assure the greatest number coming back safely!

We look forward to the day when we can serve these men again, and in better fashion. After the war we will be able to provide service not only better than the wartime variety, but improved beyond previous peacetime standards.

S·P

The friendly Southern Pacific

Headquarters: San Francisco

One of America's railroads—ALL united for Victory!

including one called "Leaf," made of ordinary cord and canvas and painted pale gray, which is extraordinarily handsome.

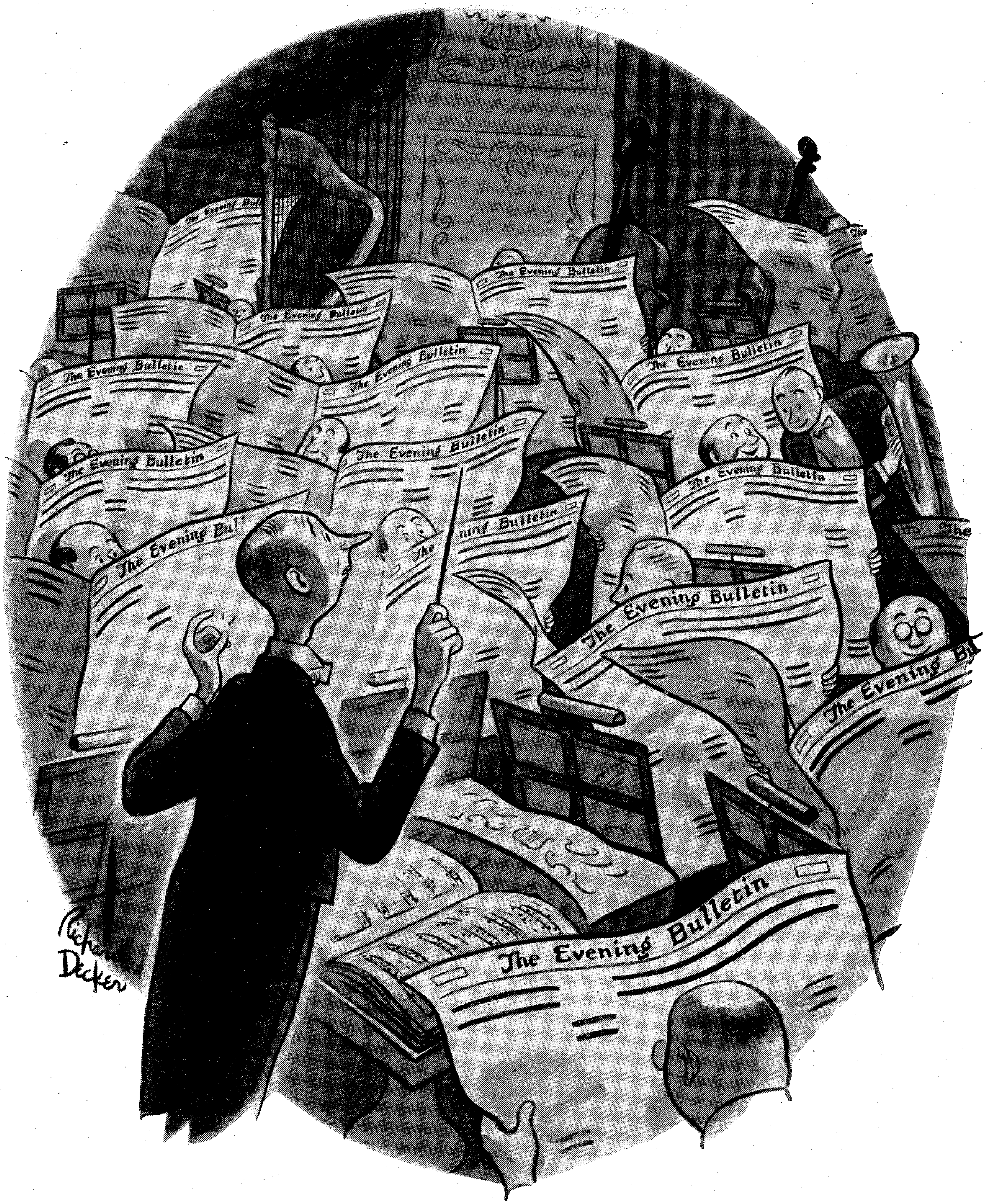
On the whole, however, it's the abstract side of his work that interests me most, and as I looked through the exhibition it occurred to me that there is an important distinction to be made between Arp's technique and that of any other artist active in this field. Instead of following the usual method of working back from reality to produce a simplified form that will, so to speak, essentialize the object to be portrayed, Arp reverses the process. By contrast, the forms he uses seem always to be progressing from the abstract to the real. Like clouds taking shape as men or animals while one watches them, Arp's designs seem to be in process of becoming something, and it is most of all this quality, I think, which gives his work its remarkable fluidity, lightness, and charm. One sees it best, perhaps, in such pieces as "Mountain, Table, Anchors, Navel" and "Overturned Shoe with Two Heels Under a Black Vault," but it's a feeling that runs through the show and, indeed, through all Arp's production. Arp is never rigid or static, as so many other Abstractionists are. Instead, he's unfailingly lively, spontaneous, and flexible, and if these are all qualities that go better with Surrealism than with Abstraction—and so point again to that curious split in his artistic personality—they are still the qualities that give his work its charm today.

THERE are two modern French exhibitions, at the Perls and the Niveau galleries, which complement each other pleasantly. Although both run through pretty much the same, familiar roster—Braque, Picasso, Rouault, Soutine, Dufy, Utrillo, and so on—the examples in the two shows differ widely in both date and manner. The Dufys at the Perls are all fairly late, and thus mainly decorative in treatment, but there is an earlier one at the Niveau, "Les Régates," from his *fauve* period, that is immensely more vigorous. Similarly, the Niveau's Soutine, "Paysage Provençal," undated but probably fairly early, is a better example of the man's extreme Expressionist style than the ones at the Perls, which are more conservative in treatment. The Perls, however, has a fine Utrillo, "Le Château Blanc," in addition to some masterly Picasso drawings and a fine Rouault gouache called "Qui Donc Se Connaît?" I should add that while I seem to be treating the shows on a

The Meadowbrook
Standouts in Classic Design
The Beagler
ARNOLD Authentics

THE SHOES OF Today

THERE'S a new rightness, now, about wearing Arnold Authentics. They are incomparably comfortable. . . . They are your soundest shoe values from the viewpoint of wear. But beyond both will be your daily satisfaction in their classic styling . . . forthright, up-and-doing, keyed to the time and tempo of today. M. N. ARNOLD SHOE COMPANY, So. Weymouth 90, Mass.



In Philadelphia — nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

The Evening Bulletin takes a front seat in entertaining the masters of entertainment. Witness: Nearly 4 out of 5 families in Philadelphia read The Bulletin daily. Moreover, the average reading time per person, according to surveys, is 53 minutes daily. And the daily circulation of The Bulletin is in excess of 600,000.

(*Advertisement*)

MID-WINTER
FUR SALE
OF
CUSTOM-MADE COATS
IN THE
Trencher TRADITION

649 FIFTH AVENUE • 277 GRAND STREET

BELLOWS & COMPANY
Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines
Brandies, Whiskies and other Spirits
BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1830

FINE SHERRY

WITH many discriminating persons the cocktail has been replaced by *sherry*—the fine sherry of Spain, delicate in character, dignified and enjoyable — always in good taste. Imports from Spain are continuing, and we now offer, at moderate prices, a selection fully worthy of the Bellows tradition of fine wines.

CLUB DRY SHERRY*
Pale, nutty and medium dry

DIAMOND BACK SHERRY
Splendid, full rich dinner sherry

COCKTAIL SHERRY*
Fine Amontillado, pale and dry

CHOICEST OLOROSO
Magnificent, soft wine of "cream" character

LA GOLONDRINA*
Full dry, a true connoisseur's sherry

**We recommend chilling for service as aperitif.*

"TABLE TALK" is a publication for those who love good living. With sophisticated humor, it bubbles along like a vintage champagne, talking lightly of wine and life and how to enjoy them. A note to Bellows & Company, 67 E. 52nd St., New York 22, will bring you "Table Talk" every month — without charge.

New York *Colorado Springs* *Chicago*

competitive basis, there's no ground for it; as far as I know, the two galleries are the best of friends.

ALTHOUGH William Thon has had paintings in various group shows in recent years, his exhibition at the Midtown (through this Saturday) is his first solo and hence the first chance to consider his work comprehensively. It reveals him to be so far a man of one mood only—the mood being the Ryderesque one of midnight, moonlight, mystery, and cloudy shadows—but within these limits he shows that he is gifted with exceptional fertility and imaginative power. He still hasn't paid enough attention to the technique of painting the human figure, as is proved by his one essay in that line, "Reverie," and there are times even in his landscapes when, for lack of a firm design, his effects become blurred and trail off into a wishy-washy romanticism. When he does get a clean-cut idea to start with, however, as in "Night and the Trees," "Winter and Old Timber," and the superb "Sea Gulls and Ferry Boat," he can conjure up those moods that go with rain and a dying season with an almost uncanny precision. I stood for some time before his "Sea Gulls and Ferry Boat," for example, just wondering how he'd done it. All you see is the arc of the boat's blunt end and a view of the fog and the water beyond. Yet it's almost achingly laden with the chill loneliness and nostalgia of the harbor. . . . The Whitney, still lingering with reluctant feet where uptown museums and downtown meet, has reopened again, this time with an exhibition of selections from its permanent collection of paintings, sculptures, water colors, and drawings. Nearly two hundred items are included from the more than two thousand items the museum possesses, and the range of the show, from James Peale and William Morris Hunt to such moderns as Stuart Davis and Francis Criss, proves again how rich the museum really is in Americana. And of course, as always, it's a pleasure to see the collection displayed in its comfortable, homelike surroundings. Maybe if we all keep on saying that often enough, it will stay there.

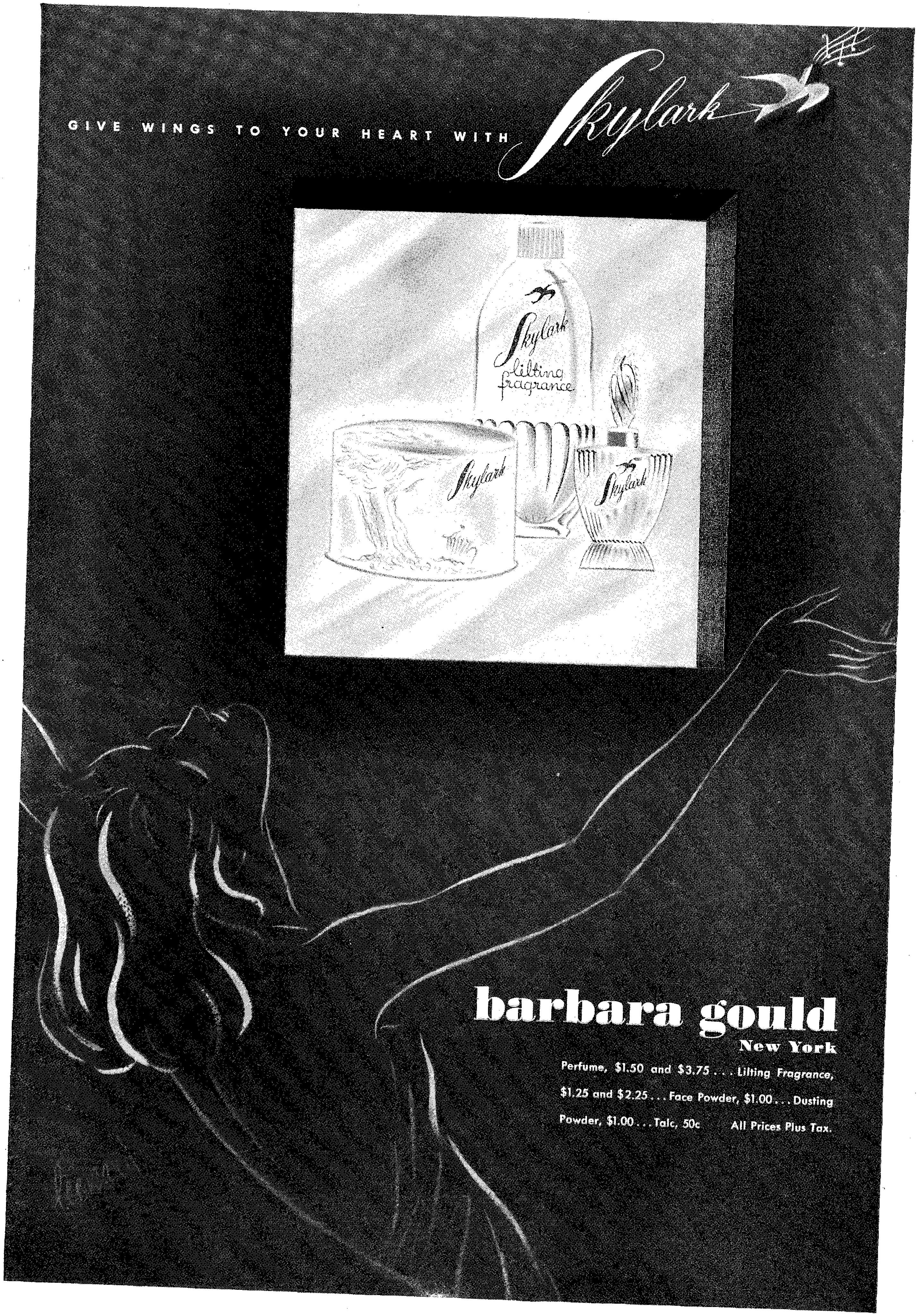
—ROBERT M. COATES

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Long Island Star-Journal*]

EARLY END OF WAR
STILL DISTANT,
REPORTS OWI


GIVE WINGS TO YOUR HEART WITH Skylark
Skylark
lilting fragrance
Skylark
Skylark

barbara gould

New York

Perfume, $1.50 and $3.75 . . . Lilting Fragrance, $1.25 and $2.25 . . . Face Powder, $1.00 . . . Dusting Powder, $1.00 . . . Talc, 50c All Prices Plus Tax.

Not Merely a Matter of Money

Gracious living is not so much a matter of having money as of knowing how to spend it. ❧ You can, for instance, please your guests and gratify your own liking for good things at normal cost—by choosing historic Mount Vernon as your rye. Its softly delicate flavor marks it, at once, as a whiskey that must have been made in limited quantities and handled with extra care. ❧ It is aged longer in the wood before reaching the bottle than is usually the case now with even the costliest bottled in bond whiskies. All of which is good reason for trying Mount Vernon at the first opportunity.

Mount Vernon

BRAND

Mount Vernon
Bottled in Bond
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Govt.
Distilled By
100 Proof
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.

Bottled in Bond . . . 100 Proof • This Whiskey is 4 Years Old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

A REPORTER AT LARGE

APPOINTMENT IN TARAWA

ONE day last fall a certain airplane carrier, which I shall call the Seadog, steamed out of an American port along with some other ships and headed for the South Pacific. I was aboard the Seadog as one of the officers of a fighter squadron and, in the weeks that followed, I was to grow extremely fond of her. She was not the most beautiful craft in the world—she had been a tanker before she was converted into a warship—and she didn't have speed enough to avoid a torpedo should one ever happen to come her way, but she had a good, stout hull, plenty of watertight compartments below, and a war record that inspired confidence. She had seen service in the Mediterranean when our troops invaded North Africa and later on she had gone looking for trouble in the waters around Guadalcanal. In a fleet of thoroughbred carriers, the Seadog was a sturdy, reliable work horse. She provided ample deck space for our squadron of Grumman Hellcat fighters as well as a composite squadron of torpedo planes and dive bombers.

Some of the ships that sailed with the Seadog were also carriers, among them being a couple which I shall christen the Susquehanna and the Shenandoah, and we had an escort of destroyers. Of the officers of the Seadog, only six were Naval Academy graduates. They were the captain, the executive officer, the navigator, the communications officer, the air officer, and his assistant, the junior lieutenant. In addition, there were eight officers who had served as enlisted men in the Regular Navy. The rest were Reserve officers, like myself. Most of them had been with the Seadog since she was commissioned, and in the year that they had lived and worked aboard her, they had had only fifteen days' leave in the States.

It struck me, when I came aboard, that they were rather a flighty and undisciplined lot. The wardroom was not at all the chapel of dignity and good manners I had been led to expect. It had an atmosphere that reminded me a little of the Princeton Club in New York, a little of the younger executives' table in the lunchroom of a large, paternalistic factory. Many of these young officers, in fact, had gone to Princeton or other Eastern universities and had just started on business careers when we got into the war. Lacking the knowledgeability and self-confidence that the Naval Academy manages to give its graduates, they sensibly relied on what they had—practical intelligence and a smattering of technical knowledge. They ran the ship like a small, ambitious business in a large industrial town. They missed their wives, worried about submarines, stood their interminable watches, and ribbed each other to relieve the monotony. There was no glamour in their work, as there was for the flying officers, and they knew it.

Progress on a carrier at sea is necessarily tedious, at least on a comparatively slow one like the Seadog. A large part of a carrier's work naturally involves the taking-off of planes, and before planes can be launched, the ship must head into the wind. At the end of a long day's operations, after reversing our course half a dozen times, the Seadog was frequently only a few miles from where she had been at dawn. Most of her progress was made at night, when the planes were not flying.

One night we thought we saw a submarine, but it turned out to be a tanker. We almost ran her down. Next day she followed wistfully in our wake until we lost her over the horizon. A few days later we sighted a transport. It was a converted liner, looming big and white in the mist that hovered over the sea that day. The transport blinked at us through the mist, and then, like the tanker, disappeared over the horizon. Another day we passed within a few miles of a high, wooded, apparently uninhabited island jutting up out of the sea. That was all we saw in thousands of miles of ocean.

UNDER the captain's bridge, on the wheelhouse catwalk, there usually perched a group of whatever pilots were

"My, I must look a fright!"

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret Elliott
SULLAVAN & NUGENT
in
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with
AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

The U.S. Army Air Forces
PRESENT
Winged Victory
by
MOSS HART
Curtain 8:15 and 2:15 Sharp
44TH ST. THEA. Every Evening Except Monday
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

"A TRULY AMAZING PLAY" Rascoe, World Tel.
TOMORROW THE WORLD
BARRYMORE THEA. NEW YORK
Ralph BELLAMY • Shirley BOOTH
SELWYN THEATRE CHICAGO
Elissa LANDI • Paul McGRATH

MOTION PICTURES

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
LIFEBOAT
BY JOHN STEINBECK
Starring TALLULAH BANKHEAD
with WILLIAM BENDIX
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
ASTOR
B'way 45th Street
Continuous Performances • Popular Prices

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
Joan FONTAINE • Orson WELLES
"JANE EYRE"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Gala Stage Show • Symphony Orchestra
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

FREUDIAN COMPLEX?
How
DOROTHY ROSS
toys with it!
• Never a cover
• or minimum
• charge
• Cocktails from
• 23c
23 Room
• HOTEL
• GEORGE WASHINGTON
• 23 LEXINGTON AVENUE at 23rd STREET

not flying at the moment. I used to sit with them, watching the planes take off and land, and listening to the birdlike warble of the air officer's whistle. "Hello, vulture" was the conventional greeting to the pilots who joined us after a flight. One day, from the vulture's nest, as the catwalk came to be known, I saw a fighter plane try to make a landing on the Susquehanna and come a cropper. It was only slightly damaged, but the Susquehanna's air officer ordered the crew to shove it over the side. Other planes were in the air and running low on gas. It was better to heave one plane overboard than to risk losing half a dozen planes and crews in crashes.

A day or two later, I watched the commander of our air group, taking off, fly his plane along the deck, his motor sputtering, and swoop down gently into the water. As the Seadog kicked her rudder over and slid past the glistening metal body of the plane, I saw the yellow lifejackets of the crew in the sea. A moment later the plane sank. A destroyer picked up the commander and his crew. A few days afterward the destroyer heaved to alongside us and they came aboard in a breeches buoy, the commander, big and blond, grinning in a shy, embarrassed way.

As seen from our bridge, the planes, as they circled for a landing on the other carriers, looked more like young gulls or swallows than vultures as they struggled back to the nest after their first, exciting flight. One afternoon I saw a torpedo plane, landing on the deck of the Shenandoah, nose over on one wing, skid across the deck, and dive into the ocean. Through our binoculars we could see the members of the crew struggling in the water as the plane sank. My own squadron was either very good or very lucky. We didn't lose a pilot or a plane.

PAST a beach lined with sagging coconut palms, and native huts that looked very much like sharecroppers' cabins in the backwoods of Georgia, the Seadog rode into her first port of call. We found a big bag of mail waiting for us, some of it posted less than a week before. Air mail to the remote United States bases in the Pacific is extraordinarily swift. One soldier showed me a letter which had been postmarked in the Panama Canal Zone only two days before.

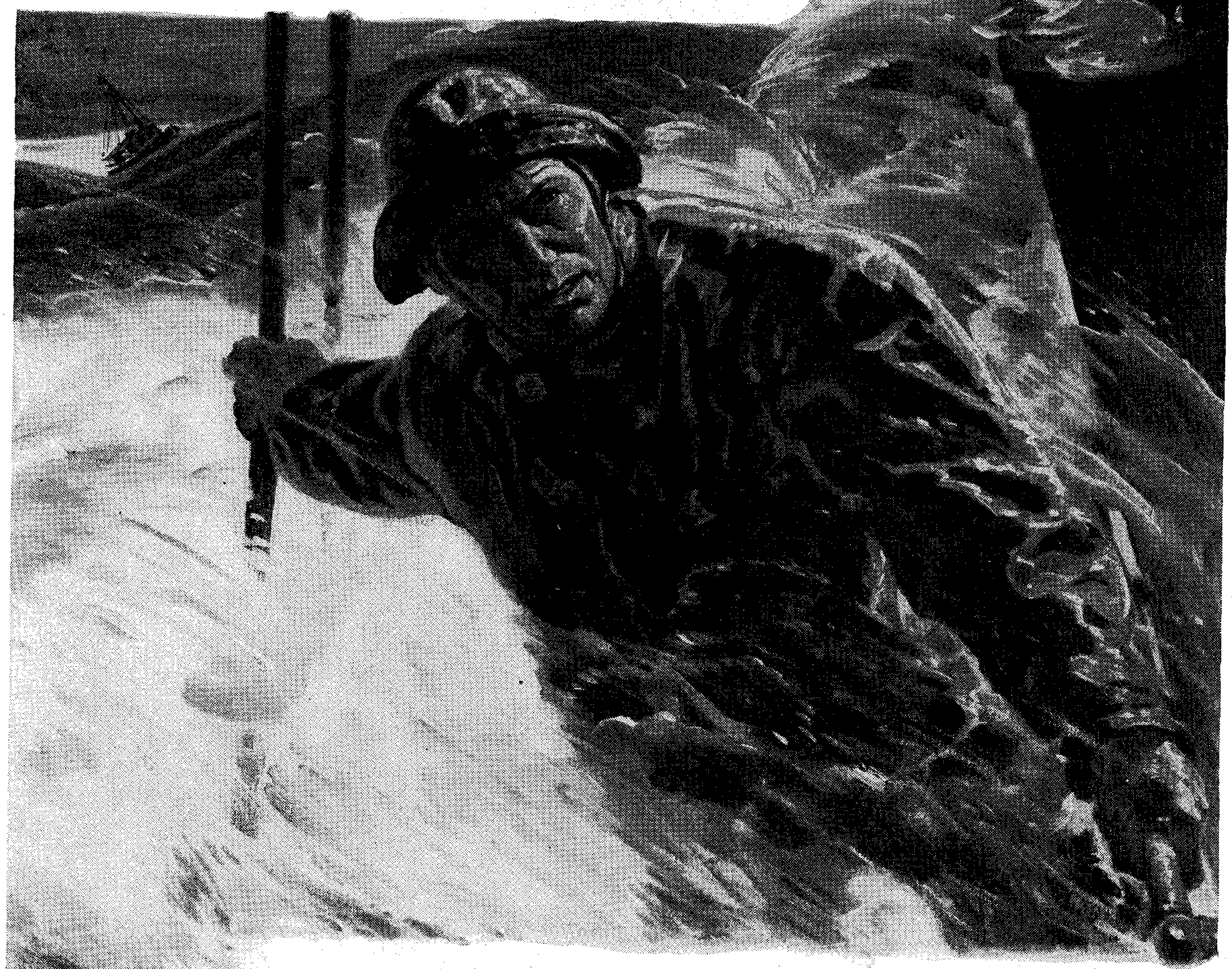
That afternoon those of us who had liberty piled into a boat and went ashore. We found an odd mixture of civilized complexity and primitive discomfort. The United States had converted the place from a coconut plantation into a major base of military operations. The Navy had built hundreds of miles of highways through the jungle and had created whole communities of barracks, hospitals, warehouses, landing fields, and hangars. Traffic was thicker than it used to be on Park Avenue at dusk. On the hills back of the beach, though, out of the rich black earth, cotton grew wild, as high as a man's chest. We spent three days there. Then, on the fourth day, the Seadog slipped from her anchorage and sailed away to another port. There we put in a hard day of flying, practicing to provide air patrol and cover for landing operations. We were convinced that we were going to see fighting shortly.

The next morning, as information officer of my squadron, I was called to a conference aboard the Susquehanna. There I learned what we had been brought all this distance to accomplish. It was a big and complicated operation, and its object was to take the Gilbert Islands. Just in case the Jap fleet could be enticed out of Truk, the Navy had assembled enough of a force to take care of it.

Next day our little carrier division was engulfed in a tide of ships that stretched across the calm sea like a herd of steers across a prairie. There were battleships, heavy cruisers, a lot of destroyers, and so many transports, cargo ships, and barges that I couldn't begin to count them all. This was by no means the whole force the Navy was sending against the Gilberts, or even the main part of it. While our enlarged task force was to seize Tarawa, other task forces were to strike at Nauru Is-

“TONIGHT WHILE YOU LIE AN INCH AWAY FROM SLEEP . . .

a fleet of tiny fishing boats is fighting its way through mountainous seas . . . bringing food to your table . . . food for hungry slat-ribbed kids in Europe. The wind is howling, the waves are crashing, but still you can hear the steady hum of their engines . . . Listen! . . .”



Buy War Bonds

Listen to those engines! . . . They give each tiny trawler more main engine power per ton than a Battleship. They’re Chrysler Marine Engines, and like the Chrysler engine in your car, they’re superfinished . . . which means they’ve got the smoothest moving parts in the world. And that is vital to men whose lives depend on an engine.

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Industrial Engines · Marine Engines · Marine Tractors · Navy Pontoons · Harbor Tugs · Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts · Tank Engine Assemblies · Tank Parts · Airplane Wing Panels · Fire-Fighting Equipment · Air Raid Sirens · Gun Boxes · Searchlight Reflectors.

CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

THE NATION-WIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

A BRIDE'S
BEST FRIEND
IS WAMSUTTA

Wamsutta SUPERCALE*
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHEETS
Somerset Towels • Springfield Blankets

FOR YOUR VALENTINE
"SWEETHEART ROSE"
...fairy book nightie,
exclusive with O-C.
Hand-screened lacquer
roses floating on
airy rayon sheer
in white, pink, blue.
32 to 38
$7.98
Oppenheim Collins
Smart Woman's Specialty Shop
33 West 34th Street, New York 1
Garden City White Plains
Mail and phone orders filled

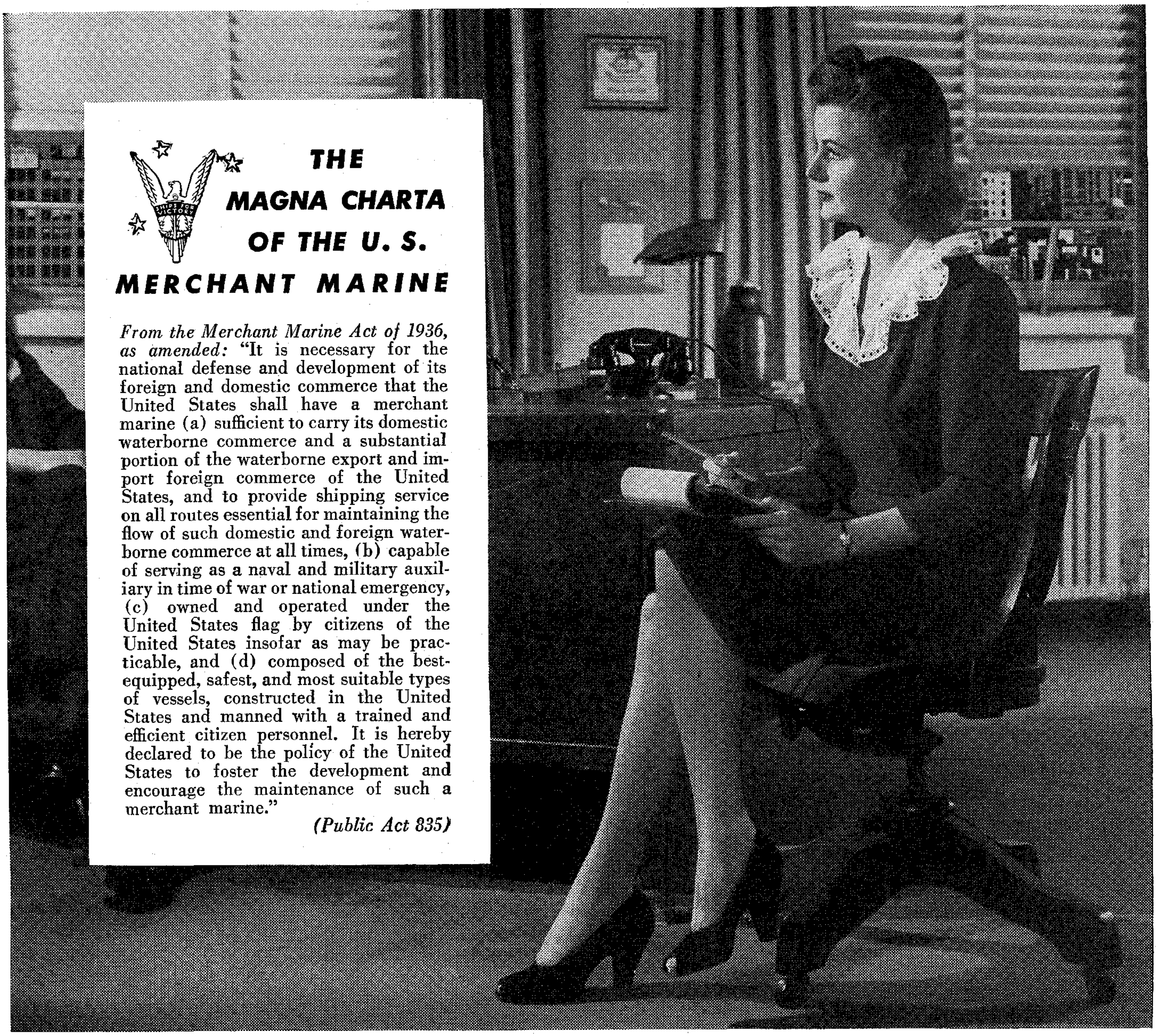
land, at Mili in the Marshalls, and at Makin in the Gilberts.

The Seadog's information officer, a portly, affable fellow who had been a Houston oil man before he joined the Navy, gave us a little discourse on Tarawa. It was not one island but a chain of islands, shaped rather like the British pound mark in reverse and enclosing a lagoon. There was an airfield on Betio, the most important island of the group, and Betio was apparently fortified with coast-defense guns, nests of anti-aircraft artillery, and machine-gun batteries in concrete pillboxes.

I was standing on the flight deck one afternoon, watching our nondescript battle line weaving a cautious zigzag course, when I made a discovery. Several other carriers, together with some transports, had joined us, bound, I learned, for Makin. One of my best friends, a torpedo-plane pilot named Dick Scholtz, was on one of these carriers, but I did not know which one. I had hoped, when the Seadog sailed from the States, that we were headed for the South Pacific, and had hoped, further, that if we were I would have the luck to meet Scholtz, who I knew was there. We had had a lot of good times together through the years and it seemed like a fine place to pick up where we had left off. Dick, who had the only smile I've ever seen that had any real right to be called infectious, wasn't like most pilots. Before he joined the Navy, he had been a newspaperman in Washington and New York. At twenty-six, just before he passed the age limit, he had qualified for flight training. He spent a weekend with me in San Antonio, where I then was stationed, right after he got his wings at Corpus Christi. "I don't intend to be one of those daredevil pilots," he said. "I'm too old. I just want to fly that boat, drop my fish where it will do the most good, and bring her back alive."

As our vast fleet approached the Gilberts, it seemed to me highly improbable that it had escaped the notice of the Japs. We had not been attacked, but that didn't mean that we had not been seen. We all had the feeling that we were watched. I fully expected to see, some evening at twilight, Jap dive bombers hurtling down on us, Jap torpedo planes gliding in out of the sunset.

On the day before we were to attack, we got a report of an unidentified plane flying toward us. My squadron had some Hellcats in the air at the time and they were ordered to investigate. They were led by Lieutenant Edward L. Dashiell, our executive officer, a rather



THE MAGNA CHARTA OF THE U. S. MERCHANT MARINE

From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine."

(Public Act 835)

MARY'S TRIP TO INDIA

On every U. S.-flag ship that lifts its bows to the Indian Ocean swells, Mary is a passenger—*in spirit.* For her job and her salary depend, in part, on her company's overseas business.

Her company may have built that particular ship or some of its equipment, supplied it, clothed the crew or furnished a part of the cargo. And Mary herself probably wears or eats or uses a number of things that this ship and others have brought in from foreign lands.

In such direct and indirect ways, every American has a personal stake in our merchant marine. Congress recognized this, and in the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, called for all-American shipping sufficient to provide *"service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of (our) domestic and foreign waterborne commerce."*

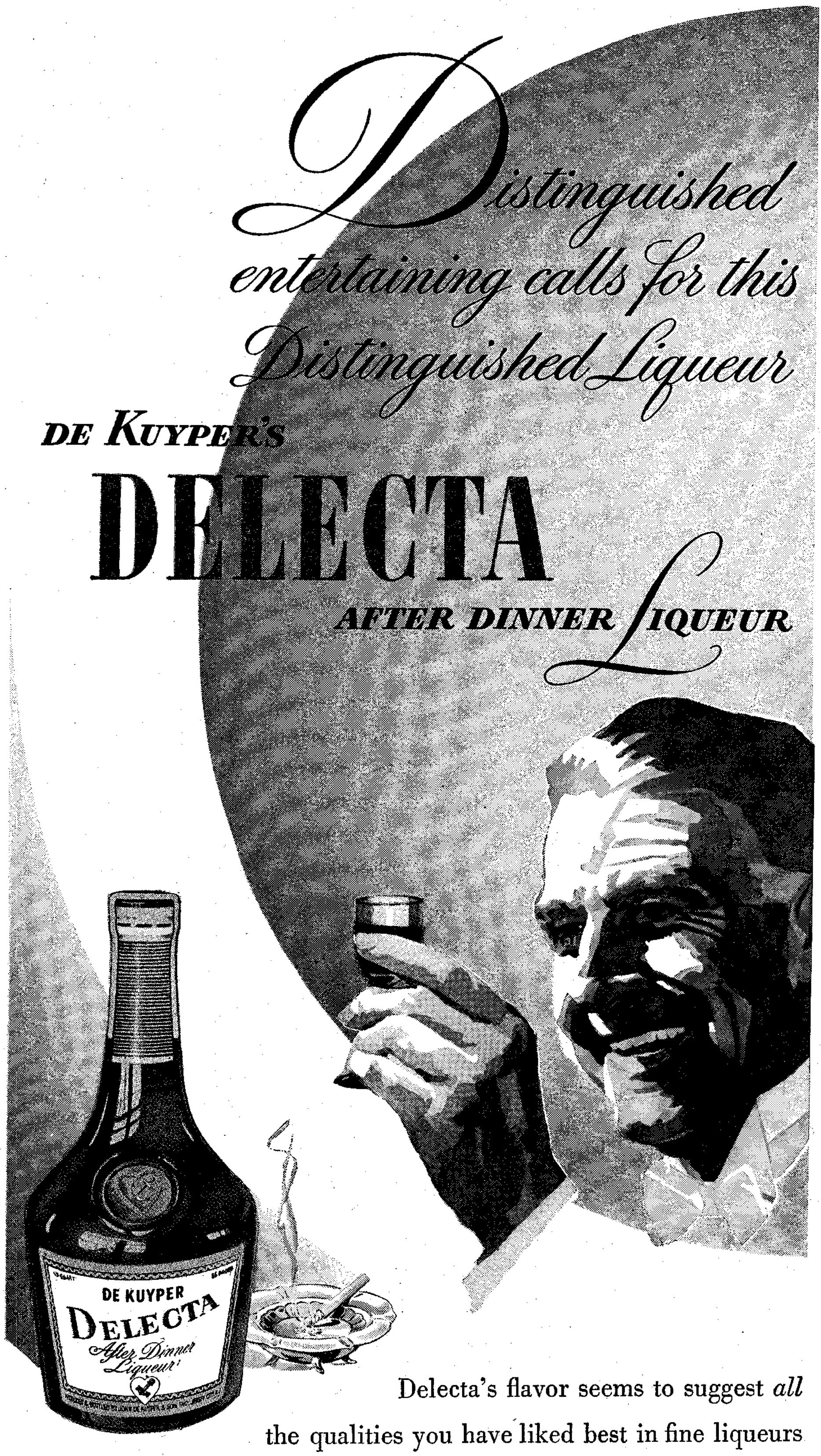
War emphasized this need as a matter of national defense — and today we have, for the first time, shipping enough to secure our foreign trade. Many of the new ships are operated, under the War Shipping Administration, by American Export Lines, utilizing our experience in Mediterranean and Indian Ocean trade.

Now our cargoes and destinations are chosen by military necessity . . . after Victory, they will be selected by the needs of Mary — and the needs of the millions of farmers, miners, office and factory workers who will share the benefits of America's new security of the seas.

American Export Lines
25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY 4

N. W. AYER & SON

American Export Airlines, too, with giant flying boats, are shortening the supply lines to our fighting men.



Delecta's flavor seems to suggest *all* the qualities you have liked best in fine liqueurs—tang, delicacy of bouquet, rich body, silken smoothness. And since it bears the 249-year-old de Kuyper name, you may be sure this is a liqueur you can serve confidently to your most discerning guests. Try it straight, or half-and-half with brandy. Made in America—but with an old-world "touch" easily recognized. » » » ANNO 1695

86 PROOF. THERE ARE 12 DELICIOUS VARIETIES OF DE KUYPER CORDIALS. WRITE FOR FREE RECIPE BOOKLET, NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., DEPT. NB-4, P. O. BOX 12, WALL ST. STATION, N.Y.C.

gentle pilot from South Carolina. He was the first to see the plane. It was a Jap, all right—a big four-motor flying boat. It was evidently on a routine patrol mission, flying a course which would have taken it a little to the south of our task force but well in sight of it. The Jap turned off his course when he saw the Hellcats coming in, but he didn't pour on more throttle or start weaving or duck down toward the water. He seemed to be trying to make out what the planes were. Hellcats had been operating in the Pacific only a few months, and the Jap probably had never seen one. Dashiell circled down over the Jap's nose and opened up with his guns. The outboard port motor of the big patrol ship began to trail white smoke, then burst into flame. The Jap went over into a steep spiral that became a dive, and crashed in the sea. It was the first blood drawn by our task force and it made us all feel pretty good. The significance of this encounter, however, was more important. If the Jap was on a routine patrol, and not specifically searching for us, our approach had not yet been detected.

Before dawn on the big day, all the Hellcats in my squadron were on deck. Their motors turned over with a deep, steady, throbbing roar, and then, one by one, they shot along the narrow strip of deck, zoomed past the bridge, and were lost in the darkness. I could see their lights circling above the horizon as they maneuvered into flying formations. A little later, the dive bombers and torpedo planes took off. Their mission was to bomb the island after the naval bombardment had ceased and the Marines had landed. The fighters were to patrol the air over the transports and landing barges and to strafe the beaches, gun positions, fox holes, and trenches of the Japs, wherever any were making trouble.

From the flight deck, some of my shipmates and I watched the battleships and cruisers bombard the island. All we could see was the hot red flashes of their big guns on the horizon, like heat lightning. Tarawa was merely a long, flat shadow between the dark sea and the sky. It was soon hidden by a canopy of smoke. We went down to the wardroom, drank some coffee, and listened to two of our officers broadcasting a running description of the battle on the loudspeaker. One was as excited as a cub reporter. The other had the patient, world-weary voice of a tired city editor. I gathered from what they said that the Marines were having a tough time. Their landing barges kept getting hung up on the reefs and the Japs had, amazingly, weathered our barrage. With machine guns on the beach and heavier guns hidden in the coconut palms behind it, they were cutting down the Marines struggling in the water.

The Seadog steamed back and forth all day long, taking planes aboard, shooting them off again. As far as we were concerned, it was a quiet battle. By nightfall, we heard that the Marines had secured a narrow toehold on the beach, fifty yards wide and twenty yards deep—not much, but enough to mark the beginning of the conquest of the Gilbert Islands.

THE Seadog cruised around Tarawa after the battle was over, while the Marines repaired the airfield and made it usable. Then we headed southeast, toward another island, where we took aboard some fighter pilots from another carrier. They were, as it happened, members of the squadron my friend Dick Scholtz had flown with. One of the pilots told me what had happened to Dick. On the day of the invasion he had gone up in his torpedo plane to bomb Makin. Coming down on the island in a steep, long dive, he had misjudged his distance and come in too low. Unable to pull out of his dive, he had crashed among the tall palms and been killed. That crash, which I did not see, is my most vivid memory of the battle of Tarawa.

—G. P. WERTENBAKER

•

Incidentally, "Icecapades" is looking for a little lady about four feet tall to team up with Chuckie Stein. She doesn't have to be able to skate; they'll teach her.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

Doesn't have to be four feet tall, either—they'll cut her down.

•

The Rev. A. Q. Bridwell, pastor of the First Church of God, will speak on the subject "Speak Evil of No Man" instead of "Speak Evil of Woman," which appeared erroneously in a church advertisement yesterday.—*Evansville* (*Ind.*) *Press.*

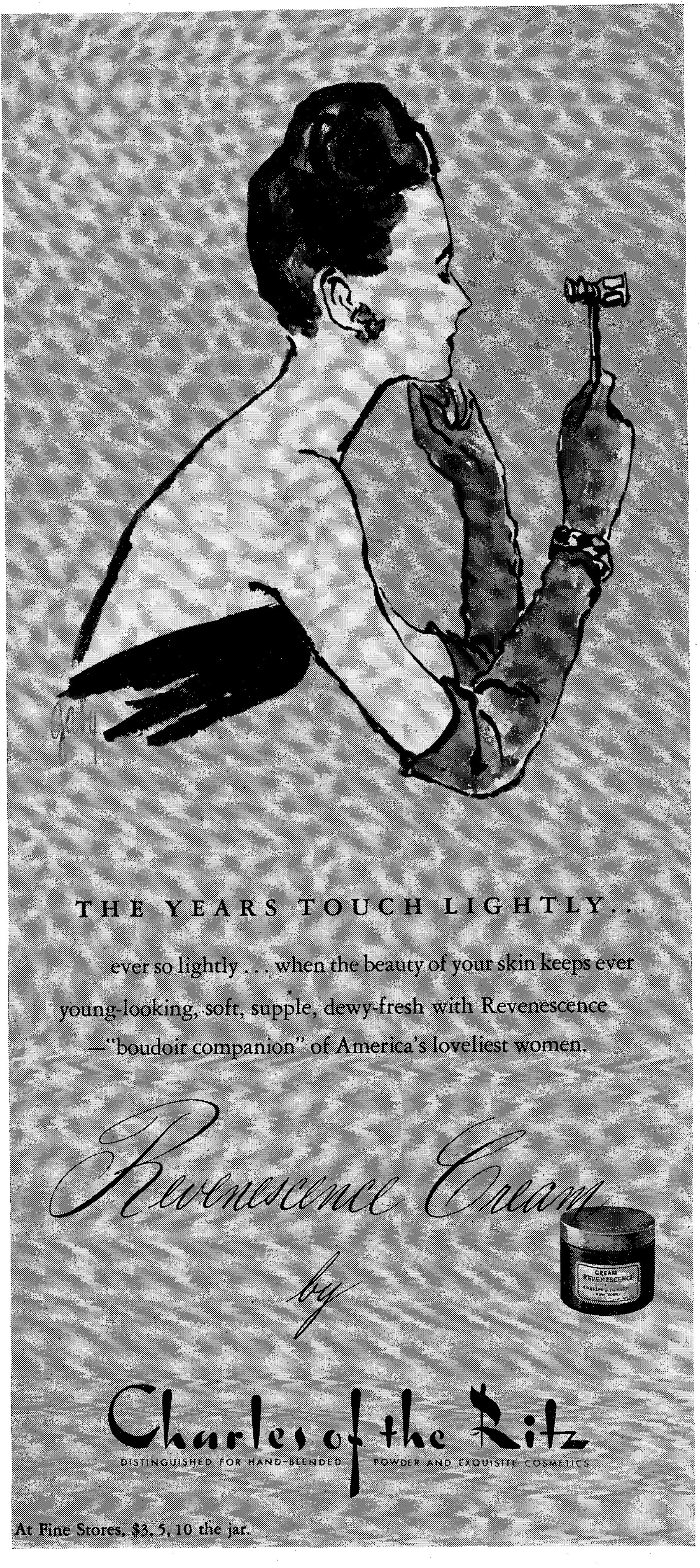
Christians are used to little disappointments.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Oswego* (*N. Y.*) *Palladium-Times*]

CARLINVILLE, Ill.—Four men surrounded Mrs. Lucille Knutzmann and robbed her of 20 cents. That wasn't enough.



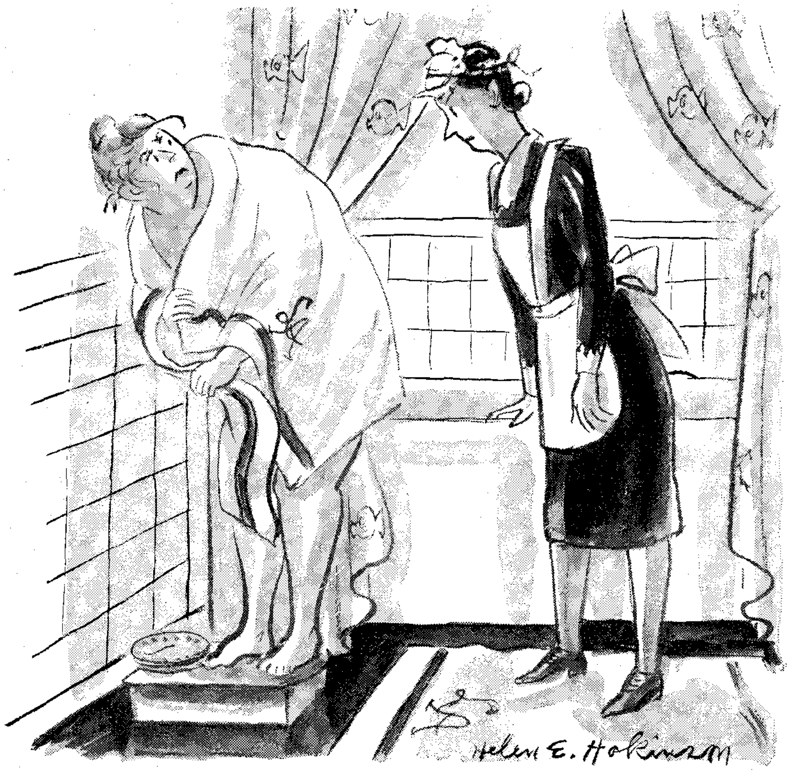
THE YEARS TOUCH LIGHTLY . .

ever so lightly . . . when the beauty of your skin keeps ever young-looking, soft, supple, dewy-fresh with Revenescence —"boudoir companion" of America's loveliest women.

Revenescence Cream by

Charles of the Ritz
DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

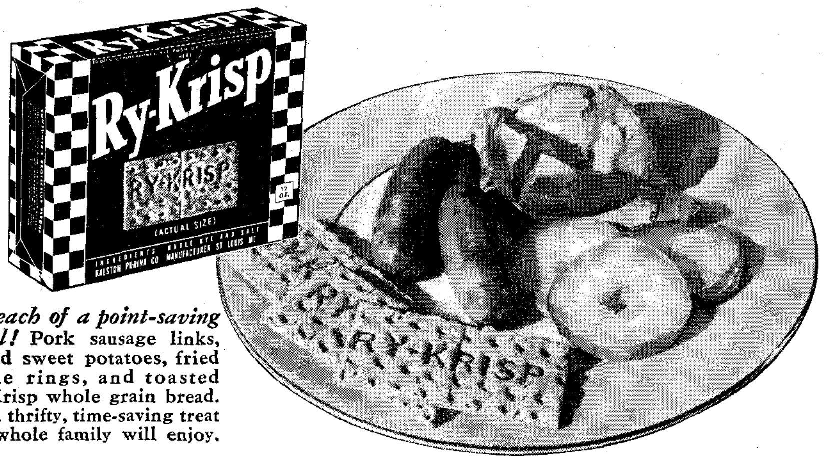
At Fine Stores, $3, 5, 10 the jar.



"Who said food rationing would help my figure?"

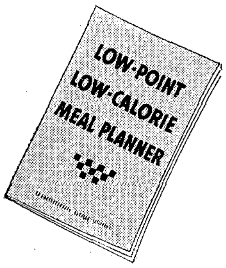
Cheer up, lady! You're not the only one!
Today many people are overweight but under-par
Because, in planning low-point meals,
They include too many starchy vitamin-poor foods

Be smart! Get the new Ry-Krisp book*
Which contains a variety of menus and recipes
For delicious low-point family meals
And tells how any normal person
Can lose excess weight and be better fed!



A peach of a point-saving meal! **Pork sausage links, baked sweet potatoes, fried apple rings, and toasted Ry-Krisp whole grain bread. It's a thrifty, time-saving treat the whole family will enjoy.**

Perk up wartime meals with Ry-Krisp...a deliciously different kind of bread. So crisp it serves as toast, bread, crackers. 100% whole grain rye, Ry-Krisp has a rich appetizing flavor that appeals to young and old. A Basic-7 food...Ry-Krisp helps keep you toned up. Note to reducers: only 23 calories in each crisp tempting slice.



***Complete reducing plan in this free book. Address Ry-Krisp, 21 Checkerboard Sq., St. Louis 2, Mo.**

OF ALL THINGS

THE Germans must find it hard to figure out what the Russians really want. The Soviets say that they intend to drive every last invader from their soil and yet, in the Dnieper bend, they are doing everything they can to keep the enemy from going home.

•

G. O. P. members of the House of Representatives voted by a ratio of ten to one against the federal plan for the soldier ballot. The Republicans, of course, are firm believers in the doctrine of states' rights and have been for over eleven years.

•

Thus far no Japanese fleet has appeared to aid in the defense of the Marshall Islands. Perhaps the word has reached Tokio that this is a poor year to take a Pacific cruise.

•

Our government would like further information about Spain's declaration of strict neutrality. It would be nice to know which side Spain is going to be strictly neutral against.

•

The resignation of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., is a complete break with tradition. Senators customarily stick to their posts until they are cut down by either the grim reaper or the grim voter.

•

Many politicians believe that Wendell Willkie has ruined his chances for the Presidency by advocating high taxes to put the war on a cash-and-carry basis. Nobody, they say, can possibly be right and be elected in the same year.

•

The Bureau of Internal Revenue is bracing itself for the job of checking the largest and most complicated batch of tax returns in all history. From past experience, the Bureau has reason to suspect that fifty million taxpayers *can* be wrong.

•

Representative Johnson of Illinois is distressed to hear that the Bibles sent to servicemen contain a foreword by the Commander-in-Chief heartily recommending the Book. Our soldiers and sailors, the Congressman contends, must be protected against this attempt to show that God is in favor of a fourth term.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Memories of a kiss

Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness, Schlitz captures the affections of those who really love fine beer. Once you taste Schlitz, the memory of its famous flavor will remain with you always

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

Copyright 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE American householder's wartime problems, never very serious, are being lightened by WPB orders and department-store ingenuity. Last year's ban on the production of all-wool blankets for civilians has been lifted and metal springs are now legal again for upholstered furniture. There have even been announcements that before long we'll be getting steel cutlery and aluminum pots and pans again. Meanwhile, the situation resulting from the shortage of decorating labor is also beginning to seem less noticeable, and without any help from the WPB. Every day more women are surprised to discover that they, too, can do things like slipcovering a chair or running up a pair of curtains and that these chores are not feats of magic possible only to the mysteriously gifted.

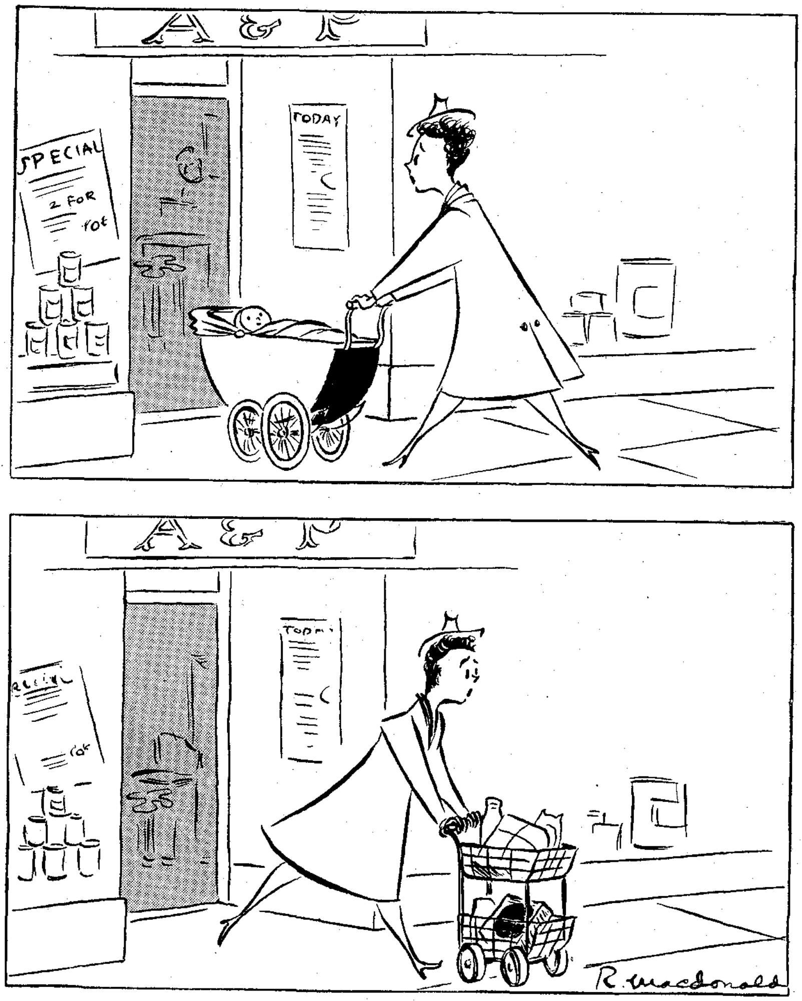
Macy, to abet the self-sufficiency of such ladies, has opened a department which sells patterns for slipcovers, dressing-table petticoats, swag valances, and the like. Having a pattern to follow takes away that terror of slashing into a piece of new fabric which holds most amateurs back. After the material is cut out, it's just a case of using the brains you were born with and the simple, elementary skill with a needle which you must have acquired in school, if not at your mother's knee. Of course, a sewing machine helps, too.

In the same department, there are patterns to guide you in painting designs on furniture, some of them as attractive as any thought up by the Pennsylvania Dutch or Peter Hunt of Provincetown. The patterns are transferred by the carbon-paper method to whatever you feel like going to work on—perhaps that old chair or table or chest of drawers you've brought down out of the attic. Lucid instruction charts tell you what paints to buy and what to do every step of the way, even when drawer pulls and other impediments get in the path of the design.

Probably to prove that it is wholehearted about this make-it-yourself project, Macy has used homecraft effects almost entirely in redecorating Guilford House, its ninth-floor New England cottage. There is little in the house that can be bought and taken home. What you'll find there are ideas to copy, and good ones. In the bedrooms, there are old-fashioned ceiling testers over the beds—ruffled canopies, sometimes hung with looped-back side draperies, sometimes without them. The testers look like professional jobs (and of course they are), but a little study reveals that, instead of being a matter of intricate carpentry, they are basically no more than curtain rods attached to ceiling and wall and could be hung by anyone who ever put up a pair of curtains. You could also copy the padded and quilted chintz covers, looking like huge tea cozies, that Macy has slipped over the backs of Windsor chairs. These cozies add color to the Guilford House dining room and are a great deal pleasanter to lean against than bare wooden rungs. These, and matching seat pads, should be a cinch for a moderately talented needlewoman, and so should sill-length curtains of coarse white net, cut very full and dressed up with simple, graduated horizontal tucks. Curtains like these are used at small, high-in-the-wall windows in one of the Guilford bedrooms, where they look pretty enough to make you forget, if you haven't already, the scarcity of organdie.

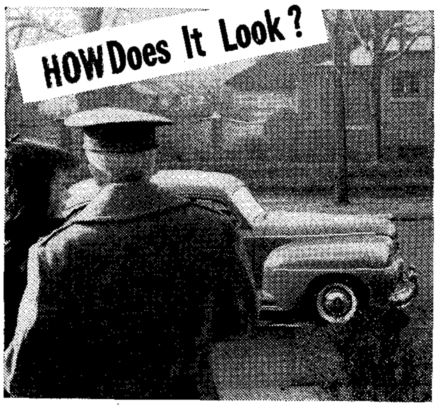
YOU probably know Lord & Taylor's wonderful Duettes—puffed bedspreads of checked and plaid silky gingham, quilted and ruffled and warm and filled with lamb's wool. The shop now has curtains, dressing-table skirts, and ruffled pillow shams in the same materials. They're enough to make anyone want to do a bedroom over and they furnish the simplest, quickest possible means of doing it. The spreads, of course, serve also as comforters at night and they are light as clouds to sleep under; $29.50. They are big enough to touch the floor all around when they're put on single beds and studio couches, and they can be made to do for double beds by attaching a bed petticoat ($8.95) to the side boards to make a flounce down the sides. Pillow shams cost $3.95; curtains are $10.95.

PEOPLE who say that there aren't any more baskets in town can't have been to the Lighthouse Craft Shop, at 111 East 59th Street. The place is full of a great variety of the things, from small reed breadbaskets for the table ($2.50) to enormous, tall-handled reed

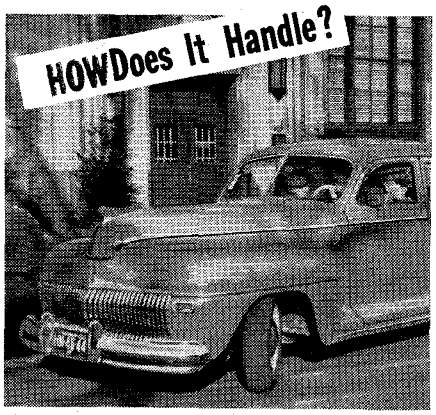


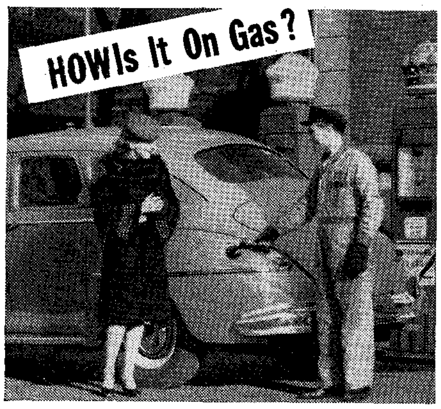
Protect your De Soto

As the war moves into its third year, your fine and faithful De Soto car fully deserves your practical attention. The state of its health, from day to day, is easy to determine... First, take a good, careful look at its outside finish for bumps, bruises and possible resulting spots of rust. Note the efficiency of your starter in all kinds of winter weather and temperatures. Listen carefully to your motor as it idles. When you get behind the wheel—is your steering action smooth and easy, especially on turns and parking maneuvers? How about your gasoline and oil consumption? De Soto cars are extremely easy on gas and oil and yours should be, too. Remember... a healthy car looks right, feels right, handles right. The rest is largely lubrication, water and minor adjustments. For your periodical greasing and the minor adjustments that keep your De Soto in tip-top condition, let your dealer take the full responsibility.


HOW Does It Look?

HOW Does It Sound?




HOW Is It On Gas?

WHAT Does Your De Soto Dealer Say?

Right along with yourself, your De Soto dealer is your car's best friend. He knows it from stem to stern and he has factory-engineered replacement parts available. He has well-trained mechanics and specially designed tools. He will be glad to advise you and do any work you need. Let him check your own diagnosis and make any needed adjustments.

●

DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks—and a variety of special manufacturing services to American war industry.

DESOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, EVERY THURSDAY, 9:00 TO 9:30 P. M., EASTERN WAR TIME

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS

LISTEN: FEBRUARY 12, 1944

Fred Allen's *One Long Pan* pronunciation: "Ah! *A leWALLOWA!*" has been forwarded to the Messrs. H. L. Mencken, Merriam-Webster, Funk & Wagnall's, and to Prof. Greet's publication *American Speech*, since it is now firmly fixed in the American language. (The "le" is pronounced schwa.)

★

A radio textbook called *Radio Phone Receiving*, published in 1922, on *The Extent of Radio Broadcasting*, says: "The manner in which radio has been taken up by the American public at large is almost incredible. In March 1922 Secretary Hoover, of the U.S. Department of Commerce, said that although only 50,000 radio transmitters and receivers were in use in the United States a year before, it was reasonable to place the current number at 600,000 outfits. In cities where broadcasting stations have been established, there are several radio receivers in use in every city block."

Today there are 32,500,000 radio homes in the United States or 54 times as many as Herbert Hoover guessed in 1922. What's more, those families own almost exactly 100 times as many individual receivers.

★

Somebody the other day wrote into a CBS radio script a part for a dinosaur. Nobody seems to know why. Somebody indicated a point at which the dinosaur was to emit a prodigious rivet-springing roar. Then the sound-effects department looked in the bin marked "D" for the correct apparatus for the voice of the dinosaur. Nothing there. So they called up the American Museum of Natural History and asked somebody (not Mr. Trubee Davison) to describe or imitate the dinosaur's note. The American Museum of Natural History flatly refused, on the ground that the dinosaur never uttered a sound. The Museum also declined to reveal which member of its staff, or which authority in its library, ever got his information from the dinosaur's mouth. Whereupon the script writer took the dinosaur's remarks out of the script. Another CBS zealot, however, insisted that the dinosaur was just like the giraffe—mute. That brought up the question of whether a giraffe says anything at all or does not. The question was put up to a man in a barn at the New York Zoological Garden, as follows: "If you were to ram a good-size bodkin into the southwest gable of a giraffe, what would he do?" "I dunno" said the man "unless it's probably kick the tar out of you. They can be real mean." The giraffe, however, *can* make sounds under certain acute provocation—provocation like trying to find out what a dinosaur sounds like, perhaps. The giraffe has indeed no vocal cords, but has a larynx, and can push air through it so as to make a noise somewhere between a moo and a grunt. That is now established, and betting money has passed on the issue, and scientific realism on the radio marches forward.

★

Viva Eva Garza, songstress from Mexico; *viva* Reinaldo Henriquez, Cuban tenor; *viva* the Celso Vega Quintet, Afro-Cuban instrumental stylists; *viva* Don Arres, Latin-American troubadour and m.c.; *viva* the Pan-American Orchestra, directed by Alfredo Antonini; *viva* the writers and arrangers of the Network of the Americas, Columbia's 97-station Latin-American service. All these refreshing people contribute to a new CBS Latin-American musical review from 11:30 p.m. to 12 midnight EWT every Thursday. It is called *Viva America*. And *viva* to you, too.

★

Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address was made to a crowd of a few thousand people, was little recorded in the press, and almost vanished from the public mind. There was no microphone on the Gettysburg platform, but one wonders what might have ensued if he had had a current war-time President's audience of some 50 to 60 million citizens.

★

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

scoops, fully a yard long, for bringing cut flowers and vegetables in from the garden ($4.30). There's a little mail basket to hang outside a summer cottage, for $1.25; bicycle baskets with leather straps, for $2.50 and $2.75; wood-bottomed reed wastebaskets in two sizes, $1.25 and $1.65. They are all woven with the beautiful precision which is characteristic of the blind craftsmen who make the things sold in this place, and they are sturdy as they can be.

The shop has some oval-shaped rag rugs, looking at first glance like the classic braided kind, that are actually crocheted of rag strips. These come in a scatter size (4 by 6); $25. Round raffia-over-reed table mats, best in natural or brown but also on hand in other colors, look well under hot dishes for a simple table service; sixty-five and eighty-five cents. Percale house and garden aprons, made with bibs, drawstring waists, and skirts doubled up to form deep pockets, come in combinations of green, yellow, and red, cost $2.50, and couldn't be brighter or prettier. Finally, there are small, rush-seat, child-size chairs, with frames of unfinished wood to be painted or stained and waxed; $2.25. Mounted on rockers, these chairs are $2.75. —B. B.

•

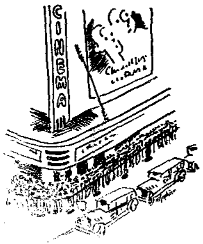
WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

[*Mr. Flannagan, gentleman from Virginia, in the Congressional Record*]

Mr. Speaker, no man believes more earnestly, more intensely, in our American system of government than I. By ancestry and belief I am part and parcel of it. On both sides the roots of my families are deeply embedded in American soil and the fabric of this Republic. Sir, when Hurry was fanning the flame of freedom to a heat so white and holy that from its sacred God-given reflection Jefferson caught such a vision of such horrors and abuses to which our people were being subjected by tyranny that he was able to catalog them with such vividness and conviction as to arouse the spark of freedom that lay dormant in the hearts and minds of men to such heights of resolve and determination that with one voice they approved and applauded his indictment, and with one mind purposed in their hearts to make the pronouncements that followed, of our separation from the government of our ignomy and the banding of ourselves together as a free and independent people, living realities, and the practical mind of Madison such a vision of the framework of the charter of a free people that he was later able to translate the vision into the greatest governmental charter ever devised by man, the Constitution of the United States of America, my ancestors, in their humble way, were first agitating and then fighting to make the pronouncements of Jefferson and the vision of Madison come true.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Polish Question



THERE are things that are fine about "In Our Time," with Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid, and things that are kind of silly. The picture is the first to explore prewar Poland to any appreciable extent; you can't take that away from it. The conclusions it comes up with are that Poland was not the most progressive state in the world and that Fascism was not altogether foreign to it before the Germans moved in. No Poles in the film are actually labelled Fascists, but there are those who not only recommend submission to the invasion but confess to being left rather cold by the inclinations of the peasant folk. "In Our Time" is a product of Warner Brothers, makers of "Mission to Moscow" and the studio, generally if relatively speaking, with the social conscience.

The picture is handicapped by a pretty frayed sort of love story, involving an English girl of no family and a Pole of a very stuffy one. Even against a new background, the forbidding patriarch, the aloof matriarch, and the spoiled sister are types you can recognize without much trouble, from having seen Ginger Rogers faced with them often enough in other settings. Ida Lupino has the job this time, and though she isn't bad, the rôle doesn't seem to suit her very well. Maybe it's because the girl she plays is too mild-mannered and not given to throwing tantrums. She gets drunk once, but it only makes her maudlin. Paul Henreid, as her aristocratic lover, doesn't appear to be worth the trouble he puts her to. Mr. Henreid is the smoothest man with a cigarette case in pictures, but when you've said that you've said it all. Matriarch and patriarch are played by Nazimova and Victor Francen respectively. Both are rather good, but not enough so to compensate for the hackneyed aspects of their parts.

"THE SULLIVANS," the life story of the five brothers who were killed in the sinking of one ship in the Pacific, is a movie which, if you grant that it should have been made in the first place, has quite a bit of merit. Five boys and a girl, the offspring of an

I won't tell
Secret de Suzanne
the fragrance of intrigue!
Every drop of this fascinating fragrance holds a masqued potency...
Suzanne Perfumes
secret de Suzanne
SUZANNE

Pin-up picture for the man who "can't afford" to buy an extra War Bond!

YOU'VE HEARD PEOPLE SAY: "I can't afford to buy an extra War Bond." Perhaps you've said it yourself . . . without realizing what a ridiculous thing it is to say to men who are dying.

Yet it *is* ridiculous, when you think about it. Because today, with national income at an all-time record high . . . with people making more money than ever before . . . with less and less of things to spend money for . . . practically every one of us has extra dollars in his pocket.

The very *least* that *you* can do is to buy an *extra* $100 War Bond . . . above and beyond the Bonds you are now buying or had planned to buy. In fact, if you take stock of your resources, you will probably find that you can buy an *extra* $200 . . . or $300 . . . or even $500 worth of War Bonds.

Sounds like more than you "can afford"? Well, young soldiers can't afford to die, either . . . yet they do it when called upon. So is it too much to ask of us that we invest more of our money in War Bonds . . . the best investment in the world today? Is that too much to ask?

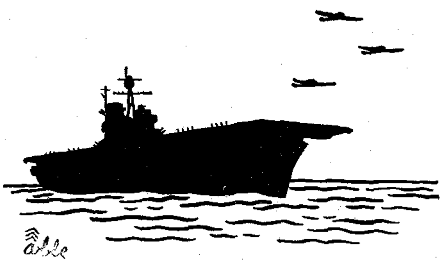
WE BOUGHT EXTRA WAR BONDS 4TH WAR LOAN

Let's All BACK THE ATTACK!

Irish freight-train conductor and his capable though harassed wife, grow up in the town of Waterloo, Iowa, and everything about their day-to-day existence, with its minor adventures, seems reasonable and authentic. This little-joys-and-sorrows-of-plain-people-living-plain-lives kind of film doesn't make for much pace or drama, but if it's carefully handled it can have a certain amount of charm, mainly through its ability to provoke reminiscences. Anybody who wasn't reared in a lighthouse or among pearl divers or in some other bizarre circumstances will probably find something familiar in the early careers of the Sullivans. Mind you, I don't say that this usually applies in this kind of picture, because this kind of picture is usually wretchedly done. However, except for their being too cordial to each other on occasion, the Sullivans act like a lot of large families. A number of surprisingly agreeable child actors play the child Sullivans, and the same number of pleasant, if unfamiliar, adult actors play them in their adult stage. Thomas Mitchell and Selena Royle, who are adults from start to finish and don't seem to age much at all, are the parents. The wife of the youngest and only married brother is played by Anne Baxter, who still hasn't given a bad performance. Maybe she doesn't intend to.

All you have to do now is persuade yourself that "The Sullivans" should have been made. The only reason I can see for telling, outside of a newspaper, the story of a normal, happy family that is almost entirely wiped out in the war is that it provides a large gesture of sympathy for the members who are left.

A PROBLEM we might all give a little thought to, when we can, is "What's to be done with Orson Welles?" As a writer, as a director, and as an actor, the man has been good now and then, and now and then, particularly as an actor, he has been dismal. He is the latter in "Jane Eyre," in which he has made the brooding, mysterious Mr. Rochester just plain peculiar. He mumbles along at a tremendous clip, seldom stopping for breath and not very often saying an audible word. When he isn't talking, he's galloping around on



Kathleen Fue

First Breath of Spring

Adaptable ensemble—the light wool coat, lovely detail, can be worn separately or with this colorful print. In grey, blue, or black —sizes 12 to 40. Coat $69.95, dress $45. . . *Clothes from Kathleen have that custom-like finish.*

118 EAST 60 ST., NEW YORK

OPEN HOUSE ...EVERY SUNDAY

Comes the Sabbath you'll find the latch-key out and The White Turkeys dressed in their Sunday best. It's to welcome you for cocktails and real old-fashioned New England meals amid early Americana.

Brunch 12 noon to 3:00 p.m.
Dinner from 1:00 to 9:00 p.m.

THE WHITE TURKEYS

220 MADISON AVE.
at 37th Street
MU-3-1581

ONE UNIVERSITY PL.
at Washington Sq.
AL-4-3677

ICE-SKATE OUTDOORS

5 sessions daily: 10:30 a m., 1:00, 3:30, 6:00, 8:30 p. m. Admission 88¢ including tax. Children under 12, weekdays, 65¢, Saturday, Sunday and Holidays, 75¢. Shoe-skates (figure or hockey) to rent. Music. Instruction. No racing skates, please! Phone Circle 6-5800

LOWER PLAZA • ROCKEFELLER CENTER

ROCKEFELLER PLAZA ICE SKATING POND

a great big horse, with a long black cloak flowing behind him in a manner that might appeal to a susceptible kiddie or Mr. Welles himself, but I don't know whom else. Of course, he's operating under one handicap which is not his fault but which may indicate that he was not the man for the part to begin with. This is a large and phony nose that has been built onto him, probably in the belief that Rochester shouldn't be played by a button-nosed actor.

Otherwise, the film is sound enough. Joan Fontaine is all right as Jane and Henry Daniell is good as Brocklehurst, the schoolmaster. There's even a fair amount of suspense to the thing, provided you haven't read the book too often or too recently.

"The Girl from Leningrad," a Russian picture of a couple of years ago, has been remade in America with the new, more munificent title of "Three Russian Girls." An English-speaking Russian, Anna Sten, has replaced the monolingual lady who originally had the leading rôle, and an American hero, played by Kent Smith, has been inserted. The result is nothing momentous, but there's a nice simplicity about it, and one sequence—a silent attack, in the snow, on a German pillbox by camouflaged Russians—has a good deal of authenticity. . . . There's not much to be said for another, more elaborate treatise on the Russians, called "Song of Russia," which features Robert Taylor, unconvincingly, as an internationally famous conductor. This one struck me as big and foolish, its principal contribution to American thought being that the Russians like music and tractors.—David Lardner

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

(WIND IN THE BEARD DIVISION)

[*From "Taps for Private Tussie," by Jesse Stuart*]

I stood beside Grandpa and watched him work his feet in his crumple-toed brogan shoes while the hot July wind played with Grandpa's white beard. —*Page 11.*

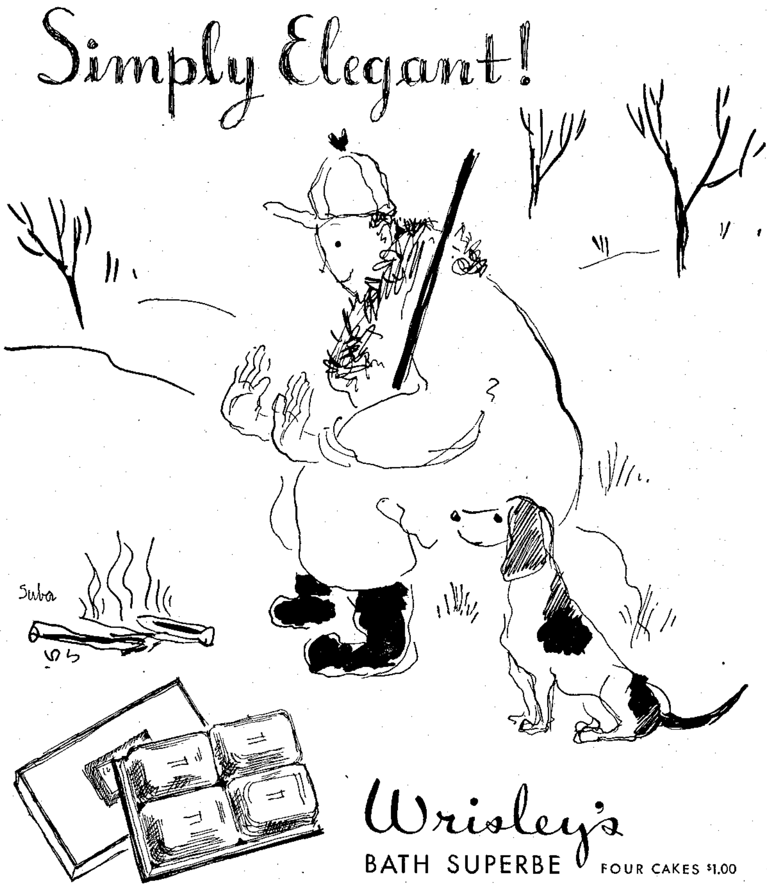
. . . while the July wind played with his white beard . . . —*Page 13.*

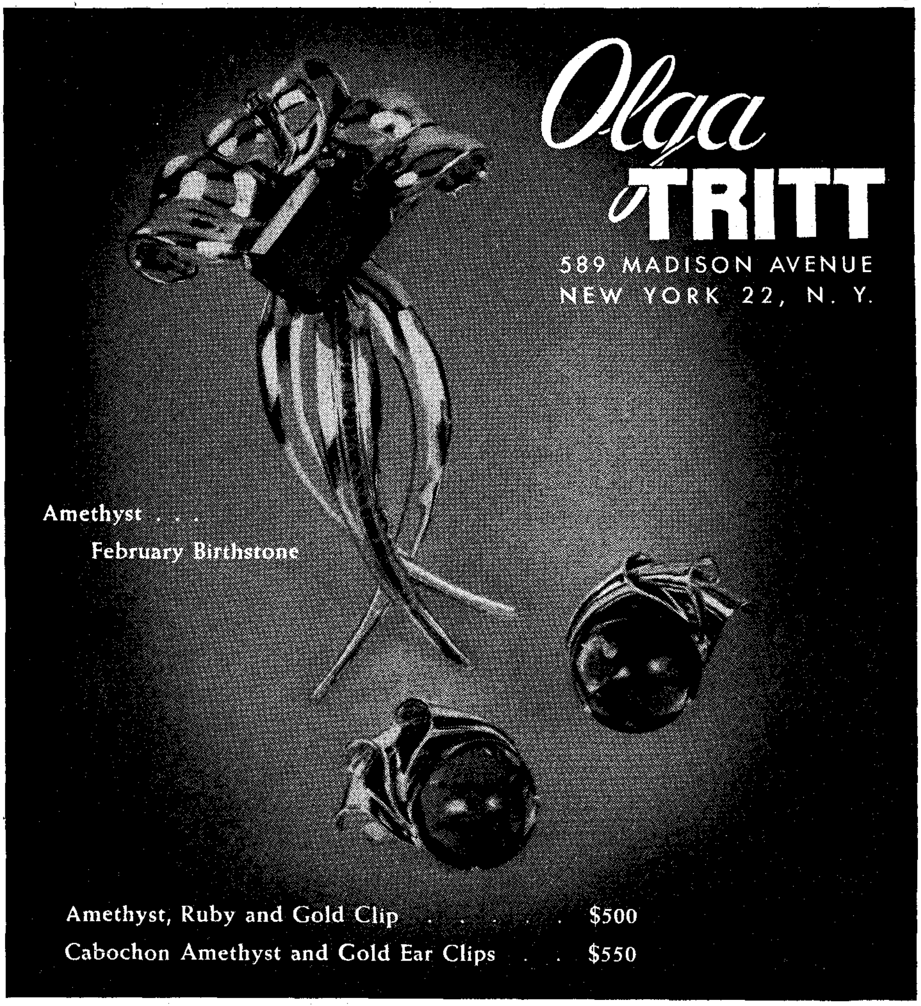
Grandpa laughed a wild cacklin laugh as the September wind played with his light milkweed-furze whiskers . . . —*Page 129.*

I could see Grandpa hold to his beard when the September wind fanned it . . . —*Page 145.*

. . . while the mornin October wind played with his beard . . . —*Page 182.*

. . . maybe he wanted the warm January wind to lift his beard up and down like the August wind lifted the dyin corn silks. —*Page 242.*


Simply Elegant!
Suba
Wrisley's
BATH SUPERBE FOUR CAKES $1.00

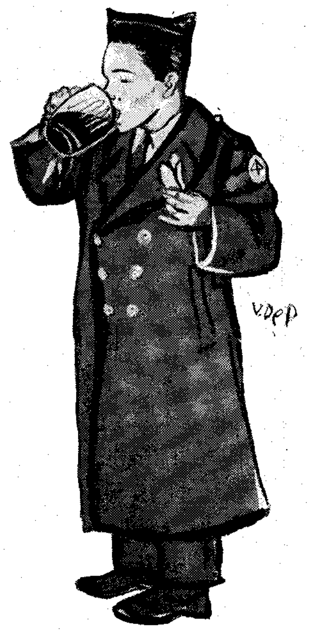

Olga TRITT
589 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
Amethyst . . .
February Birthstone
Amethyst, Ruby and Gold Clip $500
Cabochon Amethyst and Gold Ear Clips . . $550

“LOOKING FOR A BLUEBIRD”

WHEN the “Blackbirds,” famous American all-Negro revue, came to the Paris Moulin Rouge Music Hall, late in the summer of 1928, I and five other white violinists were hired to form a string section in the orchestra. The “Blackbirds” had their own fifty-man band, each musician a virtuoso on several instruments, but there were no strings, and on the afternoon preceding the opening night, somebody decided that the old-fashioned sound of six violins might help make the show a success. A fellow-violinist, a Pole, whom I'll call Timanovich, called me up and offered me the job at a hundred and twenty-five francs a night. It was good money for four hours of work. In those days I made fifty francs for two cinema shows and eighty francs in a *boîte de nuit*, which was all-night drudgery, from 8 P.M. to 6 A.M.

I accepted at once and went to meet Timanovich at the Café des Quat'z' Arts, on the Boulevard de Clichy. I gathered that our group was to consist of Murat, a Frenchman with a harassed look; Jean Carpentier, a Belgian with whom I'd worked in two “American” places; two ill-shaven Rumanians who specialized in “gypsy” music and as a sideline sold cocaine; Timanovich, and myself, a Czechoslovak.

“There'll be no rehearsal,” Timanovich said. “The conductor doesn't think it's necessary. He'll give us instructions before the show. You speak English, do you? Everybody at the Moulin Rouge must speak English, *mon vieux*.”



I pointed at the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune* which I always carried with me. I couldn't read it, but it was a great help in getting better-paid *cachets* in night clubs where the proprietors, because of their considerable American patronage, insisted on bilingual musicians. A *cachet* meant temporarily substituting for another man and it often led to regular employment. Sometimes I got fired when the proprietor found out about my English, but there were other places and the *Herald Tribune* always worked.

I wanted the job with the “Blackbirds” and decided to take a chance. I thought of Calvin Coolidge. If a man could become President of the United States by keeping his mouth shut, the same strategy ought to work with the Americans at the Moulin Rouge. I bought a Pernod for Timanovich and a Byrrh for myself and the deal was closed.

TIMANOVICH was a short, stooped, thin-shouldered fellow from Polish Galicia, with the face of a sad, sick owl. We had met in Madame Dubois's Boulevard-Cinéma in Aubervilliers, a suburban workers' district, where we played every Friday and Saturday night and two shows, matinée and night, on Sunday. Madame Dubois, a buxom lady in tight silk prints, took a poor view of musicians, whom she considered immoral. The Cinéma was an overgrown barn, filled with old wooden chairs, many of them broken or minus one foot. The outstanding feature of the place was its crowded condition. Madame considered aisles a waste of space and the customers stumbled over one another on their way to and from the seats. The orchestra (piano, two violins, trombone, and a drum-and-sound-effects man imitating shots, automobile crashes, and the cloppety-clop of Tom Mix's horse) was crammed into a chicken coop between the first row and the screen. The violin players were warned against sweeping movements of the bow, which might endanger the nearby customers. Once a violinist, during an *agitato* sequence, stabbed a man in the stomach and was knocked cold on the spot. Most of the *cinéphiles* patronizing this house were husky characters from the *abattoirs* who appreciated the *films américains*, especially Westerns and gangster pictures. The boxes in the rear of the auditorium were equipped with bolts on the inside and curtains which could be lowered.

The Sunday matinées were attended by young couples in the boxes and by children in the first rows. During boring love scenes the kids amused themselves by spitting at the members of the orchestra or sticking pins into them. We violinists hit at them with our bows and Grandin, the trombone player, a dignified patriarch, sometimes reached for the beer glass under his chair and poured stale beer on them.

Before the performance began, Lisette, the pianist, sorted the music into three piles on the top of the battered Pleyel piano. On the left pile she wrote “*Mon amour*” in her neat, gentle handwriting. This pile contained music for sentimental sequences, such things as Drdla's “Souvenir,” the Berceuse from “Jocelyn” (Godard), and Reynaldo Hahn's “Si mes voeux avaient des ailes;” there were also such sad pieces as Smetana's “Yearning,” “Chant sans paroles,” Dvořák's “Goin' Home,” and several funeral marches. Lisette knew about love and that it often meant suffering. The pile in the middle was called “Gangster,” an assortment of lively overtures, “William Tell,” “The Flying Dutchman,” “Zampa,” the finale from Offenbach's “Orpheus,” and the “Ride of the Valkyries.” The third pile, which had no name, contained music for all other purposes, from Mendelssohn's “Festival March” and “Song of the Volga Boatmen” all the way down to Oswald's “Bébé s'endort” and Sousa's “Washington Post.”

Since we weren't paid for rehearsals, we didn't have any. On Friday, Lisette would watch the picture on the screen and toss us music from one or another of the piles, depending on whether, to her, the scene seemed to be romantic, criminal, or indefinite. The numerous pauses between the selections were filled with what we called “general tremolo.” Lisette's scheme didn't always work. You would have thought that it would be easy to figure out what was going to happen next in a *film américain*, but frequently we were caught flatfooted with the “Ride of the Valkyries” when the hero had begun making love. At times Lisette was mistaken about a gangster's sinister intentions and let us play Offenbach's “Barcarole” during what really was a blackmailing sequence. Such mistakes were corrected during the Saturday show. By Sunday afternoon we knew the score by heart and concentrated on watching the picture. Sitting right below the screen, we violinists had to keep our heads in a horizontal position, holding the violin between our left ear and collarbone. Some of the films were really wonderful, though, and we didn't mind the physical sacrifice.

It was a cheerful life, and would have lasted longer if it were not for a *film américain* called “Le Mystère de Madame M.,” if I'm not mistaken. As

Private Perkins has some private plans

He wanted to share his dream with Joe . . . but he was afraid Joe would think him soft.

Joe would laugh if he told him how he loved music . . . how some day he was going to sit for a week, just listening to music . . .

Joe wouldn't get it . . . so he kept it to himself. And when Joe asked him what he was thinking about, he said . . . "A blonde in Peoria" . . . and Joe nodded approvingly.

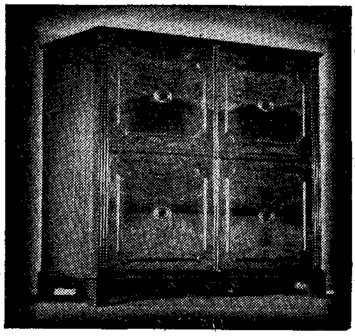
To people who love it . . . fine music is one of life's richest experiences.

It is to those people we wish to speak . . . for tomorrow when our war job is done, we will bring them a Stromberg-Carlson radio that will rival the concert hall itself in purity and perfection of tone.

Into this instrument will go fifty years of craftsmanship . . . the skill that made Stromberg-Carlson the leader in FM radio . . . plus many new wartime developments.

When you hear what this means in truly fine music . . . we believe you'll agree it was worth waiting for . . . worth saving for in War Bonds and Stamps.

IT WAS PEOPLE, working for Victory, that won Stromberg-Carlson the Army-Navy "E" . . . To these men and women, and to our men in the Armed Forces, we have a responsibility. We must assure them good jobs when peace comes . . . We must plan ahead today. That is the important reason for planning fine radios for you . . . It's the important reason for all post-war planning.



IN RADIOS, TELEPHONES, SOUND SYSTEMS...
THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A

STROMBERG-CARLSON

A HALF-CENTURY OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP

© 1943, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

usual, the whole orchestra was watching the picture during the Sunday matinée, playing in a perfunctory way. The situation on the screen became quite involved, what with three murders, a woman with a past, and a villain who was getting the upper hand. One by one we stopped playing and looked up at the screen in breathless excitement. We were not aware of the silence in the theatre until from one of the boxes came a noise and a girl's voice saying, "*Mais non, chéri, pas ici!*" There were more noises and then a man said irritably, "*Zut alors! On ne peut pas aller au Ritz Hôtel!*" From the audience came laughter and bold encouragement and the man in the box shouted angrily "*Où est l'orchestre?*" and there was more laughter. After the show, Madame Dubois, shocked to the depth of her virtuous soul, fired the orchestra in a body.

TIMANOVICH lived with his mother in a tiny, neat two-room apartment in the Rue de la Nation, within walking distance of the *boîtes* around the Place Pigalle. Mamma Timanovich was a little, white-haired, sad-eyed woman who liked to cry. She was very homesick for her little Galician home town of Andrychow, which she had left when her son was awarded a scholarship in Paris. Back home you could go to the little cemetery where her husband, Aaron, God bless him, was buried, and cry on his grave, but on Montmartre everybody seemed so gay and there was no place to go. She didn't like the smell of oil from the kitchens and was mortally afraid of cabs and the Métro.

Timanovich, a devoted son, suffered because of his mother's unhappiness. The apartment was expensive and he had to give violin lessons to the anemic children of neighborhood *épiciers* so he could pay the bills. He had a chronic headache and during the lessons he usually lay on a couch, his head heavily bandaged, while the unhappy pupil labored on a Ševčík finger exercise. Timanovich looked depressed the night I came to the Moulin Rouge to play for the "Blackbirds." I met him at the entrance to the place, and we stopped and talked for a few moments. "The doctor told me that Mamma needs fresh air," he said, "but she won't leave the house. She gets pale and sick and I'm worried."

I said, "Don't worry now. We have a show to do," and we went in. There were about forty Negro musicians in the big room, wandering around and

He gets what he wants

Where our fighting forces go, their favorite products follow. All branches of the Armed Forces have their Post Exchanges, Ship Service Stores or Canteens, where the men can buy those necessities which make life away from home a little easier.

For the past three years, U.S. forces here and abroad have been asking for and getting ever-increasing quantities of Mennen Shave Products and Quinsana Foot Powder. Despite these heavy demands on production facilities, we have been able to provide our civilian customers with limited quantities of all products...excepting Mennen Skin Bracer, which goes entirely to the services, mostly overseas.

It is truly American that military authorities make available only those brands which the men themselves want. Thus, the men in service have the same "Freedom of Choice" that they enjoyed at home.

MENNEN

for men in service — for men at home

Nove o Prog
Ed an En s
Monda ghts
m EWT m MWT
5 pm CW pm PW

practicing scales on saxophones and trumpets. They had on silver-gray tailcoats with dark-blue lapels, and we six violinists felt foolish and out of place in our tuxedoes. The Negroes came over and shook hands with us and said something presumably nice. They were a happy, friendly lot.

"No wonder they feel that way," one of the Rumanians said. "They get five hundred francs a night. We don't even get a hundred and fifty."

"You do get a hundred and fifty," Timanovich said. "But twenty-five of it is my commission."

The Negro conductor shook hands with us and grinned and pointed out different things in the score. He spoke very rapidly and I didn't understand a word of what he said. He slapped us on the shoulder and departed. The bell was ringing and the musicians were filing into the orchestra pit.

I stared at my colleagues. Their eyes were blank. It was clear that none of us had the faintest idea what it was all about.

"What was it he said about the Boccherini 'Minuet'?" Murat asked nervously.

Timanovich was plucking his A-string. "Didn't you understand? You told me you speak English and—"

"Berlitz School English," Murat said. "Come on, Timanovich, what did he say?"

Timanovich was busily colophaning his bow. The bell was ringing again and the drummer, who was near the entrance, motioned us to come in. We took our seats, Timanovich in front, as concertmaster. I sat behind him. Across the aisle a tall, dark brown trumpeter with the physique of an athlete gave me an encouraging smile. Murat and Carpentier were behind us. The Rumanians had the third desk and immediately got acquainted with two ladies in mink coats in the first row.

"*Nom de Dieu*, what's going to happen?" Murat whispered nervously. "If they find out about the English, we'll get blacklisted."

The house lights dimmed and the conductor made his way through the orchestra pit. A short introductory harp arpeggio, and the whole band went into "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby." Now I understood why the conductor hadn't insisted on a rehearsal. No one in the audience was ever going to learn about the existence of six violin players in the orchestra. Our feeble attempts were drowned by the ear-splitting racket of fifty saxophones, clarinets, trombones, trumpets, banjos, Helicon horns, pianos, and drums. After the second chorus they went into a regular jam session, playing "Diga Diga Do," "I Must Have That Man," and "Magnolia's Wedding Day." They were having a wonderful time.

The curtain went up. There was a chorus number, and Adelaide Hall sang, and a tap-dancer did Bill Robinson's stunt of dancing up and down a set of steps. The curtain came down, and after another violent interlude it rose again on what looked like a Southern plantation scene. Girls in white crinolines were poised for action. The band stopped playing and the men put down their instruments and looked at us, in anticipation. After the preceding din, the sudden silence was frightful. The conductor gave us the cue, but we did nothing, staring at him in a trance. Up on the stage the girls were shifting uncomfortably and from the audience came the sound of subdued laughter. The conductor looked aghast and the silence seemed to last for years. Suddenly the tall, athletic trumpeter next to me pointed at our score of the Boccherini "Minuet."

"Solo," he whispered. "*Solo!*"

Timanovich started and we came in on the second bar, and the crinoline girls began dancing. After the second repetition the rest of the orchestra fell in and the minuet turned into a frenzied can-can. The applause was terrific. A pretty girl sang "I'm a Little Blackbird Looking for a Bluebird," in a small, birdlike, bubbling voice, and the audience went mad. There was no doubt that the revue was a success, set for months.

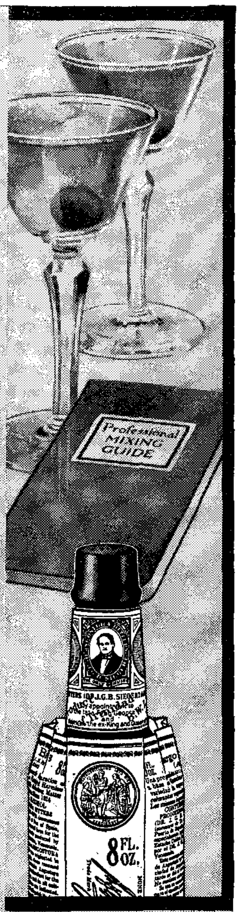
AFTER the show, Timanovich said to me, "Mamma wants you to come over for a bite. We've got to celebrate. Carpentier and Murat and

FLORENCE Reichman INC.
ONE WEST FIFTY SEVENTH STREET
NEW YORK 19 N.Y.
hats and dresses

A SAUCY SAUCE IS A CROWN FOR MEAT MAKES BREAST OF LAMB A TASTY TREAT!

When two old-time favorite condiments get together, you've got an exciting combination for any main-course dish. Spice-up rationed meals with Best Foods Mustard-with-Horseradish. Use it on all foods on which you formerly used ordinary mustard.

TRY BEST FOODS MUSTARD WITH HORSERADISH
A Product of The Best Foods, Inc.



now available to the public the PROFESSIONAL MIXING GUIDE

The Professional Mixing Guide is an authentic collection of standard recipes for Mixed Drinks, compiled for use of the professional barman.

At this time of liquor shortage we are making it available to the public for two reasons:

Liquor, properly mixed, makes a lot of mixed drinks and this helps conserve your supply.

Accuracy of measurement and the use of standard recipes will help you get the most out of your supply.

Another important point to remember. The proper use of Angostura Bitters will help you make better drinks, assuring you of the very utmost in satisfaction from every drink you mix.

Copies of the Professional Mixing Guide will be mailed free on request.

KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORP.
304 East 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

George Washington are coming along too."

"George Washington?"

"George Washington Hayes, the trumpeter who saved our jobs. He seemed sort of lonely, so I invited him too."

In front of the Moulin Rouge, musicians and members of the cast were standing, discussing the evening, lighting cigarettes. Our two Rumanians came out and were met by the two ladies in mink coats from the first row. The four of them got into a taxi. We walked down the Boulevard de Clichy, Timanovich and George Washington, Carpentier, Murat, and I. George was wearing a yellow camel's-hair coat. He was about twice the size of Timanovich, who tried desperately to keep in step with him and kept bumping into doormen, rug-peddlers, *agents de police*, and sidewalk painters. The air was brisk and full of noises from the cafés, *boîtes*, *bals*, and cinemas.

Mamma Timanovich greeted us in her little hall. The smell of roast chicken filled the rooms. There was white bread on the table and two candles in massive old silver candlesticks. It was Friday night. Mamma Timanovich hurried into the kitchen for another plate. "It was good of you to bring him along," she said to her son. "I'm sure the poor man has no place to go in this awful town. Go ask him if he wants breast or leg and wings."

The conversation was fragmentary, but somehow we understood George and he knew what we meant. We ate, drank *pinard*, and had fun remembering the Boccherini "Minuet." After dinner Murat played the Bach "Chaconne" and George went to the piano and sang some of the most beautiful songs we had ever heard. He had a powerful, deep-throated voice, and the room became very small. Timanovich played "Kol Nidre" for his mother, and George sang, and Mamma Timanovich wept happily. "I haven't heard such singing since we left Andrychow," she said, drying her tears. "I wish George would come back tomorrow and sing again."

The following night Timanovich seemed excited as he took his seat beside me at the Moulin Rouge. "George came for Mamma this afternoon," he said. "He took a cab and they went to the Cimetière de Montmartre. Mamma always wanted to see the grave of Heinrich Heine and George also likes cemeteries. Mamma came back crying and happy and she had a big dinner."

Timanovich kept me well posted on Mamma's subsequent excursions.

Saves Precious Liquor!

No drip—no waste . . . with automatic "Say-When" Dispenser to measure the 'makings'. Press top down and out flows 2 ounces—*exactly*. When inserting in bottle, do *not* cover hole in top. To dispense, place hand over hole and press down. Fits any regular bottle . . . tube adjusts to 10" length. Chromium. . . $3.50

(Add 10¢ for postage, please!)

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS
Custom Tailored
by Luxenberg

Long years of serving a most exacting military and civilian clientele testify to Luxenberg's reputation for tailoring Officers' Uniforms of distinction.

Uniforms for Women—All Services!

Women in all branches of the service can now be outfitted by Luxenberg and enjoy the superb styling and custom tailoring which characterize the uniform of their brother officers.

Shirts—Insignia—Accessories

Mail orders promptly filled. Write for latest price list.

Luxenberg
Civilian & Military Tailors
485 Madison Ave. at 52nd St., New York, New York

NEW YORK'S DE LUXE CHINESE RESTAURANT
Luncheon Dinner
a la Carte
HOUSE of CHAN
7th AVENUE cor. 52nd STREET

NORTH SHORE—LONG ISLAND
Houses for Sale and Rent
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
Nancy A. Heckscher, Country Dept.
15 East 49th St. PLaza 3-9200

George took her to the Cimetière Montparnasse, the cemeteries of Saint-Bernard, Saint-Pierre, and Bonne Nouvelle. Every afternoon the two of them went to another cemetery, crying a little, each in his own lonely way, and having a *chocolat* at Dupont's (*Chez Dupont Tout Est Bon*), around the corner. George took Mamma Timanovich to the Cimetière de Picpus and the grave of La Fayette, telling her of General Pershing and how he may or may not have said, "La Fayette, we are here." They went to Père-Lachaise, but the big place frightened them, though Mamma was impressed by the Rothschild chapel. When they had seen all the cemeteries, they started going to churches and synagogues—Sainte-Chapelle, Saint-Etienne-du-Mont, Saint-Eustache. Mamma Timanovich liked the small ones best. At Notre-Dame-des-Victoires she bought a candle for George's mother, whom, she told us, he'd never known. Once I saw them get out of a cab in front of the flat, George in the long yellow overcoat which made him look even taller than he was, and the old woman shrivelled and tiny. He led her across the street, gently holding her hand.

The six of us played for five months with the "Blackbirds" at the Moulin Rouge and learned to speak a little English. George said he enjoyed going to the nice quiet places with Mamma Timanovich and Timanovich worried about his mother and how she would feel about George's departure.

The "Blackbirds" finally went to London and I started going back to the Café des Quat'z' Arts for *cachets*. I was still carrying the *Herald Tribune*, but now I could read it. I asked Timanovich if Mamma kept going to the cemeteries.

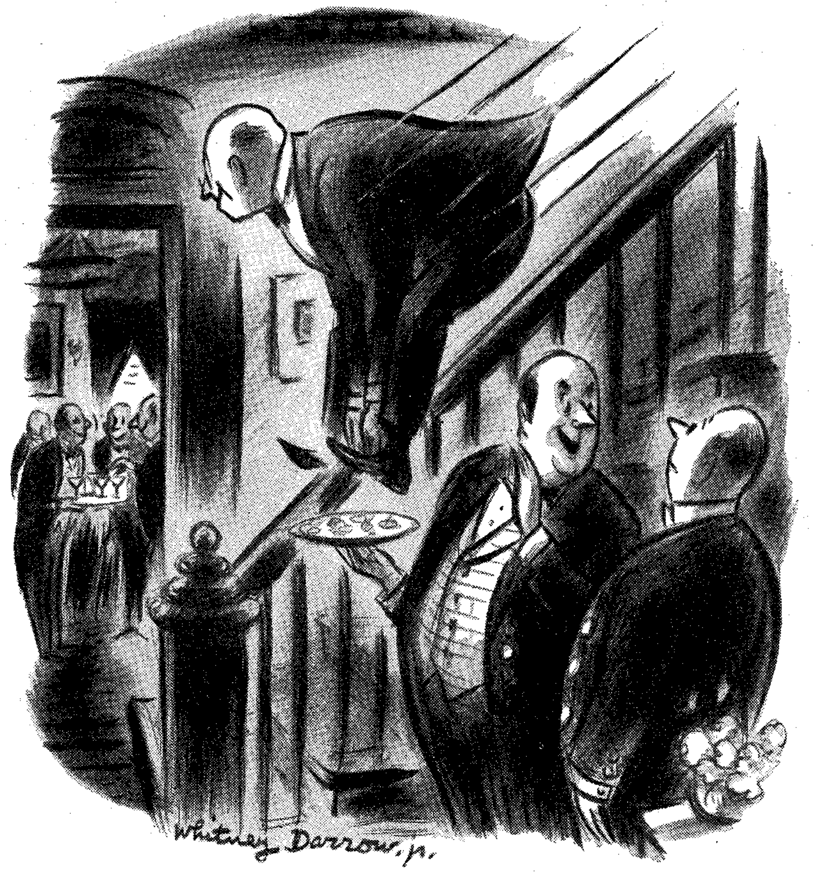
"She says it isn't fun to go there alone," he said. "George writes every week. He says there are many beautiful cemeteries in London and he'd like Mamma to see them."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

The important thing in any marriage, Mrs. Gorin avers, is that both husband and wife should assume a reasonable attitude toward each other's responsibilities. "My husband recognizes the concessions I must make to his professional life, and he is sweet and patient about things I'm sure must seem trivial to him."
start believing in Santa Claus all over again.
the greatest thing that happened to soldiers since sulfanilimide!—*Chicago Tribune.*

Now, about this marriage . . .


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"He's afraid he'll miss the cocktails made with William Penn."

WILLIAM PENN Blended Whiskey, popular since '98, is blended at the high point of flavor—where fine base whiskeys provide rich, full taste and softened neutral spirits add smoothness. For better drinks, always ask for William Penn Blended Whiskey.

SPEND WISELY—OR NOT AT ALL

Unwise buying in wartime sends prices up. You can help keep prices down by buying only what you need. When you buy, check ceiling prices and don't pay more. Pay off old debts. Buy your share of war bonds.

Gooderham & Worts Limited, Peoria, Ill.

William Penn
Originated in 1898
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
Blended and bottled for Gooderham & Worts Limited Peoria, Ill.

Millions "Say When" with

William Penn

BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—65% FRUIT AND GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

At the
PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES • INC
30 E 57 ST • NEW YORK

Public Auction Sales of

ANTIQUE FURNITURE • RUGS
PAINTINGS • SILVER • CHINA
JEWELRY • FIRST EDITIONS
AUTOGRAPHS • MSS • OTHER
ART & LITERARY PROPERTY

Mainly liquidation of wealthy Estates, making available to present day collectors accumulated treasures of the past—property of permanent international worth.

Painting Sale March 2

French Impressionists and other French XIX Century Artists. Renaissance Paintings. From

A MIDWESTERN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION

Ask to be placed on our Free List for Advance Announcements

DAGGER PUNCH
A Dark JAMAICA RUM

Dagger
JAMAICA RUMS

THREE DAGGER 86 PROOF
ONE DAGGER 86 PROOF
DAGGER PUNCH 97 PROOF

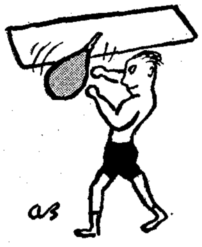
These truly fine Jamaica Rums...mellow and smooth with delightful flavour and fragrance...give zest and distinction to any rum drink.

Made by J. Wray & Nephew, Ltd., Jamaica, oldest and largest rum house in the British West Indies. Est. 119 years.

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

NOTES ON SPORTS

For the Price of One



SINCE the heavyweight division in boxing has pretty well closed down for the time being, it might be a good idea for admirers of that branch of the sport to look in at the World Theatre every once in a while and soak up some of the fight pictures showing there. Collected and edited into one long feature called "Kings of the Ring" are bits of the movies of about twenty-five famous fights, most of them heavyweight. The earliest is the first Tommy Burns-Billy Squires bout, in 1907, in which Burns won by a knockout in about two minutes of the first round. The latest is the second Louis-Godoy bout in 1940, won by Louis by a knockout in the eighth. Some big fights are left out, such as the Willard-Johnson, the Wills-Firpo, the Baer-Carnera, the Baer-Schmeling, and the Louis-Conn. Some good fighters aren't shown in action at all, such as Sullivan and Corbett and Fitzsimmons and Jeffries (naturally), and Delaney and Young Stribling and Loughran. Most of the good heavyweights or men who fought heavyweights are there, though, and most of them are shown in their most important fights. Joe Humphreys, the announcer, is there, too, yelling at a hundred thousand people without the aid of a microphone, and so is his successor, Harry Balogh, hoping that the better man may emerge victorious. There's a narration by Nat Fleischer, the well-known boxing encyclopedia.

Before the heavyweights come on, there are glimpses of two lightweight fights, the first Leonard-Tendler and the second Ambers-Armstrong, and one welterweight, the third Ross-Garcia. The picture of the Ambers-Armstrong fight, in which Ambers regained his championship, is the most poorly edited of the lot, in that Armstrong has the edge in the rounds that are shown, which makes it look as though he was robbed, which he wasn't.

YOU can draw a few conclusions from these films if you want to. For instance, if you didn't know it already, you can decide that Jack Johnson was a man given to minding his own business in the ring until circumstances

KANT-RUST
STAINLESS STEEL
Blades

THE BLADE OF TOMORROW—NOW!

a New Blade... 19 times tougher

KANT-RUST
Swedish Stainless Steel **BLADES**
Made by the Makers of Famous Cooper Blades

NO OTHER BLADE CAN MAKE THESE CLAIMS
★ 15 to 30 shaves per blade . . . it's new patented Swedish Stainless Steel . . . 19 times tougher than regular blades.
★ No wiping or drying. Just rinse razor.
★ It can't rust . . . it's stainless steel.

12 for $1.00
If your dealer can't supply you write

COOPER SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
35 York Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

SHAKE THE BOTTLE WELL
C&B
SAUCE
Thick Rich Savory
Made in U.S.A. by CROSSE & BLACKWELL

Keep it on the Table!

USE IT LIKE KETCHUP

Not Rationed

EXHIBITION
DOROTHEA HALE
FEB. 18 to MAR. 4
THE PINACOTHECA
20 WEST 58th STREET

Convenient for theatre-goers—
Luncheon • Dinner
Specialties:
Soupe à l'onion
Moules Marinière
A LA FOURCHETTE
342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744
CLOSED SUNDAY

demanded something more. He is shown in his bout with Stanley Ketchel in 1909, in which he was engaged in putting on a nice boxing exhibition until Ketchel suddenly knocked him down in the twelfth. Thereupon he got up and threw one haymaking right, which knocked Ketchel cold. You can examine the long count in the second Dempsey-Tunney fight and decide that Tunney would have got up in time if the count had been normal but probably would have been knocked down again, and possibly out. He is obviously badly dazed until the referee gets to three, or what was seven according to the timekeeper. Then he looks up and follows the rest of the count, taking seven seconds to pull himself together in, instead of the three he would normally have had. When he does get up, his legs are in perfect shape for a fast, clever retreat, whereas the chances are that Dempsey would have caught him if he hadn't had all that time for a rest cure. The Tunney-Carpentier picture tends to confirm the belief, frequently contested by Tunney, that he, Tunney, didn't have a punch. He has Carpentier helpless for several rounds and, taking deliberate aim, lands countless lefts and rights to his jaw without finishing him. Carpentier finally collapses in the fifteenth, losing by a technical knockout but not having been put away by any one blow.

STUDYING the two Louis-Schmeling fights, you can see that Louis lost the first because his left hand wasn't up where it should have been and won the second because his left was not only up but was hooking and jabbing. In the first, he starts out on the defense, and not a very good defense at that, and Schmeling finds out right away that he can cross with his right at will. In the second, Schmeling is plainly hurt and annoyed at the changes that have been made. You can almost see him saying crossly to himself, "That left wasn't there two years ago." —D. L.

•

At that time, the President had only three grandchildren. Now he has 12. Though some of them are with him at Hyde Park, two of their fathers are scattered over the many war fronts.—*Washington Post.*

Wonderfully diffuse, the Roosevelts.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Boston Traveler*]

When she has a few moments to relax, she tries to read through Time and Life before drowsiness overwhelms her.

Men of the Services have long held the BARCLAY in high esteem. Like other BARCLAY guests they are warm in their appreciation of the large and cheerful rooms, the fine food and the sincere welcome which always awaits them here. Single Rooms $6 and $7. Double Rooms $8 and $10. Suites with Private Serving Pantry $12-$15.

The BARCLAY
111 East 48th Street, New York 17, New York
William H. Rorke, General Manager

MEET ME ON THE TERRACE AT THE BARCLAY

"M-M-M... it tastes good, too!"

Have you tried Astring-o-sol . . . have you ever enjoyed the clean, *fresh* taste and feeling that follows an oral bath with this fragrant, tangy mouthwash? It's an experience you'll repeat — *often* — because Astring-o-sol offers truly delightful flavor along with quick cleansing of mouth and throat. It's economical and convenient, too — just dash a few drops in a glass and add water. *It mixes itself.*

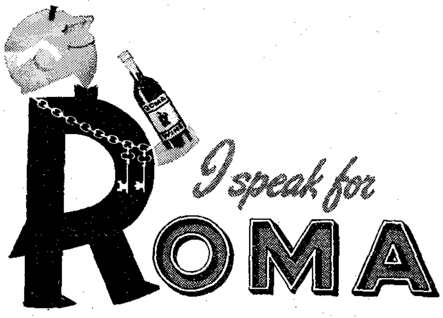
for Oral Comfort

ASTRING-O-SOL

ASTRING-O-SOL
MOUTH WASH
Stearns

Household product of Frederick Stearns & Company. Makers of prescription products since 1855

FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA


I speak for
ROMA

WINES true to type, faithful in flavor, sound of character, reasonable in cost . . . America's largest-selling wines.

ROMA
ROMA
BOTTLED AT OUR WINERY IN CALIFORNIA
Vintner's Select
CALIFORNIA
SAUTERNES

Roma offers
a wide choice of
APPETIZER WINES
TABLE WINES
DESSERT WINES
●
Before you buy wine
—buy War Bonds

ROMA WINES

Roma Wine Company...Fresno..Lodi..Healdsburg,Cal.

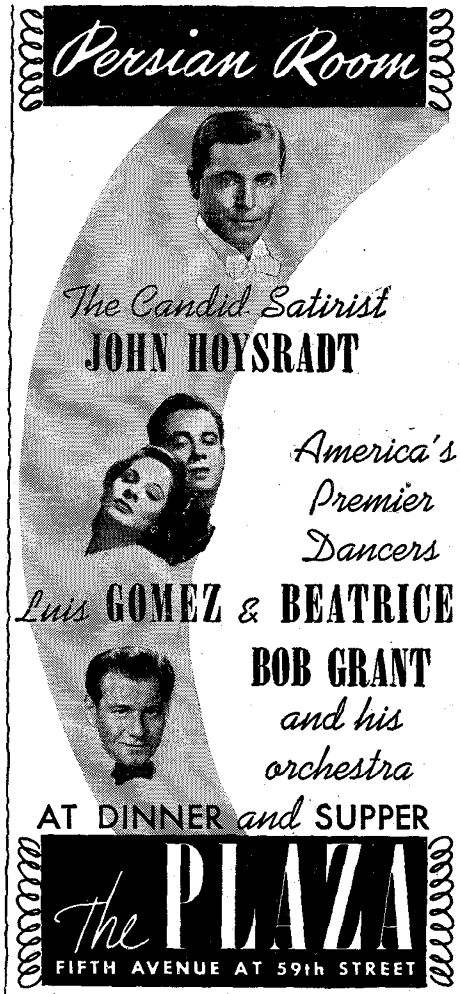
MUSICAL EVENTS

Three Operas

"TOSCA" and "Aïda," a couple of operatic best-sellers, had their first Metropolitan showings of the season last week, and created almost as much discussion in the lobby as if they had been brand-new works. This could have been because there were some visitors to whom "Tosca" and "Aïda" actually were novelties—the Metropolitan nowadays is attracting quite a few people who are relatively new opera devotees—but it is more likely that the phenomenon was caused by a certain punch the productions had. The performances weren't entirely model jobs, but they had impact and life.

"Tosca" was a success, I think, because everybody involved went at it with enthusiasm, if not always with subtlety. The book is about as neatly concocted a melodrama as you'll find, with politics, police, love, lust, a torture chamber, a stabbing, an alleged mock execution that turns out to be on the level, a leap from a parapet by the heroine, and many other helpful ingredients. Puccini's music for this opera never misses a bet in building up the theatrical points, and, when melodies are in order, it always comes through handsomely. Both the words and music are the work of expert showmen, and the opera still holds up after more than forty years of service.

The characterizations of the principals—Grace Moore, Charles Kullman, and Lawrence Tibbett—were more or less like the ones these singers turned out in other years, except that Miss Moore's Tosca had gained in repose, Mr. Kullman's Cavaradossi was a more fiery fellow than he used to be, and Mr. Tibbett's Scarpia was more reflective and less openly villainous. Miss Moore's presentation of Tosca as a blonde, in defiance of the text, which specifies that Tosca is a brunette and makes a point of it, was a matter for intermission chatter, but it seemed to have no effect on the proceedings. Musically, the most consistent performances came from the orchestra, if we overlook one bit of wayward intonation, and from the conductor, Cesare Sodero. His tempi were fine for the melodies, and

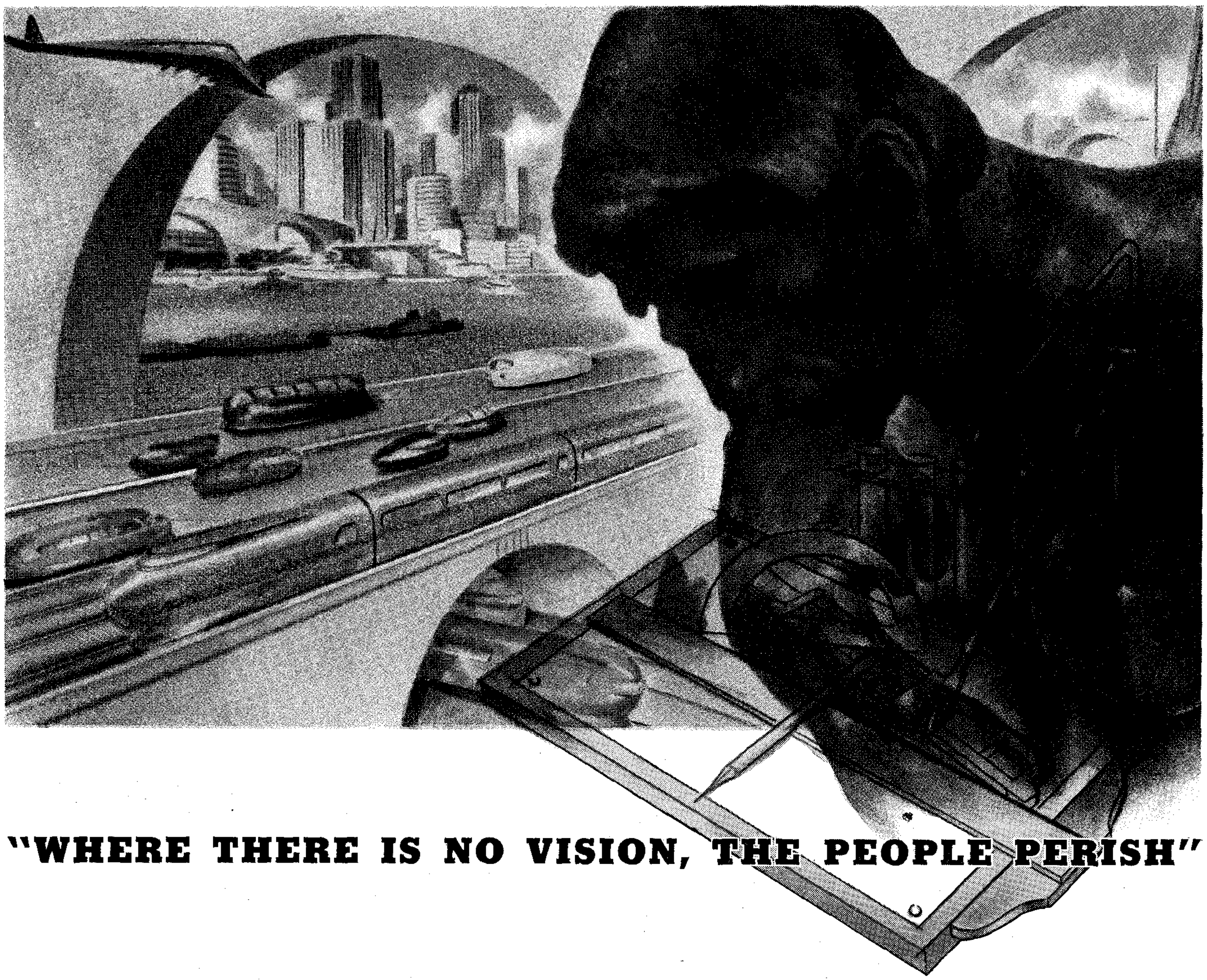

Persian Room
The Candid Satirist
JOHN HOYSRADT
America's Premier Dancers
Luis GOMEZ & BEATRICE
BOB GRANT
and his orchestra
AT DINNER and SUPPER
The PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th STREET

★ *Writing is a splendid habit.. and very good manners, too!*

Hampshire
FINE STATIONERY
HOLYOKE. MASSACHUSETTS

COLLECTION
FOR SALE?

Let the World's Leading Stamp Auctioneers Sell for YOU
LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES
WEEKLY AUCTIONS
Write for free leaflet "HOW TO DISPOSE OF YOUR STAMPS"
H. R. HARMER, Inc.
32 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.
Tel. PLaza 3-6482



"WHERE THERE IS NO VISION, THE PEOPLE PERISH"

War has quickened progress. In a thousand laboratories, in a thousand places, exciting inventions are taking shape. Just as America's past has prepared her for the present, so the present is preparing America for the future. War has unlocked inventive genius to give us a more abundant life when peace has been restored.

America is assured of a great future beyond victory because we are a people with *vision*, because we are planning *now* for the golden age ahead — a time more potentially rich and productive than the world has ever known . . . a new age in communications, transportation, education, housing, entertainment, medicine and science.

While the facilities of RUSTLESS are devoted exclusively to the production of STAINLESS STEEL for hundreds of vital war uses, we are *thinking* and *working* on plans for the future. We are experimenting with new types of STAINLESS STEEL, finding new uses for this durable metal. Industry, in supplying equipment to the armed forces, has learned that STAINLESS STEEL is the best material for many applications.

Just as industry looked to RUSTLESS to supply a large share of STAINLESS STEEL for war use, so will industry, when peace comes, turn again to RUSTLESS for STAINLESS STEEL to manufacture better agricultural, factory and home equipment; for STAINLESS STEEL to manufacture streamlined trains, ships, automobiles and planes. In many of the new and better things that American industry is planning for the future, RUSTLESS STAINLESS STEEL will have an important place.

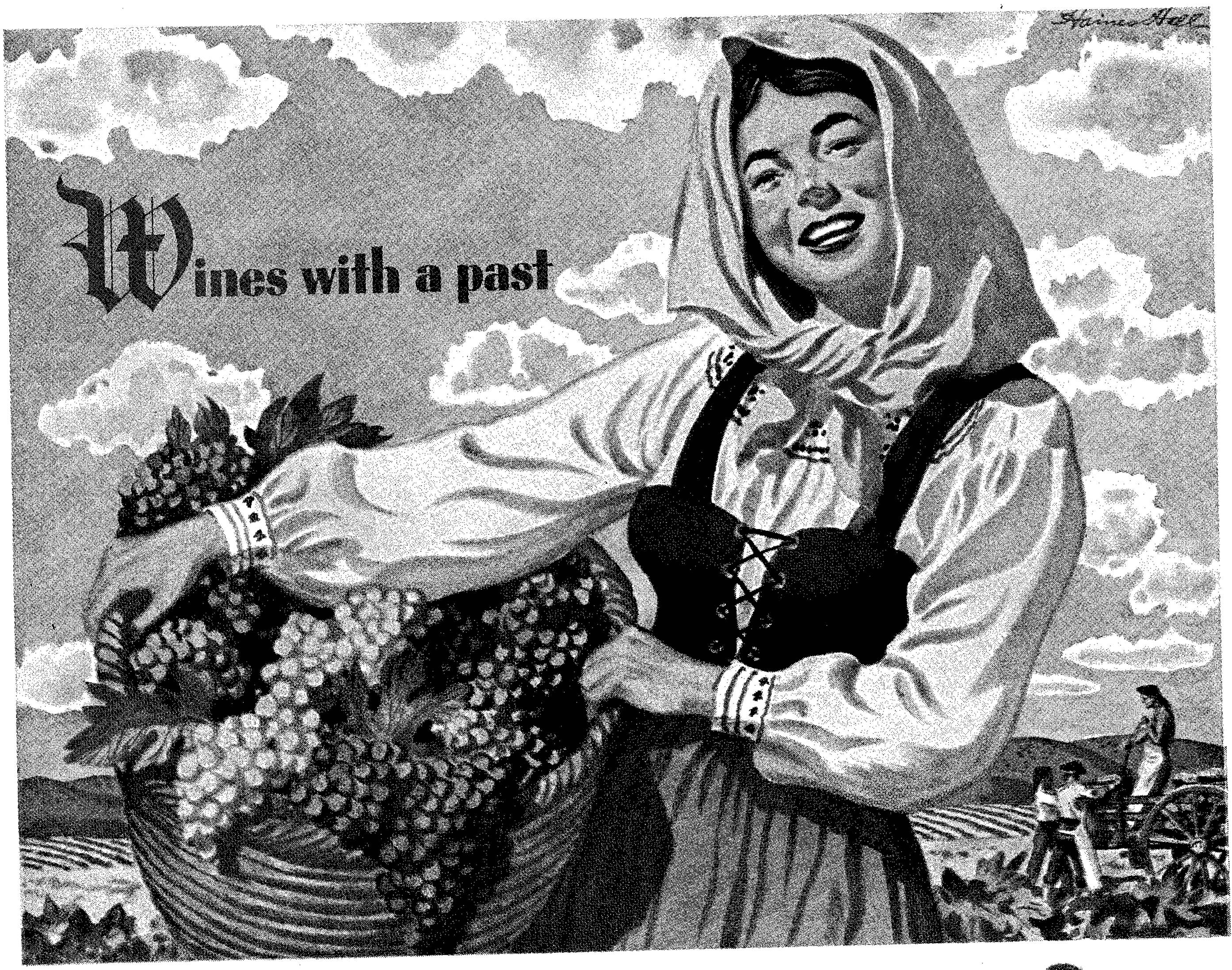
Rustless

BUY WAR BONDS

RUSTLESS

Producing **STAINLESS STEEL** *Exclusively*

RUSTLESS IRON AND STEEL CORPORATION BALTIMORE, MARYLAND



. . . for your pleasure today

HERE'S an extraordinary story of wine-making that began over 60 years ago. In 1881, a group of men founded *Italian Swiss Agricultural Colony* . . . a Colony unique in America.

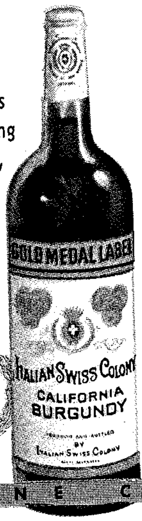
They built their homes and their winery in the sunny hills of historic Sonoma County—today the very *heart* of California's fine-wine country. They planted Europe's prized vine cuttings, which thrived *without irrigation,* as in the famous European wine districts.

Then, from the grapes, they made wines so superb that they won many gold medals and other high awards at world expositions.

To know the rest of this romantic story, simply open a bottle of table wine from the quaint Colony village of Asti . . . perhaps a bottle of Tipo Red or White, or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne. Serve it with dinner. Notice its brilliant, jewel-like color. Catch its enchanting bouquet. Then . . . *taste its glorious flavor!* You'll agree that these wines—made by skill handed down through three generations—are as remarkable as the Colony which gives them their name.

Equally fine and equally famous are the Colony's sweet dessert wines, such as Private Stock California Port, Sherry and Muscatel. Try them.

3 generations
of wine-making
skill at Asti,
California



ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

FINE CALIFORNIA WINES • ALL VARIETIES

COPYRIGHT 1943, ITALIAN SWISS COLONY, GENERAL OFFICES, SAN FRANCISCO

Buy U. S. War Bonds—$150.00 will buy 1 parachute his sense of theatre made the most of the melodramatics.

"AÏDA" proved to be a resounding sample of excellent tonal coöperation. Zinka Milanov, in spite of some moments of uneven vocal production, sang sumptuously, and Bruna Castagna was, as usual, a treat for the ears. Kurt Baum, after a rather nervous start, offered some of the most attractive tenoring that has been heard about the Metropolitan and hit the high notes smack in the middle. As Amonasro, Alexander Sved made excellent use of his splendid voice, which would be even more impressive if he didn't overspin his trilled r's, and Ezio Pinza was, as the boys in the band have it, solid. The smaller rôles were sung with distinction by Thelma Votipka, Lansing Hatfield, and John Dudley, and the chorus also had a good evening of it.

There wasn't anything terrific about the acting, but it was to the point, and the staging, while traditional, was crisp. In fact, the only performers who weren't sure of themselves were the two white horses that pulled Radames' chariot in the triumphal scene. Wilfred Pelletier's conducting had suavity and drive and his pacing of the opera was masterful.

I TOOK another look at "Falstaff" last week and found that it entertained its second audience just as agreeably as it had entertained its first. The singers, on the whole, were more secure in their words and music than they had been on the earlier occasion and seemed to be more occupied with playing a comedy than with the business of working in an opera. "Falstaff," as you know, is no such operatic natural as "Tosca" or "Aïda," but it's a composition that reveals new charms every time you hear it. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Statistics show the morality rate highest in Connecticut for January, February and March. They are good months to skip if you can do the trick. That is where the hibernating animals have one on humans.
—*Ridgefield (Conn.) Press.*

About all we humans can do is avoid Connecticut.

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Queen O' Love Diamond Rings, Inc., 23 Maiden Lane.
Nitey Nite Sleeping Garment Corp., 1350 Broadway.
Junior Mom Maternity Frocks, 491 Seventh Avenue.

Twelve days—
or twelve weeks!

Put yourself in his place—the man in overseas service. Letters are his only link with home and his old life. But they come in bunches, months old, and not very satisfying . . . because people at home are not using the quickest way to get letters to servicemen . . .

Use V-MAIL

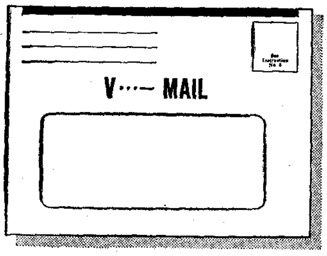
Three out of four letters a week to service men overseas are going by ordinary mail, which travels on slow merchant ships in convoy, takes weeks and months to arrive... uses thousands of tons of sorely needed shipping space! But V-Mail flies—gets plane priority even over air mail, goes as far in two hours as a ship in a day.

When you write on a V-Mail form, your letter is photographed on a film strip. A plane can carry millions of letters on film. At the process point nearest destination, a photographic print is made, sealed and delivered, a personal, private communication. If a ship is lost, a letter is lost. But if a plane is lost, a new V-Mail film is sent at once.

SPEED the letters that mean so much to men overseas! Get V-Mail forms from your post office or RFD carrier. Buy them at your stationery store. Or we will send six forms with our compliments . . . Address . . .

PITNEY-BOWES POSTAGE METER CO.
1668 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn.

Originators of Metered Mail, world's largest manufacturers of Postage Meters, which print postage for business mail . . . now devoted to war production.



BOOKS

A Variety of Views About Germany

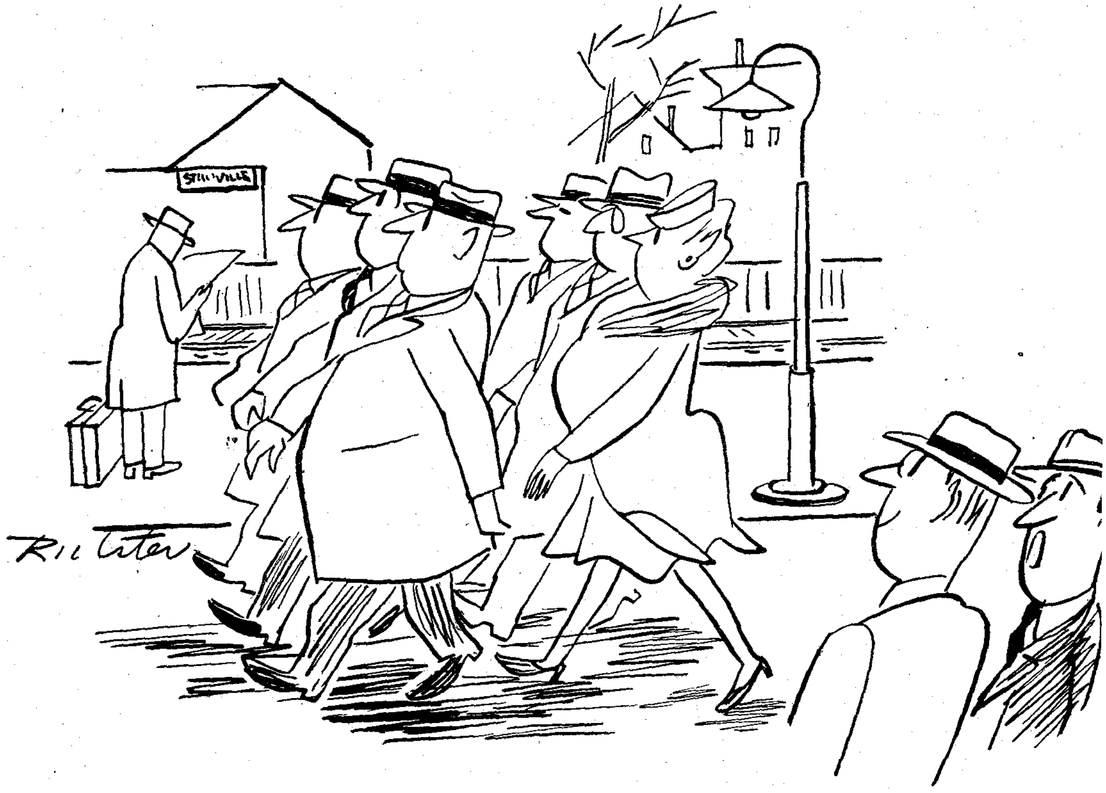
THERE is an avalanche of books about Germany. Here are five which have just come out.

Konrad Heiden's biography of Hitler—"Der Fuehrer" (Houghton Mifflin)—takes the builder of the National Socialist movement through the Blood Purge of June, 1934. Herr Heiden is apparently at the present time the principal authority on the Nazis, and his book is a sober piece of work, which takes account of all available material, follows the story step by step, and never becomes hysterical or exploits the sensational aspects of the subject. It is the most complete study in the field and will probably have lasting value; but there is not much in it that is new for the general reader, who may already have seen the same author's earlier book on Hitler or his history of National Socialism. The narrative is easily readable; but it is somehow disgusting and stifling to retrace at this moment the quarrels and plots of the trolls of the Nazi party.

Arvid Fredborg's "Behind the Steel Wall" (Viking) is a report on events in Germany between February, 1941, and June, 1943, by the Berlin correspondent of the Stockholm *Svenska Dagbladet*. It is an unusually good newspaperman's book—more factual and more serious-minded than most such books by American correspondents. Like all such books, it is a good deal occupied with public speeches and official announcements, news handouts, and the unverified rumors that ripple the correspondents' world; but Mr. Fredborg has studied, also, with intelligence the ordinary life of the people, and his book has the effect of relieving our minds at the same time that it satisfies curiosity by providing a comprehensible picture of the Germans as human beings. For this reason, "Behind the Steel Wall" is the one of all this lot of books that is perhaps the most worth reading. Between us and the Germans the atmosphere has thickened to the point of almost complete opacity. From our own newspapers we get now almost nothing but military communiqués, spent flak from the Nazi propaganda factory, and bulletins of executions. Mr. Fredborg is a clear-minded neutral who has been able to go to Germany and observe for himself. Of what he reports I shall say more in a moment.

THREE other books—"Germany Will Try It Again," by Sigrid Schultz (Reynal & Hitchcock), "What to Do with Germany," by Louis Nizer (Ziff-Davis), and "Germany After Hitler," by Paul Hagen (Farrar & Rinehart)—deal with the general problems of what is the matter with Germany and what is to be done about her.

Miss Sigrid Schultz's book is also partly a reporting job. She lived in Germany, representing the Chicago *Tribune*, from 1919 to 1941; and she gives her own version of the events of those years, with the usual stock of journalist's anecdotes. The principal point that she wants to make is that the Germans will do their best to get the Allies to let them off easily and will then begin at once to rearm, as they did after 1918; and she insists that we must make this impossible. But as to what is to be done she is vague. We must prevent the Germans from "trying it again;" but we must realize that they will be sure to resist "anything remotely resembling foreign regimentation" and that we should only make things worse by attempting it. We should draw around the Germans an "iron ring" and leave them to fight it out among themselves, encouraging the "constructive elements . . . by regulating the size of food and clothing allotments." "The Germans are nothing if not realistic. They are practical and orderly people. They are eminently intelligent people. They have preserved their own country from the worst upheavals. . . . When they see that crying 'Chaos! Chaos!' will not bring us running to help them out, they will promptly settle down and control the chaos themselves." But haven't the Germans been saved from upheavals by precisely the oppressive methods which have saddled them with the Nazi state, and hasn't the seizure of power by the Nazis been itself a disastrous upheaval? If we deprive the German state of its weapons and do not step in ourselves,



"They're members of a car pool, but they ran out of gas."

Places beloved in English Literature

IN PICTURES, PROSE & POETRY

LITERARY ENGLAND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY *David E. Scherman*
DESCRIPTIVE TEXT BY *Richard Wilcox*
WITH A PREFACE BY *Christopher Morley*

→ **Fifty large and beautiful photographs of famous English scenes... with the treasured passages which make them forever memorable . . . As seen by two staff members of LIFE magazine. A *Book-of-the-Month* dividend.**

$3.95, RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

Ward Morehouse's
biography of a great showman

GEORGE M. COHAN

PRINCE OF THE AMERICAN THEATER

Wolcott Gibbs says: "I liked it very much . . . It's a good book, and amazingly thorough . . . Done touchingly and in just the right tone." *Illustrated,* $3.00

LIPPINCOTT

ROYLIES
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

***For DOYLIES—use ROYLIES*—to set *appetizing* wartime tables. Save laundry, soap, and fuel. When soiled, simply add to your waste paper pile!**

By makers of ROYLEDGE Paper Shelving

how will order be enforced at all? This book is an example of a kind of thing—excited hit-or-miss thinking—that we are getting, and likely to get, a good deal of.

Mr. Nizer is more practical and more specific; but, though his book has the endorsement of Vice-President Wallace and Senators Truman and Pepper, I cannot see that it is of any real value, save, perhaps, as inaugurating an effort to be definite about our intentions in regard to a defeated Germany. Mr. Nizer is simply a lawyer who has got up the subject of Germany by reading, as his bibliography indicates, a lot of recent books and articles on the subject, and has addressed himself to the task of formulating a program for our policy with the Germans as if he were settling the affairs of a large business which had gone into bankruptcy. His discussion of the status of the "war criminals" and of the procedure for bringing them to trial has some interest because Mr. Nizer is an expert in international law; but, aside from legalistic precedent, he shows no trace of historical perspective, and seems to have no first-hand knowledge of Germany. His proposals are more or less like Lord Vansittart's: they include the arraignment of war criminals by national and international courts, and the "extermination" of the High Command and the "upper crust" of Nazi officials—though these, it appears, are in many cases merely to be pressed into service to work at the reconstruction of the areas laid waste by the Germans; the taking over of the war industries of Germany, the restitution of stolen property, and the exaction of reparations—this last to be carefully checked by an international economic board, which will prevent German economy from collapsing; the immediate feeding of Germany; the confiscation of the Junkers' estates and the parcelling of them among the peasants (a rather startlingly radical step in Mr. Nizer's program of alien control); the liquidation of Nazi education and the substitution for it of a system to be administered by an international university, which would avail itself of the abilities of as many German liberals as possible, and the injection into the Germans of democratic ideals through the agency of "the church, the motion picture, the theatre, the radio, the press, and the labor unions." For the rest, a little upholstery of courtroom rhetoric: "Having determined where the responsibility rests, we apply the sword of justice in all its measured impartial fury."

Neither Miss Schultz nor Mr. Nizer

CORONA
CORONA

"There's nothing wrong with Beebe that a good revolution wouldn't fix."
—*Hartford Courant*

YES, the critics are swinging their bludgeons and every time they swing the sales soar. Beebe's revealing record of the "saloon era" is something it may be dangerous to miss.

"Hilarious anecdotes, spicy doings."
—*San Francisco Argonaut*

"Don't miss it, if you can. . . . It's like reading *Vogue* and *Fortune* in a foxhole."
—*Cleveland Press*

"It is quite possible that more than one reader of this column will discover his name in it."—*Wall Street Journal*

"Broadway Rose will not like this book. (She is not mentioned in it)."
—*New York Times*

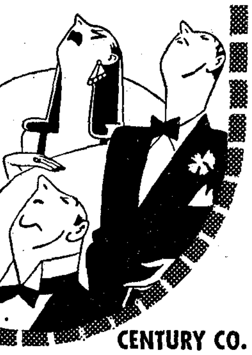
SNOOT *if you must*

By LUCIUS BEEBE

A complete guide to high living and low thinking, from Coast to Coast. With pictures—just the pictures you'd expect—

By REA IRVIN

$2.50



D. APPLETON-CENTURY CO.
35 West 32nd Street, New York 1

One man tells Another

"Personna is the Blade to Buy"

"If Personnas cost a buck apiece I'd buy 'em. They give a different kind o' feeling than shaving with an ordinary blade. You don't have to bear down a bit. You hardly feel it mow 'em down but the whiskers are all gone—clean and close." (P. S. to families. Personna is a grand gift for Servicemen).

10 FOR $1.00 and worth it!

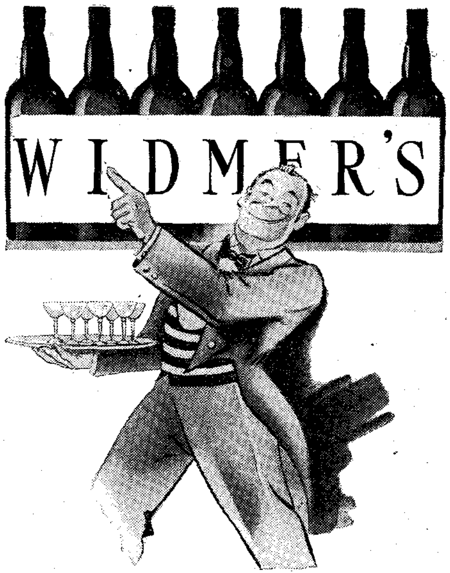
PERSONNA

Precision Double Edge Blades

SWEDISH STEEL • HOLLOW GROUND

PERSONNA
Precision

If your dealer can't supply you send check direct to:
PERSONNA BLADE CO., Inc., 599 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, 22



"W-I-D-M-E-R-'S" is another way of spelling quality. Bottled at the winery in sunny Naples Valley, Widmer's wines have been rated among America's finest since 1888.

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths
Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N.Y.

gives evidence of much imagination for the realities of modern Europe, which will eventually demand, for peace, a coherent federation of states, set up by the European peoples themselves and not involving the long-term penalization of the nations by one another; but Miss Schultz is at least not deluded by the idea that we can "educate" Germany through control of press, screen, and church. Even Mr. Fredborg, it seems to me, is not farther from political reality when, aware that it is futile to expect of the Germans the adoption of American or British institutions and with the admirable example before him of the Scandinavian kings, he proposes for Central Europe a pair of constitutional monarchies: one for Germany, one for the Danube.

PAUL HAGEN, an Austrian radical, who went to jail for opposing the last war and who, before he came to America four years ago, had worked in the underground against the Nazis, partly supplies the deficiencies of these lawyers' and reporters' books. His tract has to some extent the weaknesses characteristic of the writing of radicals in exile—that is, it tends to run to elaborate forecasts based on premises that are mainly guesses. But his first chapter, "The Case of a Retarded Democracy," does provide an historical background which is lacking in these other books. He shows how the political development of Germany has always been behind that of England and France, and how the survival after World War I of the militaristic land-owning class made the success of a German republic impossible. He shows, also, how France, England, and the United States, fearing lest Germany might follow the example of Russia, helped to keep the Junker caste in power. At that time, we refused to deal with the Soldiers' and Workers' Councils which met in Berlin in December, 1918, though these were mostly composed of right-wing Socialists with only one per cent of Communists, and insisted upon treating exclusively with representatives of the regime that had made the war. We sent to jail the trade-union officials who had courageously been opposing the militarists, and we threatened to maintain the blockade and continue to starve the whole population if Germany attempted to go Bolshevik. Mr. Hagen thinks the same thing may happen again; he is afraid it is already happening in Italy. It is certainly not very reassuring to note that Mr. Nizer's program includes foreign manipulation of the trade unions.

REPORT
STORMY.. 9 A.M.
METEOROLOGICAL
WEATHER BUREAU

"Stormy weather?"
"Yes, the orderly forgot to bring the Colonel his KNIZE TEN!"

THE LOTION MEN LIKE....
...AND WOMEN REMEMBER
3 oz. BOTTLE $6.75 plus 10% tax

THE GENTLEMAN'S
The
KNIZE
TEN
TOILET WATER

Whol. Distrib. Knize Ten Sales Co., 385 5th Av., N.Y.

SKATE, SKI and TOBOGGAN
In the True Pocono Manner

Skate in the crisp mountain air. Ski down rolling slopes—return on the skitow. Toboggan down a thrilling 1000 ft. chute. Convenient train and bus service to nearby stations where guests are met. Good food. Make advance reservations.
N.Y. Office: 319 Roosevelt Hotel, MUrray Hill 4-3884

POCONO MANOR
HERMAN V. YEAGER, General Manager
POCONO MANOR, PA.

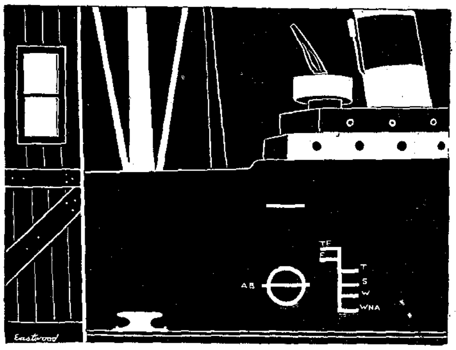
THE DIFFERENCE IS Abbott's

Add zest to your whiskey, wine, gin, and rum drinks. Add a dash of Abbott's.

Abbott's
BITTERS

Abbott's BITTERS SINCE 1872
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Mr. Hagen suggests, also, that the reasons for supposing that there does not exist in Germany any large body of anti-Nazi sentiment may be no better than were those for assuming that the same thing was true in Italy, where the arrival of the Allied armies was greeted in every town as a blessed liberation from Fascism. For the present reviewer it is difficult to believe in any very deep-going differences between the peoples of the industrialized European nations. All have been caught in the same cruel machinery of power politics and commercial competition. William Shirer, in "Berlin Diary," has told us that the war in Germany was greeted with a depression and astonishment which contrasted with the excitement of 1914, and was amazed that a country could "go into a major war with a population so dead against it." Mr. Fredborg says that the German public have little or no idea of what is being done by Germans abroad, and that even among the men who have been picked and gradually trained to torture and slaughter civilians, many have gone to pieces, drunk themselves into d.t.'s, or refused to do the work and been shot. Miss Schultz tells a story that illustrates the systematic conditioning of soldiers to tolerate the idea of these acts: they were subjected to lectures with lantern slides that purported to show hideous atrocities inflicted on the Germans by Poles. What the people at home do know is that if they open their mouths, they will soon be suppressed. Mr. Fredborg demands whether we realize that in Germany at the present time any citizen may be arrested and executed with no process of law whatever: he need not even be formally arrested, he can be murdered in his own house. Yet the protests are made, nonetheless. Mr. Hagen prints the manifesto distributed by the Munich students, who declared, after the defeat at Stalingrad—and suffered death for declaring—that the "strategy of the World War corporal" had "driven 330,000 Germans to a useless death." They said also that "a ferment" had started "among the German peo-


Eastwood

Never missed a day in 316 years

12 YEARS OLD

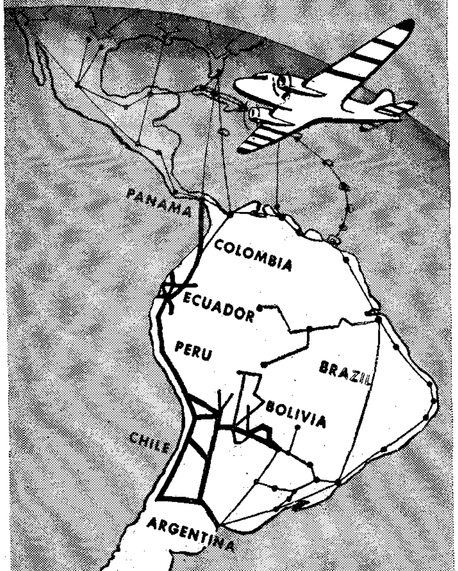
8 YEARS OLD

Haig & Haig

The Oldest name in Scotch
Famous since 1627

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd., NEW YORK

PANAGRA



SOUTH AMERICA

In its sixteenth year of service, this vital air network, with associated carriers, continues its important work of making good neighbors close neighbors.

PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS
CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

ple," and this incident would seem to suggest that the original crops of young men who were pumped full of fanaticism by the Nazis may now be giving way to a new generation who have revolted against that training.

It is impossible to tell how far Germany today may herself be an occupied country. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A BELL FOR ADANO, by John Hersey (Knopf). A well-written, funny, and, at times, serious and deeply disturbing story of the American invasion of Italy. An Italian-American major in the AMG, endowed with a rare degree of common sense and humane feeling, succeeds in rebuilding an occupied Italian town and gaining the respect and affection of its inhabitants. Just when the life of the community is functioning happily along honestly democratic lines, the able administration of the town is disrupted and the major broken by a brutal American general. Mr. Hersey, who covered the American campaign in Sicily, doesn't preface his book with any cagey precaution against libel, and one gets the impression that he is recording what he has seen with his own eyes. Dogmatically recommended.

BONIN, by Robert Standish (Macmillan). A novel about the settlement of the Bonin Islands in the Pacific by Americans and British in the early part of the last century, and of the crafty encroachment by the Japanese on the idyllic life of the country. Mr. Standish vouches for the accuracy of the historical aspects of his book and has built it around actual people who once lived on the islands, but he has filled up the gaps in the records with such shoddy melodrama that the total effect is unreal. There is a moral in the story, though, very pertinent to our own day and age: the mutual distrust of the British and American governments, which finally resulted in the Bonins being handed over to the Japanese.

DIRIGO POINT, by Elizabeth Foster (Houghton Mifflin). This is the old one about a nice girl in love with a man who some of her relatives have every reason to fear is her half brother. The mess is neatly cleared up, though, and it is proved to everybody's satisfaction (except perhaps the reader's) that the suspect parent never really overstepped the bounds

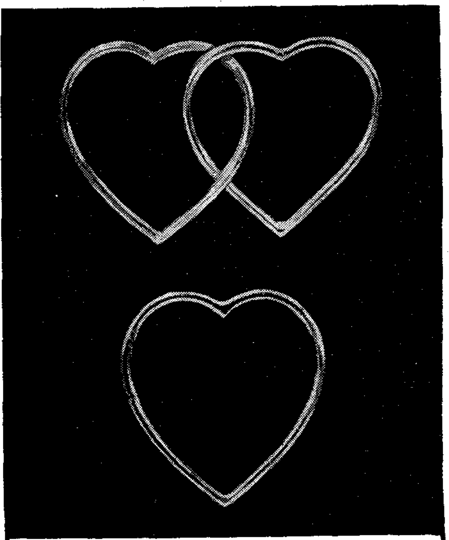


Illustration ⅓ less than actual size

For Your
VALENTINE

"WE TWO" Brooch of interlocked hearts solid 14 kt. gold . . $29.50

"FROM HIM TO HER" Brooch single heart in solid 14 kt. gold . $16.50

Add 10% Federal Excise Tax

Mail order sent with attractive card with name of donor.

Claudia Fishel
Jewelry of Distinction
535 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Rosette Pennington
presents
a smart and becoming hat of grosgrain ribbon, made to your order in navy, black or any bright color 12.50

Chez Rosette
Ten East Fifty-sixth Street

of strict propriety. In spite of the silly plot, it all sounds pleasant and fresh, and it also has quantities of fine Maine weather.

GENERAL

BELOVED SCIENTIST, by David O. Woodbury (Whittlesey House). A biography of Elihu Thomson, an inventor, teacher, and research scientist, who was one of the founders of the electrical industry. Very earnest, very well intentioned, very dull.

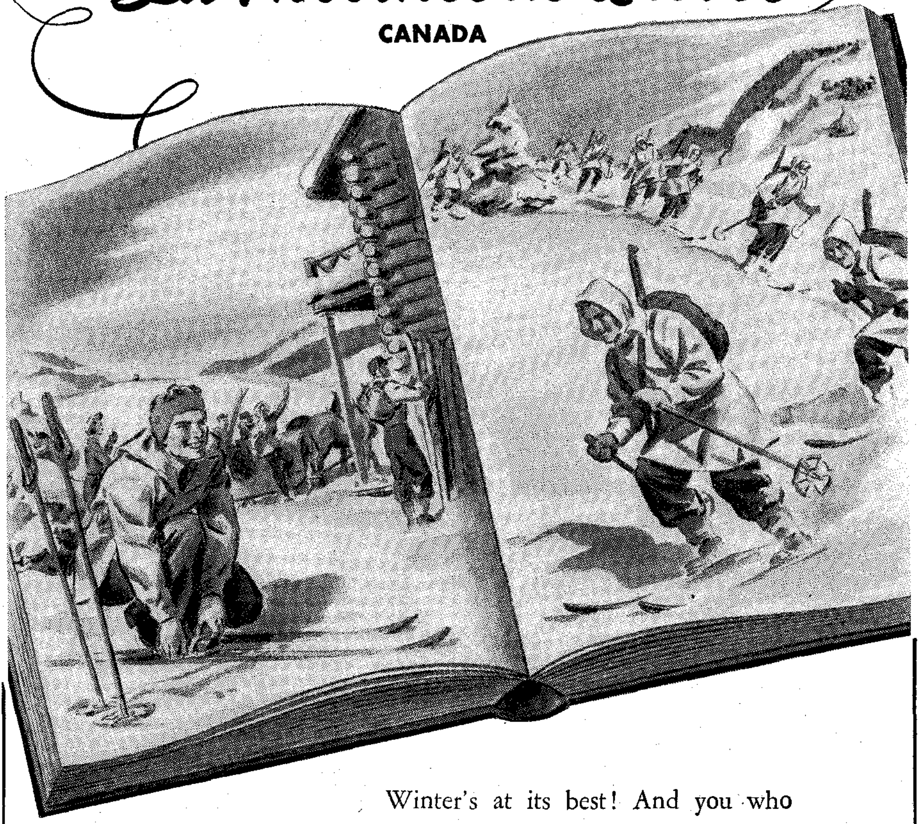
13 AGAINST THE ODDS, by Edwin R. Embree (Viking). Short biographies of thirteen eminent American Negroes, including Marian Anderson, George Washington Carver, W. E. B. Du Bois, and William Grant Still. Mr. Embree writes sympathetically of his subjects and deeply feels the prejudices and handicaps with which they have had to contend, but his prose often takes on an over-affectionate, soap-sudsy quality that is not improved by the presence of almost every cliché known to sociological man. Photographs.

ORDEAL BY BATTLE, by Captain Cyril Falls (Oxford). An inquiry into the nature of modern warfare by the military correspondent of the London *Times*. Especial attention is paid to such matters as strategy, tactics, logistics, and leadership, and chapters on air and naval warfare are included. Interesting and informative, even for those not professionally interested.

GREEK REVIVAL ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA, by Talbot Hamlin (Oxford). A sensitive, scholarly, excellently written study of the development of the first national architectural style which this country created. Mr. Hamlin, an architect as well as the librarian of the Fine Arts Library at Columbia University, traces the beginnings of the Greek Revival, showing that it was not strictly a revival but a genuinely American development, and then follows its course westward with the expanding frontier. Constructing his book along regional lines, he makes it possible for readers in all parts of the country to see exactly how the architectural traditions of their localities were influenced by the Greek Revival. For good measure, he has included short biographies of some of the more important architects, such as Latrobe and Soane, who were associated with the movement. Handsomely illustrated.

GEORGES BRAQUE, with an essay and

WRITING NEW PAGES
IN THE BOOK OF HISTORY OF
La Province de Québec
CANADA



Winter's at its best! And you who can still come on essential holidays will be more than welcome in this famous playground where today, ski-troops toughen up on fast slopes, and war workers enjoy a well-earned respite from production labours.

Today we're fighting freedom's battle . . . side by side with you. Thousands who once knew these trails so well will be back again, when the war is over.

After Victory, when travel is once more unrestricted, we'll be looking forward to welcoming back ***all*** those Americans who know La Province de Québec as a winter sportland second to none!

LA PROVINCE DE Québec
TOURIST AND PUBLICITY BUREAU

48-50 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
NEW YORK CITY (20) N. Y.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS
QUÉBEC, CANADA.

bibliography by A. E. Gallatin (Wittenborn). Mr. Gallatin, himself one of the foremost American abstract painters, writes a sober, discerning introductory essay which, though brief, manages to say a good deal not only about Braque but about the French Abstract school he helped found. Thirteen plates, one in color.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HOME SWEET HOMICIDE, by Craig Rice (Simon & Schuster). The three precocious children of Marion Carstairs, a mystery writer, try their hands at solving a murder case in the house next door while their mother stays home to bat out her quota of words. Some very improbable things happen in the course of this mystery, but you'll find yourself laughing anyhow, particularly at the efforts of the police to keep up with the alarming young Carstairs. The best Craig Rice to date.

HE WOULDN'T KILL PATIENCE, by Carter Dickson (Morrow). The director of a London zoo is murdered during a blitz, along with his favorite snake, Patience. The case is finally cracked by Sir Henry Merrivale, the sealed-room expert, with the aid of two young professional magicians. It all makes you hope that Mr. Dickson has his eye out for a new formula; the sealed-room one is threadbare.

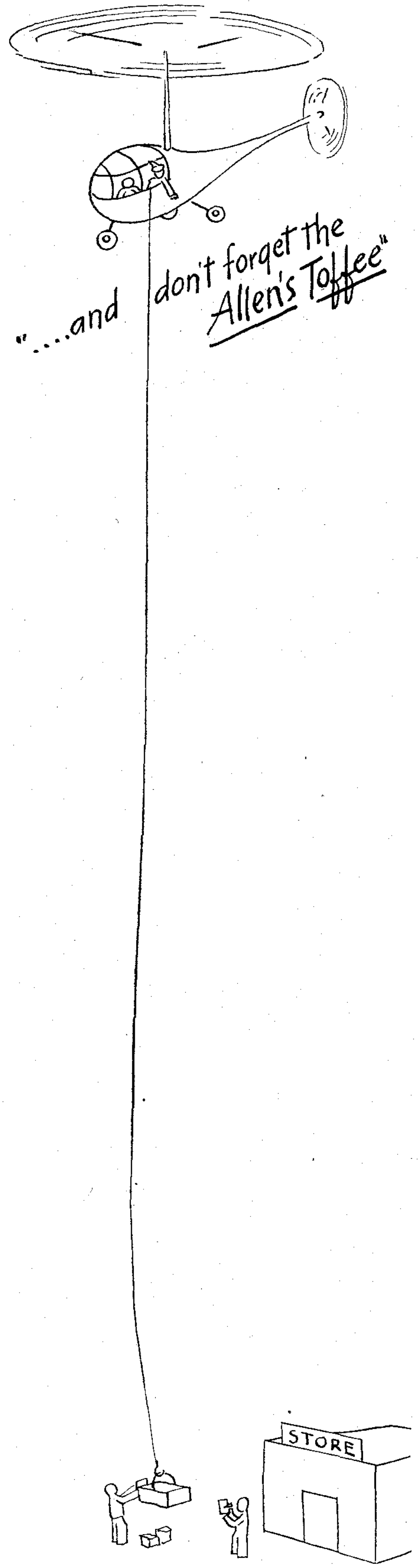
THE OUTSIDER, by Irene Cleaton (Little, Brown). A series of murders in nineteenth-century Edinburgh, seen through the eyes of a young miss from London who doesn't think much of the climate or the company in Scotland. As a mystery, it's amateurish, but there's some material in it on corpse-snatching, as practiced by the local medical men, which may appeal to readers with a taste for research.

THE VISITOR, by Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith (Random House). The purpose of this mystery is to keep you guessing about the identity of a seventeen-year-old boy who says that he is Bud Owen, just returned to his home in New Jersey after a three-year absence during which his best friend was suspected of his murder. Good at the start and finish, with some dreary stretches in between.

•

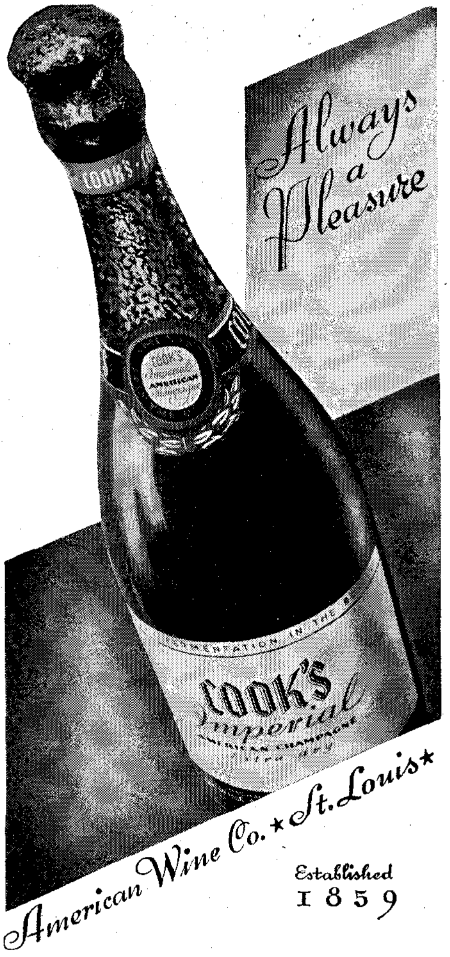
WARM HEAVY BLANKETS. Finished with meat colored sateen binding to match.
—*Adv. in the Washington Star.*

For these nostalgic winter nights.



"...and don't forget the Allen's Toffee"
STORE

Allen's Toffee
MINT • COFFEE • DAIRY • MAPLE • LICORICE • LEMON
CHOCOLATE • COCOANUT
Famous in England since 1860
C. S. ALLEN CORPORATION
WEBSTER, MASS. NEW YORK CITY
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



HOT DOGS A NEW WAY!
DURKEE'S FAMOUS DRESSING AND MEAT SAUCE

So easy to do, too!

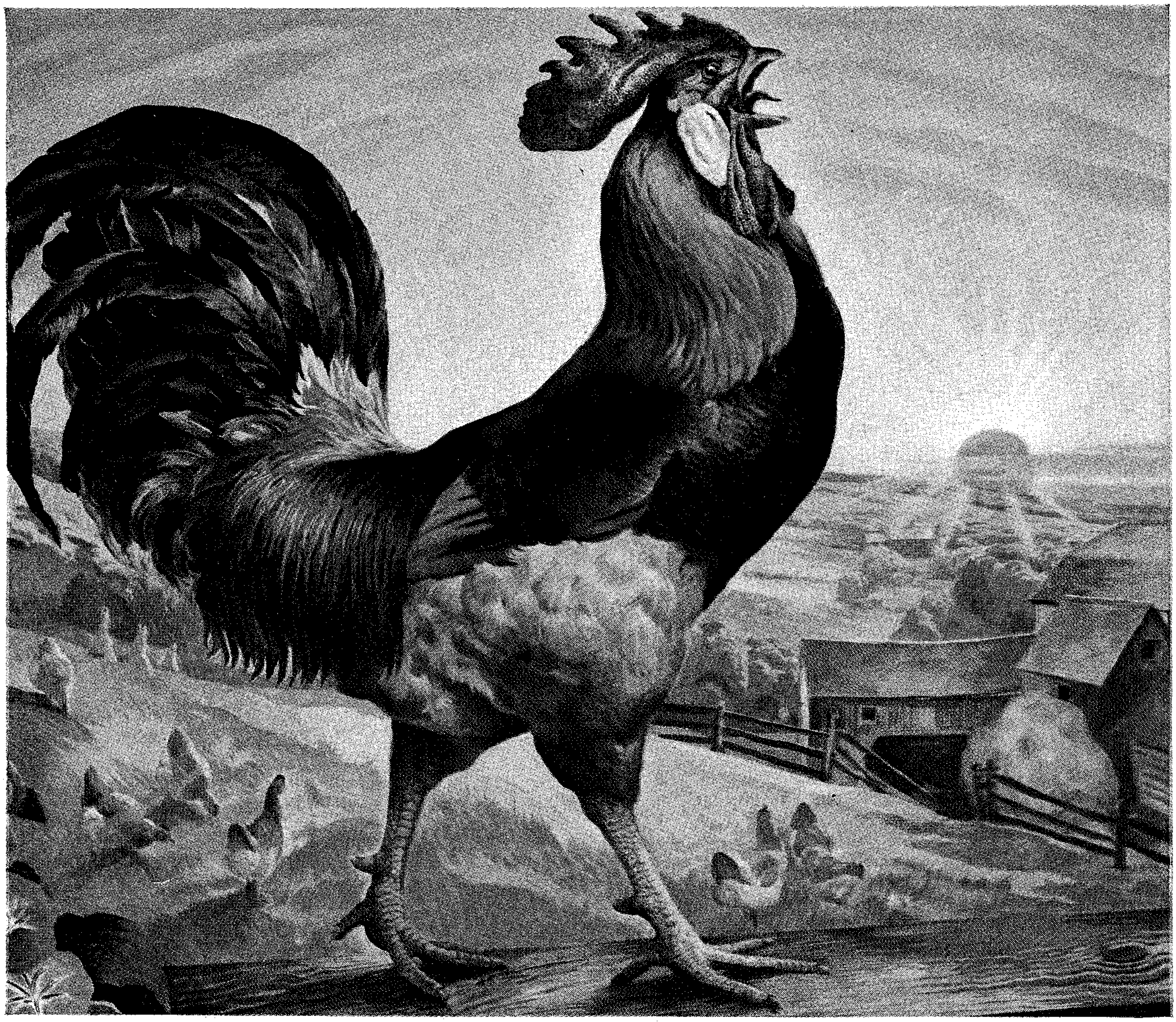
Here's how: *mix "Durkee's" with a little water and minced onion; cover split frankfurters; let stand 15 minutes. Bake in moderate oven.*

Durkee's famous 14-spice sauce has been a life-saver to good cooks since 1850! Rich, golden, mellow, it pours easily but has plenty of body and *plenty* of tang! Everybody loves it... on salads, sandwiches, fish or meat! Write for free recipes to Dept.NY2, Durkee's, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

• It's unrationed

DRESS IT UP WITH DURKEE'S FAMOUS DRESSING

Atlantic City Fla.
SHELBURNE HOTEL
Attractive Winter Rates
On the Boardwalk
Ocean Sun Decks
Paul Arnswalde Mgr.
SHELBURNE GRILL
Cocktail Lounge
Open as usual
N. Y. Telephone MUrray Hill 2-3442



"Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!"

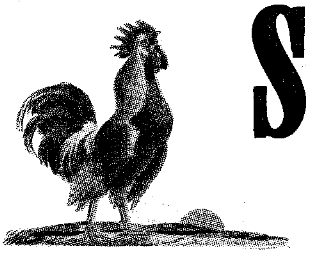
YOU will say many nice things about SCHENLEY Royal Reserve. But *one* thing *all* who taste it agree upon: this fine smooth flavor is like morning sunshine in your glass . . . *so mellow and light* . . . a work of genius . . . each sunny amber drop a glowing part of a magnificent whole. Over all others, it's America's first choice among whiskies — SCHENLEY Royal Reserve — *because we made it America's finest!*

You'll taste the proof of it in your first highball, your first Old Fashioned, Manhattan, or Whiskey Sour . . . made with SCHENLEY Royal Reserve. Try it. *Soon!*

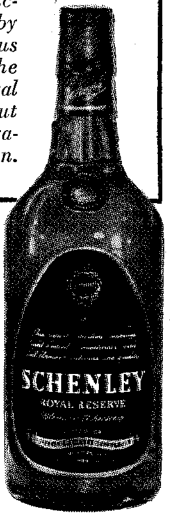
SCHENLEY HAS MADE NO WHISKEY SINCE 1942 . . . our distilleries are producing alcohol for war use by the government! Precious pre-war reserves furnish the whiskies for Schenley Royal Reserve these days. But there is enough for the duration if used in moderation.

Mellow and light as a perfect morning!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!



SCHENLEY
Royal Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY



© 1944, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof — sixty per cent Neutral Spirits Distilled From Fruit and Grains.

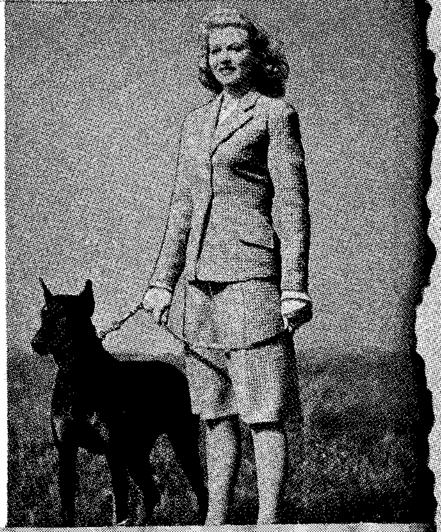
Flight officer Gay Gahagan of the Civil Air Patrol. Destination? A military secret. But her cigarettes—no secret. As always, Camels.

This lady in white has no fear of height...she tested a new *untested* 'chute. No wonder that Camel tastes good to Adeline Gray!

Betty Rice is an expert on camouflage...and Camels. "I smoke steadily," she says. "And always Camels. Their mildness suits me to a 'T.'"

She was a co-ed. Now—a Pan American uniform and a *man's* job. Patricia Garner's "in service"—even to her cigarette.

Swing-shift soldier of the production line. Dorothy Wallace works on engines for bombers now. "Strictly Camels for me," she tells you.



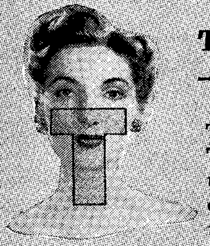
No Park Avenue stroll this, but a purposeful young lady on the job, escorting one of the Army's newest "recruits" to an induction center.

WOMEN IN THE WAR

Like the service men their cigarette is Camel*

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Long before there was a slogan, "Take a Job, Release a Man to Fight," these lovely ladies had taken a rain-check on glamour for the duration and "enlisted." Sure, we are proud that Camel is their favorite cigarette—just as it is with men in the service.*



The "T-Zone"
—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you ...and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

First in the Service

***With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.